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LETTERS

WRIT BY

A TURKISH SPY,

WHO LIVED

FIVE AND FORTY YEARS

UNDISCOVERED AT

P A R I S :

GIVING

An Impartial ACCOUNT to the Divan at Constantinople, of the most remarkable Transactions of Europe: And discovering several Intrigues and Secrets of the Christian Courts (especially of that of France). Continued from the Year 1642, to the Year 1682.

Written originally in ARABICK, translated into ITALIAN, and from thence into ENGLISH, by the Translator of the First Volume.

Giovanni Paolo Marana
VOLUME II.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for A. WILDE, J. BROTHERTON and SEWELL,
C. BATHURST, E. BALLARD, W. STRAHAN, J. and
F. RIVINGTON, W. JOHNSTON, S. CROWDER,
E. and C. DILLY, J. WILKIE, C. CORBETT,
S. BLADON, W. HARRIS, and B. COLLINS.

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1875

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1882

To the READER.

tion of these Arabian Epistles, till it was the fortune of an English Gentleman to travel in those parts last summer, and discover the happy news. I will not forestal his letter, which is annexed to this Preface, for the satisfaction of the world; but only acquaint you, that, upon the receipt of it, the person to whom it was directed was so well pleased with the proposal, that he made it his immediate business to find out the English translator of the first volume, as judging him to be the fittest person; which being done, he immediately gave an account of his proceedings to Mr. Saltmarsh, at Amsterdam, who sent him over two tomes of the Turkish Spy in Italian, with promise of the rest, when these were made English.

One of these I here present you with, and the other will, ere long, be ready for the press.

I need not say any thing of the original Arabick, or of the Author, the place of his abode, and how his writings came to light. Sufficient has been spoken on that subject, in the Preface to the first part. I shall only add, that, if his style may seem

To the READER.

in this part to vary sometimes from the first volume, it must be attributed to the difference of the languages from whence they are translated, it being impossible to observe an equal idiom in following two such different languages as French and Italian; the one dancing in soft measures, delicate cadences, and smooth periods; the other advancing in lofty strains, keeping a Roman pace, full of masculine and sententious gravity.

Neither can the Arabian himself be supposed always in the same temper; or that his style should be all of a piece. In some places, where he treats of sieges and battles, he seems to foot the Pyrrhick measures in prose; there breathes a certain martial ardor in his words. In other places, on the same subject, he goes on like an impartial Historian, barely relating matter of fact, without any flowers or glosses. He seems not to trifle with philosophy, or religion; but handles the one in the peculiar dialect of the East, and treats of the other in the castigate language of the Western schools, to shew he had been conversant in the academies; as he

To the READER.

himself professes, Letter XX. Book I. Vol. I. In a word, throughout all his Letters, there is a quaintness of expression peculiar to the Arabians: And however he may vary in his style, yet his sense retains the same edge; he is lively to the very last. Nay, as far as I can perceive, both his language, sense, and judgment, grow more correct as he advances in years; and you will find some difference between his Letters of 1637 and 1660.

Expect the whole series of them as fast as they can conveniently be published, the third volume being almost ready for the press: In which the reader will find the strangest revolutions, and most amazing accidents, that ever happened in the world since the creation; with many French intrigues and Court policies, which would never have come to light, had it not been for this subtle Arabian. Farewel.

A
L E T T E R

From Mr. DANIEL SALTMARSH to his
Friend in London, concerning the Italian
Copy of the TURKISH SPY.

S I R,

TRavelling through Italy this summer,
and coming to Ferrara about the mid-
dle of June, I made some stay in that city,
in compliance with the importunity of my
sister, the wife of Signior Nicolao Valentini,
formerly Merchant in London. During my
abode at her house, I was brought acquainted
with that eminent and learned Physician,
Julio de Medicis, of the house of Florence,
and late Student at Padua. This accom-
plished person received me with singular hu-
manity and friendship: In all his deportment
giving proofs of a disposition worthy of his
character, and the blood which runs in his
veins. He is universally learned, and by his
prodigious reading (which cannot be hid from
those who converse with him) he seemed to
me a Walking Library. You cannot name

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Mr. SALTMARSH's Letter, &c.

an author of note, with whom he is not acquainted, being a careful collector, or rather an engrosser, of all remarkable books. He gave me familiar access to his library, which, according to the best computation I could make, consisted of no less than six thousand choice treatises. You know my inclination, and will easily believe that I took no small delight in the liberty I had, not only to survey, but also to make use of this treasure, so long as I staid in Ferrara. I was there daily, and thought that time mispent, which my other obligations took from my study. Among other books, I chanced to open the Italian translation of the Turkish Spy, which was so celebrated all over Europe, and which I had read both in French and English. I had the curiosity to peruse it over, and found it exactly to agree with those translations I had seen; which made me ask this Gentleman, Whether there were no more volumes of it printed? He presently shewed me six more, and told me, the eighth was in the press. Overjoyed at this news, I asked him where I might furnish myself with those seven volumes already printed? He assured me, the first impressions were all sold off, but that they would be reprinted again. I expressed some sorrow and concern, that I could not procure those books; when, with an unparalleled gene-

Mr. SALTMARSH's Letter, &c.

generosity, he frankly bestowed those seven volumes upon me. It is true, at our first acquaintance, I had obliged him with a present, on which, I believe, he set a greater price than on these books; it being a watch of most curious workmanship, made by one of the greatest artists in Italy. However, I fancied my gift returned seven-fold in these books. I brought them along with me through Germany into Holland, where I kept them as a secret treasure; being desirous, if possible, that the six volumes, which are not yet translated out of Italian, might first speak my native tongue, that so we may not always be obliged to the French for the most acceptable products of the press. Knowing therefore the singular delight you take in enterprises of this nature, and how much it may lie in your way to procure a translation of these volumes, by reason of your great acquaintance with learned and ingenious men, I offer you the refusal of this undertaking; both for the friendship that is between us, and because I know none so fit to manage this design as yourself. I will willingly venture a share in the cost, but I would have no more than a third person concerned in it. If you accept of this proposal, I will send you the Italian volumes, and leave the success to your conduct. I can assure you, that none

Mr. SALTMARSH's Letter, &c.

but the first part is as yet translated into French, or any other language, except the Italian; and the following Tomes are not to be had for money; therefore we have a fair opportunity of obliging the nation with a work so long expected, and so much desired by all that have seen the first volume. My occasions require me to spend this winter at Amsterdam; but I hope, in the spring, to see you at London. In the interim am,

S I R, Your's, &c.

DANIEL SALTMARSH.

Amsterdam, Sept.
9, 1690.

A
T A B L E
OF THE
LETTERS AND MATTERS,
CONTAINED
IN THIS VOLUME,
BOOK I.

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The first part of the paper
 is devoted to a general
 introduction of the subject
 and a statement of the
 objects of the present
 investigation.

The second part of the
 paper is devoted to a
 detailed description of the
 apparatus used in the
 experiments.

The third part of the
 paper is devoted to a
 description of the
 results of the
 experiments.

The fourth part of the
 paper is devoted to a
 discussion of the
 results of the
 experiments.

The fifth part of the
 paper is devoted to a
 summary of the
 results of the
 experiments.

LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY AT PARIS.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut the Arabian, faithful Slave of Sultan Ibrahim, to Bekir Bassa, his Highness's Chief Treasurer at Constantinople.

I KNOW not whether it be a vice or a virtue to be fearful in my circumstances. I am no stoick, nor can I pretend an exemption from the common passions of men. However, 'tis not for myself I am sollicitous, but I consult the good of my commission. There is a difference between caution and fear; and apprehension of danger, is not to be termed pusillanimity.

I have written six letters to Carcoa at Vienna, but have received no answer these four moons. This neglect puts me upon thinking; and I am puzzled to find out an excuse for him. I would fain continue

my good opinion of his honesty, without forfeiting my senses: For, although I am not naturally suspicious, yet experience has taught me to number jealousy among the cardinal virtues.

Not to amuse thee, I am afraid of treachery. Carcoa knows the secret of my commission, and it lies in his power to do much mischief. Yet I may wrong the man; perhaps he is dead: and there are no posts that bring news from the grave. If he be in the region of silence, and expired in his integrity, the two black angels shall have no power to hurt him. But I wonder I should have no intelligence of his death, neither from the Ministers of the Porte, nor from Eliachim the Jew. I tell thee, I am uneasy till I know the truth.

When I sit in my chamber, and hear any discoursing in the house, I imagine 'tis about me; when I go along the streets, if any man fastens his eyes on me, he arrests me with fear and apprehension. 'Tis true, I am willing to undergo the worst they can inflict; but it would extremely enhance the sorrows of death, to see the secrets of the Sublime Porte, become the scorn and derision of infidels.

For these reasons, I have removed myself about a league from Paris, pretending it is for my health, trusting the conveyance of my letters, and other business to Eliachim, who, for ought I know, may prove a reed of Egypt.

I desire thee, nay, I conjure thee to send a speedy supply of money, without which 'tis impossible for poor Mahmut, the vilest slave of the great and invincible Ibrahîm, to perform what is expected of him.

The great God reward thy fidelity with unfading treasures.

Paris, 10th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

According to the Christian style.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

THE God of War seems to espouse the quarrel of the Swedes; and all the planets contribute to their prosperity; even Venus herself, has for a while laid aside all her usual softness, appearing now in the field arm'd cap-a-pee, with a train of Swedish Amazons at her heels.

Thou wilt think I romance in telling thee this, and only temporize with thy genius, having often heard thee passionately admire the valiant acts of Semiramis, and other Eastern virago's: but assure thyself, that the Swedes after some late battles, when they went to bury their dead, stripping them of their cloaths, found several of the fair sex under the disguise of men, among which there were some of quality.

It is said, that one of these was seen to engage Duke Albert himself, with a matchless bravery and courage; the Duke being twice unhorsed by her, and as often remounted by his vigilant Squires.

Those that pretend to know more than the common sort, say, that revenge was the motive which brought this lady into the field, having received a gross affront from Duke Albert in the German court. However, the Duke died of the wounds he received of this Bellona, and she survived not to triumph over her dead enemy.

After this, the Swedes, under the command of General Torstenson, marched in Silesia; took Glogow by storm the 12th of the 5th Moon; and Suciniez, on the 7th of the 6th Moon.

And, as if nothing were able to discourage or baffle the indefatigable mind of this great General, he invested the strong town of Olmitz in Moravia,

and took it after fourteen days siege. The posts received this morning with this news.

Be strong and of good courage, and God shall give thee victory in battel, when thou fightest against the Infidels. Abstain from wine, and from oppression. And receive this advice, as a testimony of my esteem and friendship.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER III.

To Ibrahim Chanregil, Chief Bostangi, or
Gardener to the Sultan.

THOU that art daily conversant with the eldest products of the earth, and canst call the whole vegetable family by their proper names, tell me whether there be such a plant, as by its baneful influence blasts all that grows within ten cubits of its root. I would not put such a question to thee, had I not lately seen something in the garden of a certain nobleman near Paris, which makes me think 'tis true. They call it here [the ill neighbour] because it preys (they say) on all the herbage that is near it, rising and flourishing by their fall. Indeed, at the time I saw it, there was a wither'd circle round it; whilst this devouring sprout look'd gay and full, augmented by the spoils of neighbouring grass: a proper emblem of oppression. I wish 'twere growing in the gardens of all cruel tyrants, that in this natural grass they might behold their voracious spirits.

I will not thus call in question thy knowledge of an herb, which shuns all human touch. Here is one in the same garden, which the nobleman boasts

boasts was by thy hands croot from the Sultan's gardens, and being set in a pot of earth presented to him. Thou didst not well consult thy safety, in such a grand presumption, nor yet the honour of thy sovereign master, who (should it ever reach his ears) would soon transplant thee from the garden of the Seraglio to the Elyfian Fields.

Thou oughtest to receive this reprimand with highest gratitude, since it will not shut thee out of those pleasant walks and groves with the high imperial walls. Use more prudence another time; and scorn such easy condescensions to infidels. Say, that I am thy friend in this advice; and, in recompence, I only desire this good office of thee, to watch the motions of my enemies. There are no less than three great officers of the seraglio, hammering out my ruin. Thou knowest who I mean. Keep thy integrity. The sly insinuating words of Shashim Istham, the black eunuch, spoken not long ago in my disgrace to the principal Secretary of State, quickly echoed to my chamber in Paris. Be silent and wise.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER IV.

To Muzlu Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State at Constantinople.

IF it were lawful for me to take the oath of our holy prophet, I would swear by the hour of the evening, that thy news is welcome.

I had scarce finish'd our appointed devotions after sun set, when the post brought me thy dispatch, which informs me, that Carcoa at Vienna is dead.

B. 3.

I re-

I rejoice not at the death of an honest slave to Ibrahim; let flowers spring from the dust of his grave. Neither can I mourn for a man, that may be gone to new and richer possessions; yet I am pleased, that he quitted the old fairly, and has left behind him an odour of virtue. A man in his post is attack'd with strong temptations, and he that resists to the end merits a wreath gathered from the tree of life.

Thou mayest think, 'tis with more ease I receive the news of Carcoa's death than of his infidelity; nor that I value the rack or any other tortures, with which the policy of state uses to draw confessions of capital crimes. But I would not have the grand affairs of the Ottoman Porte, come within the verge of a scrutiny.

This news is the best cure for the illness I pretended, when I exchanged Paris for the country air ten days ago; whereof Béchir Bassa has received an account.

I am now returned to my old lodging, and am congratulated for my speedy recovery, by them that knew not my true distemper.

Thou informest me, that by the order of the Divan, one Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew, is appointed successor of Carcoa: I wish he may acquit himself as well.

The five hundred zechins thou hast ordered me by him, will be very welcome to a man, who has been forced to retrench many charges, that he might the better serve the Grand Signior.

The King of Spain may wish, that he could conclude a peace on as easy terms with the French King, as the Sophy of Persia has with the Sultan Ibrahim.

None but God and his Prophet know the zeal with which I serve the Sublime Porte.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Kaimacham.

I SHALL now acquaint thee with the death of the Queen-mother and dowager of France, who fell a sacrifice to the ambition of the Cardinal of Richlieu, as those of her party do commonly suggest. For being highly disgusted at his counsels and intrigues, especially his playing the incendiary, and inflaming those of the blood-royal one against another, she departed from France, and by a kind of voluntary banishment, exposed herself to so many inconveniences, hardships, and rigors of fortune, as seem'd to hasten her end: her great spirit chusing rather to break than bow to the turbulent Cardinal.

She sojourned in Flanders, Holland, England, and the Empire. Her travels being checquer'd all along with a mixture of good and evil. Here meeting with respect, there with indifference and coldness, if not contempt. In some places her misfortunes were pitied, and the Cardinal blamed for persecuting so great and good a Queen: in others, the Cardinal was justified; and her conduct censured and condemn'd. And she accused herself for raising him to the power of doing her those injuries. At length, tired out with the fatigues of state, and grown sick of the world, she betook herself to a monastery in Cologne, where, after she had spent some time in religious preparations for another world, she expired the 3d. of this instant Moon.

It was placed among the remarkables by some, that the same day she died, the Cardinal of Richlieu fell sick; which sickness yet continues upon him. But, whether to appease the ghost of his deceased mistress, whom he had so unjustly persecuted; or to mollify the resentments of the people, is uncertain. Yet notwithstanding his dangerous illness, he

every day ventures to the temple, and performs the mysteries of their law for her soul. The court and city is in mourning for this great Queen, and general murmurings and complaints are raised against the Cardinal on this occasion; especially among the common people, who are so far from entertaining a better opinion of him, for his daily appearance at the altar, on behalf of the Queen's soul, that they esteem it but an officious hypocrisy, a medley of priest-craft, and state-artifice.

Here is a report about the city, that the Queen's ghost appeared to the Cardinal, as soon as she was dead, severely reproaching him with his ambition and ingratitude, and telling him, that tho' he was laying the foundation of an immortal project, yet he should never live to see it thrive; but warned him to prepare for judgment, for that he should not see another year in mortal state; upon which, they say, he immediately sickened. And here are prophecies privately scattered about, foretelling his death in a short time. This is certain, he labours under an unaccountable distemper, his body strangely wasting, as if it would evaporate itself into air; for he seems to be in a manner dried up.

My duty and devoir to thee, sage Minister, would not let me be at rest, till I had prevented the posts, by giving thee a more timely account of these occurrences, by a merchant for whom his vessel waits at Marseilles. To-morrow he takes his leave of Paris, and once aboard, he makes directly for Constantinople, whither he will bring the first news of the death of one of the greatest Queens upon earth; in whose royal veins ran the blood of the Emperors Ferdinand and Charles V. She was married to Henry the Great; and, besides her son now reigning in France, she matched her daughters to the two potent Monarchs of England and Spain.

The most High and Omnipotent, sole Monarch of Heaven and Earth, reward thy services and fidelity

delity to our invincible Sultan, with the supreme joys of paradise.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER VI.

To the Venerable Mufti, Sovereign of the
True and Undeiled Faith.

PERMIT me to enter into thy presence, and withdraw thy ravish'd eyes a while from the contemplation of sublimest objects, to cast them on a spectacle of mortality. It is the great and renowned Mary de Medicis, Queen-mother of France, who lies now dead at Cologne.

I will not trouble thee with impertinencies; but because I know that various reports will reach thy ears concerning the Cardinal of Richlieu his being instrumental to her death, by driving her to such a height of indignation, as was the cause of her voluntary exile and wandering from France, and from one country to another: I will here insert a letter from the said Cardinal to her Majesty, wherein he vindicates himself, and discovers (if not his integrity, yet) the best counterfeit of that virtue, that I have seen any where penn'd. It was written to her when she was in Holland, and runs thus:

MADAM,

‘ I Cannot but esteem it the greatest infelicity that
 ‘ I ever besel me, that my enemies have prevailed
 ‘ so far, as to draw upon me your Majesty’s displea-
 ‘ sure. That they have by all the arts of malice,
 ‘ fastned the publick odium on me, is a great un-
 ‘ happiness; but, this is the masterpiece of their
 ‘ enmity,

' enmity, to render me suspected by you. I could
 ' pardon their frequent attempts upon my life, by
 ' private conspiracies and assassinations, though hu-
 ' man nature recoils at those who are our murderers;
 ' but to deprive me of that, without which life it-
 ' self is a burden to me, I mean your royal favour,
 ' transports me beyond myself; and, I beg, that it
 ' may pass for an excuse of this presumption. I
 ' could easily have passed over in silence all their
 ' barbarous plots against me! I could easily have
 ' parted with my life, and all those honours and
 ' dignities with which it has been blessed. But, to
 ' rob me of your esteem, which first raised me to
 ' this envied greatness, and which I value more
 ' than all the grandeurs of the earth, breaks the
 ' bars which aw'd my tongue and pen, and makes
 ' me bold to throw myself at your royal feet, and
 ' all that I have; for I received all from your
 ' princely hands. Deal as you please, Madam, with
 ' your own creature, I cannot murmur at your
 ' proceedings. But, Madam, let your native piety
 ' prompt you to favour the purple of the Church,
 ' with which your bounty has invested me; let it
 ' not lose its proper lustre and esteem, because the
 ' enemies of the Church and State have cast such dirt
 ' upon it. Is it possible that a man, the most obliged
 ' of all his race, should become the only pattern of
 ' the basest ingratitude? Besides the ties of con-
 ' science, and the natural force of inclination, my
 ' interest chains me to your service; how can I then
 ' withdraw myself from it, and not proclaim myself
 ' at once a traitor to the best of Queens, and the
 ' most unaccountable of fools to myself?

' This consideration, Madam, being well weigh'd,
 ' is enough to acquit me of all guiltiness before
 ' your Majesty.

' But if it be my destiny to be condemned un-
 ' heard, I shall not appeal from your royal sentence,
 ' since I owe a perfect resignation to your will. I
 ' may complain to heaven of my misfortune, but I
 ' will

' will not expostulate with my sovereign patroness,
 ' nor make the least opposition against the course of
 ' your anger, not even by carrying my fortune to
 ' Rome. For, wheresoever I go, all my study shall
 ' be to recover your Majesty's favour, if it be not a
 ' crime. And if ever I obtain that happiness, I
 ' shall not care whither I go, tho' it be out of the
 ' world itself; because I die hourly, while your
 ' Majesty suspects that I am not what I ever was, and
 ' still continue to be,

M A D A M,

Your Majesty's

Most humble, most faithful,

And most obedient Servant,

ARMAND, Card. of Rich.

I send thee this transcript of the Cardinal's apolo-
 gy, that thou comparing it with what befel after-
 wards, may'st give a judgment, whether this great
 Minister deserv'd the censures that were pass'd upon
 him. For, he falling sick the same day the Queen-
 mother died, people said it was a judgment on him,
 and that her ghost appeared to him, as thou wilt
 more at large inform thyself by the letters I sent
 to the Kaimacham. But others are of opinion, that
 his present illness proceeds from grief of mind for
 the Queen's death, especially in that she died before
 he was reconciled to her Majesty. And they plead
 in defence of his innocence, his daily zeal in saying
 mass for her departed soul, and that at a time when
 he has more need to keep his bed, than go to
 church. This I have heard discours'd, even by some
 who bore no good will to the Cardinal, yet now be-
 gin to relent towards him, seeing the very lineaments
 of sorrow in his drooping looks, and tracing
 the footsteps of a profound grief in his macerated
 body. Hence they take measures of his real inno-
 cence and fidelity towards that great Queen. I will
 not interpose my particular opinion on either side,
 but stand neuter among these contesting infidels, tho'

my inclination and regard would rather sway me to the Cardinal's side. But I leave the determination of this matter to thee, who art the oracle of wisdom, from whose sentence there can be no appeal.

In the mean while, the body of the deceased Queen lies, as I have said, at Cologne, where she spent her last days in a religious convent; a practice not so common now-a-days, as it has been formerly among crowned heads. And those who thus descended voluntarily, from the height of human glory, to the austerities of a devout life, have commonly been canonized for saints. Nor do the creatures of this Queen spare to whisper about, that such an honour were but a condign reward to her extraordinary merits, being already canonized in the esteem of the bigotted vulgar, while her body is yet above ground.

The royal carcase will be brought and interr'd in the temple of St. Dennis, about three leagues from this city. This is esteemed the richest church in France, being a repository of inestimable jewels, gold and silver, belonging to the relicks of their Saints. Here also is generally lodged the dust of all the royal blood of France. The saint to whom this church is dedicated, is esteemed the patron of this kingdom; for, according to their doctrine, the Saints have the patronage of certain kingdoms, provinces and cities, committed to them by God, and therefore they address themselves to them, and to the guardian angels both in publick and private. Every one also has his peculiar patron-saint and guardian angel assigned him at his own choice.

But if these Christian Saints are set over such places and people as they favour'd particularly in their lifetime, then one would think, when this great Queen is canonized and inflated in her saintly government, the Hugonots here may claim her patronage, in that she shew'd much kindness and friendship to them while she was alive.

Pardon, great oracle of truth, the length of this epistle; and excuse my presumption, in descanting on matters of religion, which belong to thee to determine. I kiss the hem of thy sacred vest, in profound humility. Vouchsafe to pray for thy faithful slave Mahmut.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT is now past midnight, and being called out of my bed by the people of the house where I lodge, I knew not how to bestow my time better, than in giving thee an account of this occurrence.

Here is now so violent a tempest of thunder, lightning and rain, that the whole hemisphere seems to be on fire; and the superstitious are overwhelmed with panick fears, concluding this storm will usher in the day of judgment. It has continued these two hours; and they tell me, that no less than twenty houses are burnt to ashes already. I had scarce taken my pen from the last word, when a flash of lightning dyed all the papers and books on the table whereon I now write, as black as soot; whereof this scorch'd paper may be a testimonial, which I send enclosed. Observe but the colour and smell, and thou wilt say, 'tis stamped with the mark of the thunderer, 'tis that whereon I had begun to write to thee; but, this thirsty fire, at a moment, lick'd up all the ink, so that the impression is wholly effac'd.

The reason of their calling me out of my bed, was to go to prayers with them, according to the
custom

custom of these infidels, who in time of thunder light certain consecrated candles, and fall on their knees round about them, imagining, that whilst they are within the room where these candles are, the thunder cannot hurt them. I excused myself from keeping them company, by telling them, I had a hallowed candle in my chamber, which I would light, and say my prayers there. They were satisfied with this answer, and sprinkling me with holy water, to bless me from the danger impending, I retired.

There is a private staircase in my chamber, which leads to a terras on the top of the house. My curiosity carried me thither, where methought I beheld nature in her frolicks and rants. The greatest part of the sky was clear and serene, and innumerable stars appeared; but, round the brims of the horizon, a growing bulk of clouds encompassed the earth, spouting forth cataracts of fire from opposite parts. One would have thought they were impregnated with bombs and carcasses, and that some armies were embattled in the air.

After this, as if these had been the heralds of the last and fiercest combat, the clouds drew up into a point, and mingling with each other, shot forth such showers of fire, as made the world look like a furnace. For my part, I had not courage enough to stand longer in the open air, but came down to my chamber, and falling prostrate on the ground, recommended myself to the great Creator of all Things, Lord of Nature, and Sovereign Disposer of the lives of men.

Neither do I think myself superstitious in this, any more than I should be, in humbling myself in the dust, before the terrible Ibrahim, when he is out of temper.

Methinks nature seems to be in a cholerick fit, when it thunders; and 'tis neither good manners nor policy, to draw her fury on our heads by daring carriage.

Our holy law, which prescribes prayer to us at the first appearance of the sun and moon, seems to intimate, that on any emergency which gives us a peculiar occasion to contemplate an Omnipotent Power, we ought to fall down and adore the High and Eternal One.

I am almost deaf with the bells which are rung in every church of this city, on this account. It being the opinion of the Nazarenes, that this noise will chase away the tempest, with all the evil spirits that infest the air. And this opinion is grounded on the ceremonies which are used at the consecration of their bells. For the Bishop, or, in his absence, the Priest, hallows them with a kind of baptism, and a form of prayer; wherein, among other petitions, they desire of God, to endue them with a virtue to resist the devils.

I am no friend to superstition, neither do I give much credit to charms; yet I cannot deny, but the ringing such a vast number of bells, must needs cause a violent concussion of the air, even to the dispersing of the clouds, and producing a calm. And experience assures us, that this is the common effect of a battle, which, if it happen in tempestuous weather, yet the discharge of many thousand great and small shot has quieted the storm, and hush'd the elements into a very serene condition.

Though this noise of bells be very troublesome, in a time when people should take their repose, yet here we are used to it in a less degree, every night throughout the year.

For the Christians law requires the Dervises to rise at midnight to say their prayers in their Chapels: and some are so devout and regular, as to make this their constant custom; so that as soon as the clocks have struck twelve, the small bells in some convents begin to jangle. About two or three hours afterwards, other religious houses ring their bells, and so continue at certain hours, day and night all the year long.

The

The storm is now quite blown over, the clouds dispers'd, and all things hush and quiet.

He that brings forth light out of darkness, and converts the terrors and sadness of the night, into the cheerful joys of a fair and propitious morning, have thee in his keeping, and perpetuate our friendship.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

L E T T E R V I I I .

To the same.

THERE lives a Dervise in this city, with whom I often converse with the same freedom as I do with thee; and it is no small alleviation of my melancholy, to vent my thoughts to one of an agreeable spirit.

He is a religious of Mount Carmel; a man of singular piety and virtue; and, were he not so zealous a patron of the Christian superstitions and idolatry, I should esteem him a Saint.

I have often attempted to wean him by degrees, from the errors which he imbib'd with his mother's milk, and which seem to be rooted in him through the influence of his education.

Sometimes I plant a battery of arguments against images and pictures; but I can neither beat them down from the posts they are allotted in his oratory, nor am I able to demolish the Chapels which he has built for their ideas in his own breast.

Yet, after a long and close siege, I have reduced him to terms of composition. In the first place, he has surrendered up a picture which hung up in his closet, in form of a very ancient man with hoary
hairs,

hoary hairs, designed by the painter to represent the person of God. He yields, that it is not lawful to make any resemblance of the invisible Divinity. Next, he allows, that it is not lawful to bow, or shew any other external respect to the pictures and images of Jesus, Mary, and the rest of the Saints, but only to use them as historical remembrancers of those holy persons, and as natural helps and spurs to devotion and virtue.

I tell thee, my friend Oglou, on these capitulations I could not but raise the siege, and yield him the use of pictures thus far a blameless practice. For it seems to me unreasonable to debar those who believe the history of the Gospel, the privilege to read it in what language they please, whether this of images and pictures, or that of letters.

Letters are but the images of such and such articulate sounds, by which we express our inward conception of things: But images and pictures are the lively immediate characters of the things themselves, and it seems as easy to me to look on a picture or image without the danger of idolatry, as 'tis to read a chapter in the Alcoran without adoring the letters that compose it. Was not the tabernacle of Moses adorned with images of Cherubims? was not the temple of Solomon deck'd in the same manner? If the presence of images in temples be a profanation, why for so many ages have our venerable Muftis suffered the two Seraphims to remain under the cupola of the Mosque of Sancta Sophia in Constantinople? why do they not deface the picture of Mary the mother of Jesus, the two images of angels, with other pieces of sculpture and painting in the same place? are the devotions of a mussulman in this sacred temple tainted with idolatry, because he prays before these images.

Let me unbosom my thoughts to thee with freedom; images and pictures are no bugbears to me; I can use them as instruments of devotion, in the same

same manner as I do books. Yet every one cannot do this without danger of idolatry; neither is a publick toleration of images and pictures in temples to be approved. For though some men may look on them without hurt, yet 'tis hard for the generality to avoid falling into a culpable reverence. For, while the eye is drinking in the fair idea, the soul is apt to lose her force, and fall into admiration of the carver's or the painter's art, adoring the elegant symmetry of a beautiful picture or image, instead of the original and increated beauty, the majesty which has no resemblance.

Therefore wisely has our law provided against this inconvenience, by discouraging imagery throughout the sacred empire of the Mussulmans.

He whose habitation is in the mysterious and inaccessible height of an eternal recess, whose glory is beyond all figure and expression, augment thy virtues, which are the truest images of the divine nature.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE present war between France and Spain, however begun, seems to be carried on by a principle of honour, rather than of enmity. These two nations are perfect antipodes to each other in their humours; yet this aversion between them is discovered more in peace than in war. The quest of glory has invited many brave men on both sides into the field; and the heroes strive to conquer each other by civilities, rather than by arms.

Catalonia

Catalonia and Rouffilion, were the stages of this war, in the beginning of the year; where the Mareschal de Breze, and the Sieur de la Mothe-Houdancourt, combated with all the hardships of the winter, as well as with valiant enemies. The rigour of the season did not cool the courage of these generals, nor divert their resolution from taking the field. All the country appeared like a frozen lake, and there was no place for them to encamp, but in deep snow or ice; yet, for all these discouragements, the Mareschal de Breze block'd up Perpignan, a town of great strength in Rouffilion, whilst the Sieur de la Mothe, kept the Arragonians in play, and baffled the enterprizes of the Castilians, having given them two signal defeats.

The successful actions of the French Generals, invited the King their master to give them a visit, being very desirous to take Perpignan, and settle the affairs of Catalonia. He therefore sends another army under the command of the Mareschal de la Mesleraye, which he soon followed in person.

There was now a generous envy raised between so many great commanders, every one striving to advance himself in the King's esteem by his services. And the particular merits of the Sieur de la Mothe, drew a favourable eye on him. The King made him Mareschal de France, the staff, which is the badge of his office, being presented to him by the Mareschal of Breze at Barcelona, to the general satisfaction and joy as well of the Catalonians as the French.

This honour was conferred on him, presently after the great victory obtained over the Spanish forces at Ville Franca in Catalonia.

In the mean while, the Mareschal de Mesleraye, invested the strong castle of Calioubre, which was surrendered to him upon honourable terms, by the Marquis of Mortare, general of the Spanish horse in Rouffilion, and Governor of that castle.

The

The King flush'd with conquests and successes, would not suffer his army to lie idle, but in good earnest laid close siege to Perpignan.

Yet such was the generosity of this Prince, that before he tried the force of his cannon, he ordered the Marechal de Mesleraye, to send a herald to the Marquis de Flores, governor of the town, to put him in mind of the great streights the besieged were in for want of provisions, of which his majesty was not ignorant; and, that there was no hopes of relief from the Marquis de Povar, General of the Spanish forces in Arragon, there being left alive but a few companies of all his army, after the great defeat which was given them near Ville Franche.

He offered the Governor all fair and good usage, if he would surrender before things came to extremities; and, to convince him of the entire loss of the Spanish army (to which he trusted) he promised safe conduct to any officer of the garrison as far as Terragone, where lay all the little remnant of the Arragonian army, that so he might inform and assure himself of the bad condition the Spanish affairs were in.

This favour was received with much civility by the Marquis de Povar, who returned humble thanks to the King for so generous a condescension, assuring him withal, that the garrison was not reduced to those streights as was pretended, but that he nevertheless accepted his Majesty's safe conduct to a messenger; intreating him, that he would permit him to go to Madrid, that so the King of Spain might have advice of his circumstances.

Thou wilt confess, illustrious Kaimacham, that it was a great magnanimity of spirit in the King, to grant this request to an enemy, who might be suspected to design no more in it than to gain time. Yet he sent the messenger back again, with full assurance of his royal love.

Whilst this was in agitation, many other civilities passed between the French and the besieged. Many prisoners of note were exchanged, and all things seemed to speak a fair understanding between both parties; when, on a sudden, the cannon of the town played furiously on the King's quarters, and at the same time the besieged made a vigorous sally, attacking a redoubt which the Mareschal de Mesleraye had raised.

This contempt of the King's favour, raised his choler, and animated the soldiers with a desire of revenge. All ran to their arms, and quickly beat back the besieged. Thus was the face of affairs suddenly changed in the camp. It was too late now for the Governor to expect the courtesy he before abused. However, he sent two Deputies again, to know if the King's resolution continued to grant leave to send to Madrid, (for they had not as yet sent.)

The Mareschal de Mesleraye sent back the Deputies with this answer, that if they did not engage to surrender by a prefixed day, and give two hostages for security of their performance, the King would not grant their request.

This put the besieged upon desperate resolutions; they made frequent sallies, and all things tended to extremity.

Whilst matters were in this posture, the King, by the advice of his physicians, withdrew from the camp to take the waters of Maine for his health. This was in the last Moon, and Perpignan holds out still.

I have been the more particular in relating this siege, in regard it is the chief subject of discourse among such as are desirous of news, which is the reason also, that I begin this letter with a relation of what has been transacted in Catalonia, ever since the beginning of this year, that thou may'st be able to form a regular idea of this present war between France and Spain: I will
conti-

continually fend thee an account of the progress the French make in Catalonia.

God augment thy honours, and prolong thy days to see the sons of thy grand-children.

Paris, 26th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER X.

To Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State.

I SHOULD be unfaithful to my trust, and merit a bow-string, should I conceal from thee any thing which reflects upon the honour of the Sacred Empire, and the law brought down from Heaven by the Angel Gabriel.

Thou knowest, that it is the custom of the Christians, to make pilgrimages from all parts of the world to Jerusalem, and other places in the Holy Land; even as the faithful Mussulmen do to Mecha and Medina Talnabi in Arabia, where is the sepulchre of our holy Prophet.

Here are two noblemen of the first rank and quality at court, who out of devotion to their Messias, went to visit his supposed sepulchre; and, in their travels, passed through part of Egypt. But when they arrived at a place called Salhia, bordering on the stony Arabia, they were made a prey to the Sub-bassée of that place; who, understanding from the captain of the caravan, that these two were all the franks he had with him, and that they were men of money, he exacted from them twenty dollars a-piece for their heads, contrary to all law, justice, or precedent; which they refusing to pay (as indeed

deed it was unreasonable) the covetous old Sub-bassee commits them to prison, commanding them to receive an hundred bastinadoes a-piece on the feet, thinking by this means to frighten them to a compliance with his extortion. But they would not pay the money, chusing rather to suffer, than encourage such oppression in corrupt officers. In the mean time, the caravan departs, leaving these imprisoned Lords to the mercy of the Sub-bassee, who finding them inflexible, caused his commandments to be put in execution, and not content with this, orders his slaves to beat them out of town.

The poor Lords knew not what to do under this misfortune; for they were so sore with the blows they had received on their tender feet, that they were incapable of travelling a-foot. But, with money they prevailed on the slaves to direct them how they might procure camels, with a guide. This done, they overtook the caravan at Gaza, and so finished their pilgrimage. They are now at the court here, and have made known the business to the King, who, 'tis said, has dispatched an express to his ambassador at Constantinople, to demand justice on the aforesaid Sub-bassee; threatening, that if it be denied, he will cover the ocean with ships, and raze the palace of the Sultan to the ground. For these two noblemen are nearly allied to the royal family.

I know thou wilt despise the bold bravado of this King, and so do I, being assured, that the invincible Sultan can set his foot on the necks of forty such petty Kings as this. Yet, let us be the advocates of justice, by which the refulgent Empire of the Mussulmen was first established. Should such a villany as this go unpunished, it would encourage others in like cases, and then there would be nothing but extortion, and cruel insolence practised by governors of towns and cities on the road. So barbarous and inhospitable usage,
would

would provoke all the Princes of the Christian law to take up arms against us. Thus would the most glorious empire in the world become a prey to infidels.

I know this would be misrepresented, were it to come to other hands than thine. They would say of me openly, what they have already whispered in the cabals of the Seraglio, that Mahmut is in pension with the French King. They seek my life without a cause. But I trust it to thy generous and right noble hands, of whose friendship I have had so late experience.

May the first mover of the heavenly orbs, lead thee as by a clue of thread, through the dark labyrinth of state-affairs, and bring thee, after a long and happy life, to the fields of endless light. Amen! thou Lord of Paradise.

Paris, 26th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

I KNOW thee not, and 'tis probable thou art as little acquainted with me: Yet, I have often observed more durable friendships contracted between strangers, than betwixt those of the same blood. Good offices equally deserve and attract love. There are many opportunities for travellers to serve one another. And, he that obliges me in a strange country, makes himself my brother.

I received a dispatch from the Reis Effendi at Constantinople, informing me of the death of Carcoa, one of the happy slaves of him whom God has ordained to dispense felicities to the world: I mean, the Grand Signior, possessor of the most exalted throne on earth. He tells me likewise, that I must expect from thee the continuance of Carcoa's office. I congratulate thy honour, in that thou art thought worthy to serve the great Viceroy of the Lord of the Universe, to whom is committed the flaming sword of justice, that he may reward virtue, punish vice, and reform the corrupt manners of mankind.

I am a Mussulman, that is, resign'd to God, or else it would have rais'd some thoughtfulness in a man of my circumstances, what should be the reason of Carcoa's so long silence, not having received any answer these four Moons to the many letters I sent him. He was intrusted with the secrets of my commission, and had another been in my place, he would have suspected treachery.

Well, he is gone! gone to the invisible regions, to the receptacles of just and faithful men, to the pleasant woods and groves, the eternal blooming shades and verdant fields of Paradise. Follow his steps, and be happy.

He was a man true to his trust, sedulous and active in business; punctual in his appointments; temperate in a town flowing with debaucheries; just toward all men, and devout to God.

It is necessary for him that would attain these virtues, to begin gradually at the lowest step; to guard his senses, and set a watch upon the avenues of his passions. For a man becomes neither perfectly virtuous nor vicious all at once: and a wise man of thy own nation, Jesus Ben Sirach, hath said, he that condemns little things, shall fall by little and little.

I desire you to send me Carcoa's journal, with what other papers he left behind him, except such as concern his particular estate and affairs.

Let me know also, how the late design of the Turks upon Rab, is resented at the German court; whether the Emperor talks of sending an ambassador to the Sultan about it; and whatsoever also of moment occurs.

The Reis Effendi tells me, that Bechir Bassa, the treasurer, has ordered me five hundred zechins, by the way of Vienna. I desire thou would'st be speedy and careful in remitting them to Paris.

Thou needest no instructions concerning my lodging, or the name I go by here; those who appointed thee this station at Vienna, have inform'd thee, no doubt, of all things necessary to the discharge of thy duty.

Write often to me, and preserve thy integrity free from stain.

Paris, 5th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I KNOW thy genius, and have observed with what complacency thou wert wont to peruse thy uncle Shela Raphim's travels, a journal writ in Arabick, and full of profitable and wise remarks; especially that part of it which treats of France. I will not pretend to add to his observations; but only acquaint thee with a novelty which France itself ne'er knew in his days.

The women of quality here of late, do addict themselves to the study of philosophy, as the men; the ladies esteeming their education defective, if they cannot confute Aristotle and his disciples. The pen has almost supplanted the exercise of the needle;
and

and ladies closets, formerly the shops of female baubles, toys, and vanities, are now turn'd to libraries and sanctuaries of learned books. There is a new star risen in the French horizon, whose influence excites the nobler females to this pursuit of human science. It is the renowned Monsieur Des Cartes, whose lustre far outshines the aged winking tapers of peripatetick philosophy, and has eclipsed the Stagyrite, with all the ancient lights of Greece and Rome. 'Tis this matchless soul has drawn so many of the fairer sex to the schools. And they are more proud of the title [Cartesian] and of the capacity to defend his principles, than of their noble birth and blood.

I know our grave and politick Mussulmen will censure the indulgence of the French to their women, and accuse them of weakness, in giving such advantages to that witty sex. But, notwithstanding this severity of the eastern parts, I cannot altogether disapprove the western gallantry. If women are to be esteemed our enemies, methinks it is an ignoble cowardice thus to disarm them, and not allow them the same weapons we use ourselves: but, if they deserve the title of our friends, 'tis an inhuman tyranny to debar them the privilege of ingenious education, which would also render their friendship so much more delightful both to themselves and us. Nature is seldom observed to be niggardly of her choicest gifts to that sex, their senses are generally as quick as ours, their reason as nervous, their judgments as mature and solid. Add but to these natural perfections, the advantage of acquired learning, what polite and charming creatures will they prove, whilst their external beauty does the office of a crystal to the lamp, not shrouding but disclosing their brighter intellects? Nor need we fear to lose our empire over them by thus improving their native abilities; since where there is most learning, sense and knowledge, there is observ'd to be the greatest modesty, and rectitude of

manners. I see no reason therefore, why we should make such bugbears of women, as not to trust them with as liberal education as ourselves.

I believe, thou sometimes bestowest a compassionate thought on the exil'd Mahmut. Would'st thou do something to alleviate my melancholy, the next time thou goest to the Atmidan, transcribe what is engraven on the pedestals of the obelisks and columns standing there, and send it enclosed in a letter.

He that is lord of the east and the west, from whose throne hang millions of stars in chains of gold, increase thy virtues and blessings, and preserve thee from the poison of ill eyes, and malicious tongues, and bring thee to the fields of endless light.

Paris, 6th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XIII.

To Cara Haly, a Physician, at Constantinople.

THERE is a garden in this city, so near resembling that of the invincible Vizir Azem, on the east of Pera, that I cannot but fancy myself near Constantinople when I am walking in it. It is called the King's garden, being allotted by the royal bounty of the Kings of France, to the service and improvement of students in physick. There is a yearly stipend settled on an approved physician, to take care that no kind of physical plant or herb be wanting in this royal seminary; who also, during the whole summer, is obliged to read a latin lecture every morning, on the simples there growing;

growing; whilst a great auditory of young students, with books, pen and ink in their hands, wait on him up and down the alleys, and write down his discourse: he that is now employed in this office, is a very learned and ingenious man: he takes great pains to make all his young disciples perfect herbalists; for, all the way as he passes along from one herb to another, he stoops down, handles the simple, and explains his verbal description with his fingers ends; giving a most accurate account of the minutest difference between such as seem to be alike, and demonstrating to the eye, that those are two distinct plants, which many take to be one; tracing out their different families, in the number, texture, shape or colour of their leaves and flowers: and this he does with so graceful an action, such eloquent language, and so composed a spirit, that he charms all that happen to be present at his lectures, and makes every body in love with the Botanicks. The garden stands open to all gentlemen, provided they leave their swords with the keeper of the gate, to prevent quarrels and mischief.

I enter daily among the rest, and when the physick-lecture is over, I retire myself into one of the most pleasant shades in the world; it is a gravel walk, the whole length of the garden, on each side of which grow lofty trees, planted so thick, and intermixing their leaves and branches so closely at the top, that they compose a perfect natural umbrella over the walk, from one end to the other, so that not a beam of the sun can enter. And that which creates in me the greatest complacency is, that the farther end of the walk is not shut up by a high wall, as is the custom in some gardens; but whether you are sitting, or standing upright, it opens to you a very agreeable and large prospect of the country adjacent to Paris, which affects the eye with incredible delight; and mine so much the more, because it perfectly resembles the

country lying east of Pera and Constantinople, which you survey out of the grottos of the aforesaid most illustrious Vizir Azem. 'Tis when I am in this walk, I imagine I breathe the air of Asia, and am within the verge of the imperial Seraglio, the sanctuary to which all the distress'd princes in the world have recourse.

There are in Paris above an hundred magnificent palaces, and beautiful gardens belonging to them; but none wherein I take so particular a delight, as in this royal physick garden. Here I spend many a solitary hour, and sometimes I meet with company.

I tell thee, dear Haly, that tho' the French are naturally the most polish'd and refin'd people in the world, yet I am many times willing to make excuses, and leave their society; being, by the force of a powerful inclination, either drawn to this garden, or to a famous library in this city, in the custody of certain religious Dervises, who, at certain hours of the day, are oblig'd to give attendance to all gentlemen who are pleas'd to sit there and study.

Toward the evening I visit the Hospitals, which are the finest that ever I saw in the world, and I believe the best governed. There is one named the Hospital of God, where persons of quality themselves, and those of the first rank, come every evening, and wait on the sick and the wounded, doing all the meanest offices of inferior servants, and this with abundance of tenderness and humanity. I have seen the nicest and gayest ladies of the court, dressing the most squalid and putrified sores of wounded men, not seeming in the least to be disgust'd at the loathsome sight and stench of their ulcers. When one first enters the place, one would imagine it to be a chamber of young Janizaries; it being a very long and wide gallery, with rows of beds on both sides, wherein the sick are dispos'd according to the order of their coming, or the nature of their disease. The curtains of the beds are all
of

of pure white linen, prettily wrought here and there with flowers of needlework. Their sheets as white as the curtains; and by each bed stands a bason of clean water, and a fine towel laying by it. At the farther end of the gallery, stands an altar railed in, where the priests perform their religious mysteries for the sick. In fine, all things in this place speak an exquisite decorum and order, with a generous regard to the health and life of man. Three of these galleries make up the whole hospital, and it is as pleasant to me sometimes to walk up and down in them, as in a beautiful garden.

Certainly, if any argument could be of force to recommend sickness as a desirable thing, it must be taken from the circumstances of this Hospital, or an equivalent ground. I, for my own part, have often thought, that death itself would not be formidable amidst so many ornaments, sweets and comforts. If this publick and charitable regard to the sick, be an effect of their religion, I cannot be so partial to deny it a due acknowledgment, but must own, that heroick virtue and piety is to be found in an eminent degree, even among the very Infidels.

Thou wilt pardon me for detaining thee so long in the theatre of the sick and wounded, and presenting thee with the tragical scenes of mortality; since it is thy proper profession to converse with the infirmities, diseases and dolours of human bodies, and to be frequently present in the antichambers of death.

Suffer me to press thee to an integrity of continual love and friendship between us. Let not mistakes or misapprehensions cool this generous affection. It is pity, that either the spiteful misrepresentations of insinuating backbiters, or our own groundless jealousies and suspicions, should dissolve the union of faithful and loving friends. I had rather suffer a thousand small injuries, which I know must proceed from frailty and human

necessity, than not continue to love where I have once pitch'd my true affection. Nothing but apparent wilful perfidiousness and treachery, ought to break the sacred and inviolable band of friendship. Fidelity and love cover a multitude of lesser faults. He that breaks with his friend for small errors, discovers the rashness and inconstancy of his mind, and that his friendship was never well grounded. For, had he been a wise man, he would either have been more slow and cautious in the choice of his friend; or, having once contracted friendship, he would not break it again for a less crime than manifest disloyalty. But thou, who hast ever pursued me with all the offices of a generous and faithful friend, bearing with many infirmities and failings, dost not deserve this censure. Yet, considering the instability of all human affairs, I could not forbear putting thee in mind of these things; lest, through the malice of fortune, or the envy of men, or any other cause, thou should'st withdraw thy affection from me, which I value above all temporal blessings. For, besides the many favours I have received at thy hands, whereby I am obliged in honour and gratitude to love thee perpetually; a spark of natural, or rather of divine affection, was kindled in my breast, from the first time I conversed with thee: whether it proceeds from agreeableness and harmony of spirits, or some secret operation, I know not; but sure I am, and would have thee rest confident, that there is not a man in the world, who loves and honours thee with greater fidelity than I do.

The great and eternal Lord of the universe increase and multiply thy virtues and blessings, and make thee illustrious in thy generation; granting also this happiness to me, that after a lasting and true friendship between us on earth, I may drink with thee of the rivers of pleasure, which glide along the fields of Paradise; and that I may see thy
face

face brighter than the stars of heaven. Amen!
amen! O thou Lord of the worlds.

Paris, 6th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I TAKE the best measures for intelligence, yet I cannot gain a sight or a copy of all the expresses that come to this court; nor can I learn their import as soon as they arrive. The ministers of state here, are the sepulchres of news, they bury all in silence.

This is the reason that I sometimes have been forced to send thee an account of many events, long after they happened. My last letter was an abstract of the French conquests in Catalonia, from the beginning of the year to the Moon last past.

After the King of France had retired from the camp-before Perpignan, the Mareschal de Mesleraye applied himself vigorously to perfect the batteries, redoubts, and other works; whilst the King of Spain was hourly perplexed with cares and anxieties, for this important place.

The extremities to which it was reduc'd, hasten'd his preparations for an effectual relief. He sent orders to the Marquisses of Tarracuse, of Leganez and Mortaire, to raise the flower of Arragon and Castile.

The Viceroy of Naples furnished out a considerable fleet, it being the Catholick King's resolution

either to succour Perpignan, and raise that siege, or take Barcelona by way of reprizal.

In the mean while, the new Mareschal de la Mothe, flush'd with the late favour he receiv'd from his master the French King, and spurr'd on with the thirst of glory; entered like a torrent with his troops into Valentia, which at that time lay naked and unguarded.

The first thing he did, was, to surprize a convoy of the Marquis of Leganez, who were carrying an extraordinary piece of cannon to Viveros.

The French broke through their foot with their accustomed fury, and killed more than thirty horse, taking as many prisoners. They sent the cannon to the camp at Reoux.

Thou seest, sage Minister, how necessary a qualification it is in a Sovereign Prince, to discern and reward the merits of his servants. Men of virtue are animated with fresh vigour, when their actions are acknowledged. Of this the ever victorious Sultans of the Ottoman Empire are very sensible, who value the abilities and services of their slaves, before any consideration of noble blood or riches; raising men from nothing, to the highest dignities of the Empire.

The Mareschal, after this exploit, took the towns of Tamarit and Mouson; but the castle belonging to the latter, was surrendered upon articles the fourteenth of the last Moon.

Whilst these things were transacted on the land, the navies were not idle by sea. The Marquis of Breze set upon the Spanish Admiral, as he lay at anchor near Viveros; and, not being able to disengage the vessel from the shallows, he set it on fire, together with another of equal burden.

This was only an exploit by the bye, and as it lay in his road to Barcelona, where the whole Spanish fleet were arrived, with design to assault the town by sea.

The

The Marquis de Breze made all the sail he could toward them; but the wind not favouring his design, he was forced to make use of his gallies. In a word, the Spaniards lost four ships in this fight, and three more on the first of this Moon.

Thus Perpignan is in no likelihood of relief. I will send thee all the intelligence I receive of this important siege.

Paris, 10th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XV.

To Isouf, his Kinsman.

I HAVE received thy letter, and congratulate thy safe return to Constantinople. The blessing of Mahomet be upon thee, for the sacrifice thou madest on Abraham's mountain on my behalf, and for the alms thou gavest to blot out my sins. Hadst thou sent me the sacred relick I desired, I would multiply benedictions on Isouf my cousin. It is but a trifling excuse to say, thou could'st not procure that which is denied to no pilgrim. The Emir of Mecca expects that every one who visits that Holy of Holies, should purchase a piece of the old hanging, when it is yearly taken down. This is his fee, and thou hast at once defrauded him of his due, frustrated my hopes, and weaken'd merit of the thy pilgrimage.

But I will not be querulous; perhaps thou wert afraid of wanting money in the rest of thy journey. Thy letter is very short, and full of reserve, hardly

vouchsafing to make an apology for thy long silence, tho' it be now the nine and thirtieth Moon since thou first partedst from Constantinople, without giving me any account what was become of thee.

Sometimes I thought thou wert overwhelm'd in the sands of Arabia, or that some wild beast had devour'd thee. At other times, I imagined thou might'st die of thirst, in those dry and barren deserts. When the caravan returned at the accustomed time, and no tidings of Isouf, I could not divine that thou wert gone into Persia, or that thou would'st travel through all the east, as thy letter informs me.

I should be proud of my kinsman, were I satisfied what improvements he has made in so tedious a journey. Thy letter speaks thee not a traveller; thou art a churl in not communicating to me thy adventures and observations, in so many countries as thou hast passed through.

Tell me, Isouf, what was the motive which put thee upon such a hazardous fatigue? Thou wert a man of great faith to trust thyself to the conduct of the Persian, who invited thee along with him. It is a sign thou hast a roving soul, or else thou would'st not upon such easy terms have abandon'd the company of thy fellow-travellers and friends, to join thyself to a stranger; an enemy to thy nation, a Heretick. 'Tis true, a peace was just then concluded between the Grand Signior and the Sophi of Persia; and so there was no danger of thy being snapp'd for a spy, and sacrificed to the jealousy of state. But thou expos'd'st thyself to the Capricios of fortune, and the wavering temper of a man, who, for ought thou knewest, might have some ill design upon thee.

Tell me, didst thou not meet with great temptations at Ispahan? Could'st thou withstand the charms of Persian luxury? It must needs be a surprizing novelty, to see the ladies of the court
frolick-

frollicking and revelling in the houses of pleasure without the city, so contrary to the austere customs of our women at Constantinople.

Well! I will believe thee chaste in the midst of courtezans, sober in company of drunkards, and that the spark who pick'd thee up at Medina made no attempts to debauch thy virtue; yet thou canst not blame this raillery, when thou considerest the dissolute manners of that nation. And I will tell thee ingenuously, that I find it very irksome to abstain from wine, in a country where every body drinks it but myself.

But thou givest me no character of thy Persian friend, or his quality. He might, for ought I know, be some Knight-errant, and thou his Squire, and so you rambled together up and down Asia to seek adventures; for thou art not so complaisant to tell me the effect of thy travels.

Had I been in thy place, I should have made it my business to enquire into the laws and religions of those countries through which I passed. I should have taken notice of the strength and situation of their cities and castles; their manner of building and fortifications; the discipline of their soldiers; what navigable rivers they have, and which were the most eminent places of commerce and traffick.

When thou wert in the court of the Great Mogul, it had been worth thy observation, to see the grandeur of this monarch, who never goes into the field with less than two hundred thousand men. Thou shouldest have remarked also the use the Indians make of elephants in their battles. It had not been amiss to have cast an eye into their temples in this country, where thou would'st have beheld the execrable devotions of these idolaters, who worship the devil under hideous forms. But above all, I should have been greedy to see the Indian women throw themselves into the funeral pile
after

after their dead husbands : and, before I parted from the country, I should have sought the conversation of their Gymnosophists or Brachmans. These are in so great reputation for their wisdom, sanctity, and incorrupt manners, that the greatest potentates have recourse to them in all difficulties, as to divine oracles.

China also would have afforded thee matter of observation and remark.

These people say of themselves, That they see with both eyes, the Mahometans with one, and all the rest of the world are stark blind. But in my opinion, the Chinese can be but purblind themselves, since they see no farther than the mountains which environ their own country ; it not being permitted to the subjects of that empire to travel. Yet, to give them their due, they are a very ingenious people, envied by all the world for their art in making porphyry.

I should be glad to know, if, whilst thou wert in this country, thou ever sawest any of those sailing waggons, which are said to be used there.

It would be very obliging to send me a particular relation of thy travels these three years. Thou wilt not be angry, that I am solicitous for thy good. The end of travelling is, to gain experience and wisdom. If thou hast attained this, I shall rejoice. The desire of knowledge has caused many famous men to come about the world. This led Pythagoras into Palestine and Egypt. This made Plato to leave Athens, to go and learn of Archytas the philosopher at Tarentum in Italy. And the same motive carried Apollonius through the greatest part of Asia and Africa.

But I would not have thee confine thy search to their measures. For they only coveted for to know the mysteries of nature. Whereas, if thou travellest again, I would advise thee to acquaint thyself with the constitutions of kingdoms and states, whereby

whereby thou mayest be serviceable to our great master, the Grand Signior, lord of the seven climates, for whose sake the elements are restrained within their bounds, and nature itself keeps on her course.

Cousin, I pray the Great God to polish thy soul with rational principles, and make thee useful in thy generation; for no man is born for himself. Adieu.

Paris, 13th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVI.

To Berber Mustapha, Aga at Constantinople.

I SENT thee a letter in the conclusion of the last year, concerning the Duke of Lorrain, and the loss of his estate; since which he seems to have lost himself; being excommunicated by the Pope, who is to the Christians what our Mufti is to true believers.

If thou knowest not what it is to be excommunicated by the Pope, I will inform thee in few words.

Those who lie under this censure, are forbid to enter into any of their churches, or in the least to partake of what they esteem holy. All Christians are commanded to shun their company; they are esteemed as bad as Hereticks; banish'd human society, and given over to the devil.

The occasion of passing this so severe a sentence on a Sovereign Prince, thou wilt imagine was great; and yet it was only for putting away his first wife, and marrying another. A thing commonly practised all over the east. Should our Muftis have the same power, there would be but few Mussulmen in the sacred Mosques.

But

But these infidels call marriage a great sacrament, and esteem it as violated when a man repudiates his wife; divorces being not allowed in any part of Christendom, unless in case of adultery.

People talk variously of the Pope's censure. Those who favour the Countess of Cantecroix, murmur at the excommunication, calling it a breach of privileges, an unheard-of innovation, an attempt upon the life of the Prince. They add also, that he ought first to have been cited, and his case heard by the court, according to the canons and degrees of councils.

On the other hand, there are who justify this proceeding of the Pope, and accuse the Duke of barbarous ingratitude, for leaving his lawful wife, by whom he got his estate, and with whom he had lived many years.

However, the Duke of Lorraine has published a protestation against the Pope's proceedings, and caused his procurator-general to do the like; writing letters also to the presidents and counsellors of the sovereign court of Lorraine and Barois, commanding them not to take any notice of the Pope's censure; it being actually null and void, because contrary to the fundamental laws of the church.

It is to be observed here, that this excommunicated Prince in the conclusion of his protest, appeals nevertheless to the sovereign Bishop, when he shall be better informed, still professing an eternal obedience to the church.

It is a strange unaccountable power, the Popes of Rome claim over Emperors and Princes. In his publick letters, briefs, or patents, he styles himself, the servant of the servants of God; yet, in his actions, he assumes a sovereignty over Kings, calling all the Princes in Christendom, his sons, and chastising them as such, when he sees occasion. All this proceeds from the difference they made between the temporal and spiritual sword. So that when their

forces have been routed, the city of Rome sacked, and themselves taken prisoners by the force of the former; yet they have at the same time, by the dint of the latter, subdued their conquerors, and in the midst of captivity celebrated a triumph.

Spare not to command me, if thou canst propose any method of doing thee service.

God, the Essence of Essences, purify us, and wash away our imperfections.

Paris, 25th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVII.

To Bedredin, Superior of the Dervises of
the Convent of Cogni, in Natolia.

ART thou alive, venerable old man, or must I expect my answer in the other world? I have often writ to thee, and more often enquired after thy health, when I had opportunity; but have received no answer, nor heard any news of thee these seven Moons; which seem so many years, to a man who would be ready to die for joy, could he receive the least assurance that thou art yet alive.

Without doubt, thou livest wherever thou art, and livest in perfect joy and peace, the rewards of thy consummate sanctity and virtue. Either thou still enjoyest a heaven on earth, thy incorrupt soul being a Paradise to itself; or thou hast translated thy residence from earth to heaven, to augment the number and joys of the blessed.

Well! I will suppose and hope thou art alive, and that this letter will come to thy hand: I will therefore make thee an acceptable present.

Thou

Thou hast often spoke with much affection and reverence of Jesus; the Messias of the Christians, as all good Mussulmen ought to do; being taught by the Alcoran in several chapters, that he was a Holy Prophet, and in the number of the divine favourites.

I have met with an authentick description of his person in the King's library, and have translated it into Arabick for thy satisfaction. Publius Lentulus being President of Judea, sent it to the Senate of Rome, when the fame of Jesus began to spread abroad in the world. These are his words:

‘ THERE lives at this time in Judea, a man
 ‘ of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ;
 ‘ whom the Barbarians esteem a Prophet; but
 ‘ his own followers adore him as the offspring of the
 ‘ immortal Gods. He calls back the dead from their
 ‘ graves, and heals all sorts of diseases with a word,
 ‘ or a touch. He is tall and well-shaped; of an
 ‘ amiable, reverend aspect; his hair of a colour that
 ‘ can hardly be match'd, falling into graceful curls
 ‘ below his ears, and very agreeably couching on his
 ‘ shoulders, parted on the crown of the head like
 ‘ the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large,
 ‘ his cheeks without other spot, save that of a lovely
 ‘ red. His nose and mouth form'd with exquisite
 ‘ symmetry. His beard thick, and of a colour suitable
 ‘ to the hair of his head, reaching an inch below
 ‘ his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork.
 ‘ His eyes bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with
 ‘ majesty, counsels with mildness; his whole address,
 ‘ whether in word or deed, being elegant and
 ‘ grave. No man has seen him laugh, but he has
 ‘ wept frequently. He is very temperate, modest
 ‘ and wise. A man, for his excellent beauty and
 ‘ divine perfections, surpassing the children of men.’

I send thee this picture of the Christians Messias, not drawn by the pencil of the painter, but by the pen

pen of a Roman Governor, and therefore it may pass for authentick. I have often heard thee praise the original, and condemn some too superstitious Mussulmen, who, in their mistaken zeal for the Alcoran, have blasphemed this Holy Prophet; a man whom the Alcoran itself mentions in several chapters, styling him the Breath and Word of God.

Certainly, malediction becomes not the mouth of a true believer; and he who curses God, or any of the hundred and twenty-four thousand Prophets, shall be excluded their Society in Paradise.

I give thee a final adieu, O holy Dervise; desiring, that this character of the Messiah may be transcribed in letters of gold on silken paper, and laid up in the library of thy convent. Adieu. Live for ever.

Paris, 25th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Kaimacham.

VARIOUS are the discourses of people in this place concerning the reduction of Asac. For Paris, like Athens of old, is the receptacle of all the news in the world.

The French are naturally a martial people, delighting much in the affairs of war; and when the news came last year of raising the siege of Asac, with all the particulars of the defendants bravery, notwithstanding the union of so great forces against them, they highly applauded the valour and constancy of the Cossacks, whom neither threats nor promises, gentle means nor vigorous assaults, could prevail upon to surrender up their town, but forced their

their besiegers to return home with the loss of above twelve thousand Turks, besides Moldavians, Walachians, and Tartars.

But now they begin to change their notes, and to admire the invincible force of the Ottoman arms, which hew their way through the most formidable difficulties, to lay empires, kingdoms, and states at the feet of our victorious Sultan.

I have received a particular account from Nathan Ben Saddi, of the taking of that city. He tells me, that, at the news of those great preparations which were making by land and sea against it, the inhabitants being denied the protection of the Muscovites, which was their sole refuge in this extremity, abandoned the town, carrying with them their goods, and demolishing their houses, so that there was but small prey left for our soldiers.

It is the general discourse of this court, that there is a son born to Sultan Ibrahim. I should heartily rejoice, were I assured the news was true; but there is no dispatch as yet to confirm it. Besides, I have received advice from Constantinople, which almost discourages me from ever hoping for so fortunate an event.

God lengthen thy days, and make thee happy both in this world, and in Paradise.

Paris, 25th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XIX.

To Mustapha, Bassa of Silistria.

THOU hast no reason to repine at the exchange of thy government, tho' thy present power

power be circumscribed within narrower limits than it was in Egypt. That granary of the world, never afforded thee such a harvest of laurels as thou reapedst on the banks of the Black Sea. The conquest of Afac has loaded thee with honours, and the moderation thou hast in the midst of triumphs, has captivated greater numbers of the Cossacks, than could the dint of thy scymitar. Tho' the foundations of kingdoms are laid in blood, yet the superstructure is cemented with clemency; and the Roman Cæsars, by timely sheathing their swords, fastened to their empire the provinces they had won by drawing them.

I am bound to write often to the Ministers of the Porte, and all my moments are consecrated to the service of the Grand Signior, who has a right to command all mankind: yet the fame of thy late victory reaching these parts, and giving occasion of discourse, I stole this time from myself, not from my great master (it being the hour of sleep) to tell thee what the world says of thee.

They do not compare thee to Hannibal, Scipio, or Alexander the Great; thou thyself would'st take him for a flatterer, that should use such an expression; but they say, the method thou hast taken to sweeten the calamities of the Cossacks, and invite them back to their abandoned habitations, has some resemblance with the conduct of Selim, a General of Orchanes's army; who, after he had taken the city of Prusa, forbid his soldiers, on pain of death, to touch the goods of the inhabitants, or commit any insolent action. The moderation of this conqueror, not only rendered the citizens easy and willing to submit to their new Lord, but, the fame of it spreading abroad, he, with little bloodshed, reduced all the adjoining countries under subjection.

It is reported of the great and victorious Saladine, that he took more pleasure in winning the hearts
of

of his enemies, than in conquering their persons. This Prince had a saying very common in his mouth, That he did the office of a barber and gardener, shaving the superfluities, and pruning the excrescences of overgrown kingdoms and states, not destroying them root and branch. 'Tis certain, he endeavoured in all his conquests to mollify the aversion of his enemies, by acts of generosity.

Thou wilt expect some news from a man in my post, and I cannot entertain thee with more agreeable intelligence, than what is the common theme of discourse at this time.

Edward, Duke of Parma, has entered into the Pope's territories with three thousand select horse, where he marches, dragooning up and down the country, bringing terror and confusion wherever he comes. He conquers without drawing his sword, the Pope's army flying before him.

This Prince is by nature very fierce and active, and has a peculiar gift of obliging his soldiers, by treating them with a frank, affable carriage, free from the stately reservedness to which men in authority are accustomed. By this deportment, he has insensibly stole their affections; they are ready to follow him all over the world.

When the Princes of Italy fall out with one another, they generally engage the French and the Spaniards in the quarrel. But the Duke of Parma refused the assistance which the former proffered him of two thousand men, provided they might be disposed in garrisons; he was jealous, lest the French designed to play their old game; and that, when they were once housed in his cities and strong holds, it would be difficult to unkennel them.

He has a new way of winning towns, carrying with him neither infantry, cannon, ammunition, nor any other provisions necessary to a campaign.

Yet

Yet when he approached towards Smola in his road to Bologna, the governor sent the keys of the town to him in his march; which he made no other use of, than to give his troops a passage through the place, resigning them up again. By these noble acts he paved himself an easy way through the Ecclesiastick State; his army being furnish'd with victuals in abundance, without plunder or insolency.

The first occasion of this quarrel proceeded from some contempt put upon the Prince of Parma, at the court of Rome, by the nephews of Pope Urban: and the disgusts have since been improved to that height, as to engage the State of Venice, the grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Modena, and other Princes, in the care of the general interest of Italy.

They proceed with mediations and overtures of peace in one hand, whilst the sword is brandish'd with the other; amusing one another with treaties to gain time. The loss of Castro, a strong town on the borders of the Ecclesiastical State, spurs on the Duke of Parma to revenge himself on the Barberinis; whilst the Republick of Venice strives to mitigate his fierceness, and accommodate affairs, espousing his cause, but fearful of his rashness, lest his impetuous humour should carry him to the walls of Rome, and bring things to extremities: For all the Princes of Italy profess an inviolate obedience to the Pope, who seems to inherit the authority of the ancient Roman Emperors.

Thou may'st comprehend by what I have said, how easy it were at such a juncture, when all the principalities in Italy are (as it were) disjointed, to bring them under the yoke of a foreign power. This is what the Spaniards and French have for a long time been nibbling at: and whereof the Republick of Venice are so jealous, that they never side with one party to the ruin of another,
but

but endeavour to keep all the interests of Italy in an equilibrium, till they are reconciled and united, lest the party which finds itself most weakened, should seek the protection of one of those potent crowns; who would not fail to strike two strokes for themselves, if they are desired to strike one for the oppressed Italian.

The Christians call Italy the garden of Europe; and if the allusion may hold, the King of Spain has possessed himself of two stately grottos in it, Naples and Milan; yet, 'tis a question, whether the cost in maintaining these two cities, will countervail the honour of being their sovereign at such a distance. The same may be said of his dominions in Mexico and Peru. This is the peculiar happiness of the Ottoman Empire, that all the members of so vast a body lie contiguous to each other.

The Monarch of the world above, and this below, increase the territories of our invincible Sultan, and by continually supplying our armies with such fortunate leaders as Mustapha, subdue all nations to the true faith.

Paris, 29th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State.

I Have heard with sorrow, the disappointment the Sultan's forces met with in the taking of Rab. The Christians accuse him of breach of the capitulation, on which a peace was concluded for twenty years, between the Happy Porte, and the Emperor of Germany.

If the stratagem by which they designed to take this town, be truly related to me, it seems to be a copy of the Grecian artifice in taking Troy, bating the difference of many carts, and one wooden horse.

That officer who discovered the intrigues, though he had hunted in vain all the former part of the day, yet returned with good game at last, when he had ensnared our carted soldiers within the toils, got them within the walls of the city, and drawn up the drawbridge upon the ambush which lay behind. The Emperor, it seems, takes it mightily to heart; and, as I hear, has sent an Ambassador to the Porte, to complain of this transaction.

The court here is not very solicitous for his interest, nor will they be much troubled to find that his Ambassador has but a cold reception at Constantinople. For the differences between the Kings of France, and the House of Austria, are too deeply grounded, to suffer any good understanding or affection to take place between them.

And the Cardinal of Richlieu was heard to say, not many days ago, 'That since the German Eagle was so greedy, he would give her a bone to pick would break her bill.' This was spoken in relation to the Emperor's encroachments on the Palatinate, and his seizures of Juliers and Treves.

I am glad to hear that the league is renewed between the Shining Porte and the Kings of Persia, that so the nerves of the Sacred Empire may be wholly employed in Hungary.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXI.

To Enguruli Emir Cheik, a Man of the
Law.

THIS western world lies drowned in wickedness; or rather, is set on fire with sin. I sweat while I am within the confines of the air of Christendom. An universal pestilence infects the souls of men, from whence their words breathe nothing but contagion. Even such as one would take for Holy Saints, are mere cheats; and like those fruits that grow on the banks of the lake Asphaltites, they are fair and beautiful without, but bring them to the touchstone, and you will find them mere corruption and rottenness within. The Laity openly wallow in all debauchery and licentious practices. Nor are the Clergy less exempt from secret enormities; while the Ecclesiastick vestments serve but as cloaks to pride, ambition, covetousness, and other concomitant vices. The sword of justice itself, or, at least, that which ought to be so, serves to divide the spoils of the poor, the widow, and the orphan. In court and camp all offices are bought and sold, without regard to merit, or the publick good. He that bids highest, is first preferred; and the best-moned chapman, is the most meritorious candidate. These are the escapes of princes, and the designs of favourites; whilst the easiness of the one, abused by the craft and subtlety of the other, exposes places of highest trust, as in an exchange, to become

come the merchandize of every peddling huckster : And brave and generous souls are many times put by, though the royal promise itself has passed in their behalf. This is eminently the unhappiness of the French court : And, it is thought, the late Duke of Luynes, and the present Cardinal Richlieu, both of them favourites to the present King, could not have swelled their coffers with such heaps of gold, but by these sinister methods.

I am credibly informed by an old French courtier, That Monsieur Belville, a gentleman of the province of Languedoc, spared not to pass this reflection on the Duke of Luynes, even in the King's presence. Being at Bourdeaux, while the King celebrated his nuptials with the Infanta of Spain, in a most magnificent manner ; one day coming to the court in his mourning coach (his father being newly dead) he was reprehended by Monsieur Cadinet, younger brother to the Duke of Luynes, for appearing at court in such an extraordinary time of joy, with a mourning coach : ' O, Sir, says Belville, the bravery of your brother's coach, may excuse the meanness of mine; since he borrowed all the gold I had, to equip himself for this triumphant season.' This I was told by one that was present, and heard the words ; and the occasion of them also he was not ignorant of, which was this.

Monsieur Belville being a gentleman of a noble family, and one whose eminent virtues and services might have intitled him to some suitable dignity, but being low in his fortune, was not regarded or taken notice of, till he addressed himself to the Duke of Luynes ; who, upon the receipt of fifteen hundred crowns, promised him to make him Cavalier of the Order of the Holy Ghost, a dignity next to that of the Peers of the Realm, and which is a fair step to it. But, instead of performing his promise, after he had got his money, he, by underhand practices, procured him to be banished the court, neither did he ever come near it till this marriage

aforesaid was taken in hand; at which time his father dying at Bourdeaux, and being there also buried, he, by the mediation of some friend, procured a repeal of his banishment, that he might have an opportunity of making the King sensible of the Duke's injustice. But it took not the desired effect; for he was upon those words immediately imprisoned, where he soon after died of grief. Thus is oppression, murder and violence countenanced by authority among these Infidels.

But thou, sage interpreter of our law, and patron of virtue, vouchsafe me thy counsel, that I may learn not to be corrupted by conversing with these uncircumcised.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXII.

To the most Illustrious Vizir Azem, at the
Porte.

THE enemies of the Ottoman interest, ever since the time that our late invincible Sultan Amurath had caused his uncle Mustapha to be strangled, flattered themselves with the vain hopes of seeing that royal line extinct; it being blazed abroad in all the courts of Christendom, that Sultan Amurath, by excessive use of wine, had quite enervated his natural vigour, and rendered himself incapable of getting any more children. And the private charge which he gave to the Bassas and Grândeés of the Empire, that in case he died issueless, they should translate the Imperial Diadem to the Tartar, was no secret here. Every body looked upon our present happy Sovereign, Sultan Ibrahim, as a man designed for a sacrifice to his brother's hatred, and that he would not long survive the fate of his uncle Mustapha.

I have

I have heard a grave and experienced statesman say, That he hoped to see the Ottoman Empire (after the death of Amurath) rent into as many and fatal divisions, by the ambitious Beglerbeks, Bassas, and other governors of provinces, as the Empire of Alexander the Great was, by the commanders of his army, after his death; who shared it among themselves, and cantonized it into as many principalities, as there were Captains to make pretensions, either by merit, or the sword.

But, praise be to God, Lord of the Universe, the Sovereign Protector of the Empire established by his own hands, the hopes of the Infidels are defeated. Ottoman is not left without an heir to sit upon the throne, an heir of his blood, as well as of his Empire.

The birth of Sultan Mahomet is no small news to Europe, after it had been generally reported, That his father Sultan Ibrahim was impotent. The ladies of the court here begin to entertain a better opinion of him. And the grandees frame more masculine ideas of our glorious Monarch.

God augment the Imperial offspring, and perpetuate the Ottoman sway, till the day of the balance.

I bow my forehead to the carpets whereon thou treadest, and kiss the hem of thy rich vest. God increase thy graces and felicities.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

IT is not lawful for a slave to pry into the actions of his Sovereign Lord, much less to censure his conduct with boldness: But miserable is that Prince, who, amongst all his pretended friends and servants, has none so faithful and discreet, as to warn him of dangers which are ready to devour him.

I cannot but highly applaud the severity of thy justice, in taking away the life of that Persian traitor last year, who, by his accursed insinuations and example, hastened the death of our late victorious Sovereign, Sultan Amurath, upon whom be the mercies of God.

That Heretick, though an Emir, of the race of our Holy Prophet, and adorned with the immarcescible colours, which is appropriated to sanctity and virtue; yet refrained not from Idolatry, being a daily votary to Bacchus. He it was, who first taught the unfortunate Sultan to drink wine, which he afterwards practised to that excess, as betrayed him to many inconveniencies, and at last to death itself.

But suffer me to ask thee, Why thou dost not also take an equal revenge on Mustapha Bassa, who was as guilty as the Persian; being not only a companion, but a zealous promoter of the Royal debauches? It was he, who first proposed that fatal match of drinking, which cast the Sultan into a mortal fever, of which he died in less than a week.

I should not presume to say these things to thee, nor to call past miscarriages to remembrance, were I not certainly informed, that the same Mustapha is practising his old trade with the present Sultan Ibrahim, endeavouring to enervate the royal blood, and withdraw the Sultan from the just observance of our Holy Law, to the impious prophanations of the Infidels. I am commanded to give intelligence of all important affairs to thee, and the other Great Ministers of State: I thought none more weighty than that which regards the life of my Sovereign.

I have done my duty. I leave the process to thee, who art the oracle of government.

God direct thy feet in the path of justice, which will assuredly lead thee to the gardens of Eden, where thou shalt enjoy eternal repose, and supreme felicity.

Paris, 26th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Venerable Mufti, Prince of the Religion of the Turks.

I Received the difpatch of thy fanctity, wherein thou haft renovated my foul, and reftored me to a found confiftence of fpirit. My doubts are vanifhed. I am no longer racked with torturing fcruples about my conduct. Thy abfolution has obliterated the fentence my fears had pronounced upon me.

As to the penance thou haft enjoined me, it is rational, and adapted to the quality of my crime. I have counterfeited a Chriftian, that I might the better perform the duty of a Muffulman. I have feemed devoutly attentive to the Roman Miffal, that I might be instrumental to propagate the Alcoran. And, for this religious fault, thou requireft, that I fhould inform thee, how the Chriftians behave themfelves in their temples, where I have been fo often a fpectator of their ceremonies. I fubmit with an abfolute refignation, and a willing compliance to thy venerable injunction; and will briefly relate what I have obferved.

Thefe Infidels feem to be ambitious of imitating the undefiled religion, and yet they prove but bad mimicks; for, as we are taught to wafh our bodies before we enter the f acred mosques; fo they, at the entrance of their churches, dip their fingers in certain veffels filled with water and falt, and fprinkle their foreheads therewith; as though their purity lay in a fwoond, and were thus to be recovered to life again; or, That the uncleanness of their whole bodies, was contracted into the face. They efteem the water holy, and yet they trifle with it as an indifferent thing. One would think, they fhould be

desirous to bathe themselves all over, and let every pore in their skin imbibe the sanctified liquor. But they seem rather to use it as a charm; for, after they have sprinkled a few drops on their faces, and muttered to themselves two or three words, they think they have chased all impurity from them in a fright, and boldly present themselves before the altars. Herein also they deviate from the practice of former Christians, who (if their own church histories be true) were accustomed to wash their arms and feet in certain cisterns, before they entered the temples; whereof the fountains and lavatories remaining yet on the south side of the holy and magnificent mosque of Sancta Sophia at Constantinople, are a standing testimony. For the Greek inscriptions shew, that some of them, at least, were contrived by the builders of this glorious temple, in the time of Justinian the Emperor, for the purification of such as come thither to worship. By which it is manifest, That these modern Infidels degenerate from those more ancient ones.

Another thing offends me also, which is this: They believe the divinity is present in their temples, after a peculiar and extraordinary manner, and yet they suffer dogs to prophane them with their vilest excrements. They spare for no cost to adorn their churches, and their altars are enriched with invaluable treasures of silver, gold, and precious stones; and yet, after all, they must become the receptacles of the dung of sordid animals.

These wicked wretches also walk up and down in these sacred places, talking of their common affairs, as though they were on the Exchange, or in the market-place.

But that which is to be had in greatest abomination is, That it is common for men to make love to the women in churches. They present themselves before the altars, but the Saint whom they invoke, is some beautiful female. She engrosses all their devotions; to her they make their vows.

The

The amorous youth adores his mistress that kneels by him, laden, perhaps, with more sins than himself. His eyes may be fixed on the altar, or on the pictures and images, but his tongue addresses to the more charming idol near him. Or, if his eyes are attentive to his prayer-book, he teaches it to speak nothing but the soft and effeminate things of love. Thus assignations of lust are made in the house of prayer: And the affairs of Cupid managed under the mask of religion. They fight the battles of Venus under the banner of their God.

I tell thee, Venerable Interpreter of the Divine Law, that the sight of these things has sometimes inflamed my zeal to that height, as, had it not been for an earnest desire to do some extraordinary service to the Grand Signior (which obliged me to take care of myself) I should certainly have transfixt these prophane mockers of God on the spot, and sacrificed them to a zeal, which thou, who art piety itself, wouldst not, I believe, reprehend.

I fold my arms, most Venerable Sovereign of Religion, and wrapping myself in profound humility, I fall prostrate to the earth, begging thy effectual blessing and intercession, that I may admitted into the number of the Happy in Paradise.

Paris, 26th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXV.

To the Vizir Azem, Prime Director of the
Affairs of the Ottoman Empire.

THE notices I have of the present state of England (in compliance with thy commands) are not gained without some difficulty. It is not easy for a man that sits in his chamber at Paris, to pry into the cabinets of foreign courts: Yet I will communicate to thee some intelligences, which thou couldst not learn from the English Ambassador at the Porte; nor from all the travellers of that nation, residing at Constantinople, Smyrna, and Aleppo.

There is a Jew whom they call De Lopez, a confident and emissary of Cardinal Richlieu, whom he employs both at home and abroad in several private negotiations and intrigues. I have insinuated into this man's familiarity, and (if I may so express it) I have rivetted myself into his heart. He treats me with an assurance void of jealousy; and there is no folding or angle in his breast, which I do not easily penetrate. I make use of him as an optick, through which I peep into the Cardinal's secrets, and as a mirror, in which I behold the true face of many disguised affairs, transacted in the remotest corners of Europe; there being hardly any thing of moment done in the courts of Christian Princes, wherein the Cardinal has not a finger. He seems to be the genius, or soul of Christendom, communicating motion, activity and heat, to all the grand intrigues now on foot in these western parts of the world.

The commotions of England seem to be a complicated distemper of the state, arising from several causes, drawn to a head by the dexterous artifice of this busy spirit. The present King of the island, came to the crown with no small disadvantages; his
father

father having exhausted the treasury, and left him deeply in debt. He had no small number of the Blood Royal to maintain; which kind of charges, thou knowest, our glorious Sultans, though they be masters of infinite riches, endeavour to avoid, by marrying their daughters and nieces, whilst yet infants, to some of the most potent and wealthy Bassas, that so their Porte might be kept up, without burdening the royal coffers. But the Infidel Princes are wanting in this frugal providence. In the reign of King James (this King's father) England lay at ease, slumbering in the downy bed of peace; she wallowed in pleasures, and had no other unhappiness, but in being too happy. Her affluence and idleness affected the state with a plethory. The publick health cannot be long conserved, without the moderate exercise of war. Charles, after the death of the old King, being established in the throne, committed the affairs of state to the management of his Ministers; never examining the Treasury, nor calling to an account his officers, but indulged himself in the pleasures most agreeable to his youthful genius. He hunted in the forests, whilst the grandees, whom he entrusted with his revenues and the publick conduct, had another game to pursue, postponing their master's interest, and that of the nation, to their own private avarice. The favourite Minister held a secret correspondence with Cardinal Richlieu, and, by this means, the court was filled with French Pensioners; countenanced also by the authority of the Queen, who was the daughter of France.

It had been before agreed in the articles of the marriage, that the Queen of England should have a prefixed number of French servants. But they, not content with their domestick employments and attendance on her person, sought the management of that estate, which King Charles had settled on her as a dowry. This would by no means agree with the constitutions of the English. That island is

a little world by itself; and the inhabitants boast of an original freedom of birth, which is not so much as dreamt of in all the dominions of our invincible Sultans. Though the English have several times been invaded and subdued by the Saxons, Danes, and French; yet it has been rather by composition, than extremity of war: Or, if it may be called a conquest, the victors have been forced to yield to the vanquished, in assuring them their ancient laws, privileges and customs: There is no nation in the world more jealous of this their pretended birthright. And therefore, to avoid all occasions of giving offence to the nobles and gentry, the King perceiving the insolent demands and carriage of the French courtiers, commanded them all, save a few creatures of the favourite Duke, to depart the kingdom. This much disgusted the Queen; and Cardinal Richlieu was glad of the opportunity to incense the King of France. Lewis was nettled at the affront offered to his sister: Yet, by the dexterity of the Mareschal Bassompierre, his Ambassador at the English court, things were in a way of accommodation; when all was quashed by the seizure which the French made of several English ships; and so a war commenced, far more fatal in its consequences to England than to France.

The King of England, roused from his pleasures and divertisements, by the preparations of his potent neighbour, began to look about him, and consult the publick safety. But when he examined his Treasury, he found it empty, or at least, at a very low ebb.

Behold here, Supreme Bassa, a stroke of destiny, a concurrence of cases, seeming remote and small in the first appearance; but, in their process, uniting and involving that kingdom in ruin.

Charles could not carry on a war with France, without asking aid of the Sovereign Divan (which they call the Parliament) of that nation. It is a Senate composed of above seven hundred of the nobility

bility and gentry of the land. These have the power to make laws, raise taxes, and redress the grievances of the kingdom. It was an ill season to ask the assistance of his subjects, who had already conceived an aversion for the Royal Dignity. However, a mighty fleet was ordered to be rigged and manned out. Cardinal Richlieu, from afar, beheld the approaching storm, and knew not how to divert it from falling on France, but by corrupting the English favourite. De Lopez, from whom I received this intelligence, was employed in the affair; he was sent to London, which is the metropolis of England, and the place where the King usually keeps his court. It was an expensive negotiation, and cost the Cardinal forty thousand dollars, which is equivalent to three millions and two hundred thousand of our aspers. With this vast bribe, he proselyted the favourite Duke to the interest of France. The English navy consisted of an hundred and fifty sail, having also twelve thousand landmen on board. It was agreed between them, That the English Minister should procure himself to be made Admiral of these marine forces. His indulgent master could deny nothing to the man whom he had entrusted with the sway of the government. Now the King of France might sleep at quiet, since the English ships sailed with a French wind. They landed upon the island of Ree, but their actions were altogether theatrical, and mere shew of war, without any real execution; the English General, manifestly omitting the proper methods, and favourable opportunities of winning that island; his conduct speaking, as if he came there rather to compliment than to fight.

These things made a harsh sound in England, and the Nobles resented ill the double-dealing of the Duke of Buckingham (so was the English General called). In fine, the bad success of their forces, the expences they had been at, and the disgrace they suffered in this war (four and forty of their colours being

being carried to Paris, and hung up in the chief temple of this city, as trophies of the French victory) incensed the generality of the English nation against the King and the government; they began to accuse him in their cabals, of male-administration: And the favourite Duke was a while after stabbed by a ruffian, whom the malecontents had hired to execute their revenge.

The affections of the English appeared every day more and more alienated from the King. And Cardinal Richlieu had there his agents, who were not wanting to foment the publick discontents, and by divers artifices to draw the credulous people into factions. The French Pensioners were instructed to deport themselves in a manner every way offensive to the nation. Black and threatening clouds seemed to hang over the court of England, exhaled from the ill blood of the subjects. The Royal Dignity went retrograde; and all things tended to obscure the lustre of the crown. Yet there passed some years before things came to extremities; and matters though ripened, yet were not brought to an open rupture, till Scotland lanced the sore.

This nation is subject to the crown of England, and makes one half of the island of Great Britain. They are a warlike people, patient of labour, accustomed to the rigour of an extreme cold climate, great travellers, subtle, proud and inconstant.

After that which some call heresy, others a reformation, had begun to alienate many kingdoms and provinces from the Roman church; the Scots, greedy of novelties, and spurred on by the ambitious pretexts of one of their grandees (who under the mask of religion fought the crown) introduced innovations into their church. They shook off at once all their obedience to the Pope, and set up such a form of religious discipline, as was altogether anti-monarchical; and their preachers ceased not to instil into the hearts of the people democratick principles. Thus continued affairs, till King Charles,

not

not insensible of these things, and willing to new-model that church, they took up arms against him, knowing that he would not be able to raise forces to chastise them, without calling a Parliament. The Parliament of England was at that time full of Scottish proselytes, men of seditious and turbulent principles; so that the King was like to find but little favour among them. However, by the assistance of some loyal nobles and gentlemen, he marches into Scotland at the head of an army. Not a blow was struck on either side; but all differences were composed, and hushed up by a treaty. Yet, soon after, the Scots entered into England with an army, being underhand invited by their partizans in England. The King is a second time forced to throw himself upon his Parliament for money; but they, instead of granting him any, fell to examining his past conduct, complaining and desiring a redress of several irregularities in his administration. There were those who failed not to put into execution the designs and instructions of Cardinal Richlieu; he had his agents up and down the kingdom, who insinuated jealousies and heart-burnings into the gentry and people of the land. The King was represented every where as a tyrant, and all his actions were misconstrued.

Signior Rosetti, the Pope's Nuncio at the English court, besides his instructions from the Roman Pontiff, held a strict intelligence with the Cardinal. His business at this court, was publickly to the Queen, (who professed an obedience to the See of Rome) but privately he was ordered to negotiate an accommodation between the Roman and English churches. Cardinal Richlieu thought to strike two marks with one blow, that is, to embroil the state of England, and procure himself the greater esteem with the Roman court. He appears very zealous for the conversion of England; and in order to it, allows a considerable pension to Signior Rosetti: In-

structing

fructing him withal, to shew his utmost dexterity, in gaining the courtiers and grandees of that nation to his side.

He knew the genius of the English, and that there was nothing so offensive to that nation, as the papal power and religion. Wherefore De Lopez was ordered to pay Signior Rosetti vast sums of money, that so there might be nothing wanting to profelyte the courtiers; knowing that they would act insolently, and disgust the Protestants, and so increase the publick aversion for the regal authority. There was also another agent at the English court, who was Secretary to Cardinal Barberini, a man no less industrious than the other in advancing the Roman interest. He held a strict correspondence with some of the Chief Ministers, especially with the Principal Secretary of State. Whilst these were doing their master's business at the court, there were others no less active in the city, where they endeavoured to create a party, and raise factions, insinuating themselves into the acquaintance of the most eminent merchants and other citizens; representing to them the dangerous consequences of Signior Rosetti's residence at the court; glancing at every thing which looked like a false step in the King's conduct; alarming them with fears and apprehensions of being subjected to a foreign power; and using all their arts to nourish popular dissatisfaction.

The Scots about this time made another incursion into England. A Parliament was called, but no good done. The King's necessities made them grow high in their demands and carriage, and all things tended to a general defection.

A while after, the Irish revolted, and massacred above an hundred thousand English. The King is accused for being privy to it: Tumults are raised, who, in a threatening manner, seemed to besiege the royal palaces, calling out for justice; not much
unlike

unlike the sedition of our Janizaries, when they are displeas'd with the conduct of our glorious Sultans, or his Prime Ministers of State.

In fine, the misunderstandings between the King and the Parliament grew to that height, as induced the King to withdraw from the capital city, about the beginning of this year. And, in the following moon, he sent the Queen, with her daughter, into Holland, that they might pass away the time in the court of the Prince of Orange, till this storm was blown over.

In the interim, the King sends letters to the Parliament, persuading them to consult the publick peace; but all was to no purpose: they seized upon all the strong holds and castles they could; so that when the King came to one of his garrisoned towns, the gates were shut up against him, and he was denied entrance by the Governor. The Parliament lifts an army, and the King set up his royal standard in the last moon. Since which, there has been nothing of action between them, but the armies are drawing near each other.

I will inform thee of all particulars as they come to my knowledge. But the packet-boats from the island come not so frequently during the disturbance, as they have done formerly.

I beseech the Creator of all things, to defend our invincible Sultan from the seditious practices of his subjects; and make thee instrumental to establish and aggrandize the Ottoman Empire.

Paris, 29th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXVI.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, Superintendant
of the College of Sciences at Fez.

WHEN I write to thee, it is with a respect equal to that which I pay to the Emirs, the descendents of our holy Prophet, since thou art sprung from the noble stem of the ancient Saracens; the blood of the celebrated Omar, successor to the divine Lawgiver, streaming in thy veins.

I revere the banner carried into Egypt by thy renowned progenitor, before which the Grecians fled astonished, as at a sign sent from heaven of their approaching ruin. This sacred piece of antiquity I have seen at Medina, where it is repositied in the chancel of the Babylonian Caliphs. I have honoured it with a pious veneration; but much greater is my regard to thee, who art a living r lick of that illustrious house.

Permit me, venerable Sage, to converse with thee a little, after the manner of a pupil; with thee, I say, who art a fountain of sapience; for, besides thy perfect knowledge of the divine law, thou art accomplished with all human literature.

There is a man in these parts, of a large soul and elevated speculations, who stiffly maintains, That the earth moves, and the sun stands still. He is not the first that broached this doctrine, it has had several learned patrons, but he has highly improved the theory. His reasons for it have almost the force of mathematical demonstrations; and nothing seems to oppose him, but the authority of Moses, and the Hebrew Scriptures. The Christians will not approve of any philosophy which interferes with that which they call the Bible; and yet
their

their practice gives a perpetual lie to the contents of that book. Surely there is no envy in the Deity; and he that is omniscient, will not punish men for improving their knowledge. The study of nature is full of innocent delights, and he that gave to man an appetite of science, has not forbid him to gratify it with its proper objects. Nor can I see how this new philosophy contradicts any more than the bare letter of their Bible (for I have read it in several languages): And the Jews, who are the guardians of the original Hebrew, allow a cabbalistical interpretation far different from the literal: So does the Arabian Prince and Philosopher Avicen interpret those verses in our holy Alcoran (which treat of paradise) in a sense far more refined than the letter seems to import. In reading such mysterious books, it is necessary to practise a learned chymistry, to sublimate the gross external sense of the words, and to extract the spirit and soul of the discourse.

That the sun is the center of this our planetary world, and that the earth, with the rest of the planets, move round about it, is a thesis which keeps exact touch with human reason, and seems naturally to square with our intellectual faculties. It sets all the wheels of this great and wonderful machine in a regular and proportionate circulation. It gives the truest account of the retrograde motions of the planets. Ptolemy's system of the world seems to romance upon the sun, moon, and stars, in assigning them hourly such prodigious journeys through the heavens, as are inconsistent with the laws of motion. And Tycho Brahe was but a botcher, in patching up the orbs with his eccentricks, epicycles, &c. The former keeps the fixed stars in an endless and unconceivable hurry; and the latter involves the planets in an heavenly perplexity. Both come far short of Copernicus, that excellent Astronomer, who, by placing the sun in the center of the world, has solved all the

the appearances of nature, with the most exact analogy to truth. Nor is the argument taken from our sense of any force, since it invalidates the motion of the sun, as well as that of the earth: Nay, it is more incongruous, that the sun should move so many hundred thousand miles every hour, and we not perceive him to stir a hair's breadth at a time. But I will not intrench farther on thy patience, nor run the risque of a vertigo, by pursuing the swift orbicular motions of nature. It matters not much whether the sun stands still, or the earth, provided we run the race that is appointed us, so as to gain the prize. Yet I will ask thy judgment on another point, which men of high reaches have started.

There are some learned men, who say, The moon and the rest of the planets are habitable as our globe is. For my part, to speak freely, I could wish it were true; it is a sociable doctrine. It has made me melancholy sometimes, when I have cast my eyes upwards, to think all those ample tracts in the firmament should be void of inhabitants, and yet scarce a turf of our dunghill earth to be found without its domesticks. It is demonstrable to the eye, That the moon is an opaque body like this globe whereon we tread, having no other light but what it borrows from the sun. Where is the heresy then in supposing that it is created for a like use? I hope the sacred Empire of the Mussulmans will not stain itself with such a barbarous murder, as was committed on Vigilius, a certain Christian Bishop, who was burned by the decree of the Roman church, for asserting the Antipodes; a truth which all nations are now sensible of, since the improvement of navigation and traffick. And yet Galilæus had like to have undergone the same sentence at Rome, within these ten years, for maintaining the earth's motion, and that the sun is the fixed center of the world; nothing but his recantation being sufficient to have saved him. Such
seve-

severities choak the growth of learning, and stop the progress which would otherwise be made in arts and sciences. Happy are the students that live under thy auspicious patronage, in that fruitful seminary of Philosophers, where the mysteries of God and Nature are taught, free from the prophane licentiousness of the ancient Pagans, or the superstitious rigours of modern Infidels.

I pray the Sovereign Intelligence not to withdraw from thee his divine influence, nor restrain the flood of light that has been let loose on thy soul; but that thou mayest overflow like Nilus, and enlighten not only Africk, but the whole world, with some new discovery.

Paris, 29th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXVII.

To Cara Haly, the Physician at Constantinople.

THE Western Philosophers, especially those who follow the sentiments of Monsieur des Cartes, maintain, That the souls of all living creatures (except men) are material and mortal; that a beast is but a machine, like a watch or clock, not actuated or informed by any spirit distinct from the body, but moved to the performance of all natural actions by a mere corporeal mechanism, set on work by various impulses from eternal objects.

In this they oppose Aristotle, and all the Sages of the East. And thou knowest that our Arabian Doctors are of a contrary opinion, who ascribe reason, discourse, and immortality, to the souls of
beasts,

beasts, as well as to those of men; having assigned particular apartments for Elborach, the beast which carried our holy Prophet from Mecha to Jerusalem; for the ram which Abraham sacrificed instead of his son Isaac; for the cow of Moses, the pismire of Solomon, the whale which saved Jonas, the raven which fed Elijah, the ass which rebuked Balaam, and, in general, for all the camels which have the honour to carry the sacred Alcoran to Mecha.

I will suspend my belief of their being entertained in Paradise, till I shall have the happiness to see them there; but I cannot however acquiesce to the opinions of these modern Philosophers, who assert their souls to be mere matter. The bodies both of men and beasts, I own, perform all motions by mechanick rules; but that mechanism is guided by a higher principle than the fortuitous impulse of external agents, in beasts as well as men.

All animals seem to me to be endued with a faculty, which, if it may not be called reason, is something analagous to it, for which we want a proper name. And of this mind were Empedocles, Pythagoras, Plotinus, and Porphyry, with many other ancient Sages; though this faculty is more eminently conspicuous in some kinds of beasts than others.

I cannot but admire the regular architecture of bees, their industry and politic œconomy, vying with the most excellent form and administration of government among men. It is with no less pleasure I behold the spider, when with exquisite art she builds her little silken palace, and lays her fine-wrought trains to catch the unwary fly. It is equally pleasant and diverting to observe the conduct of the pismires, their prudent forecast; how they trudge up and down all the summer, to lay up a sufficient stock of provender for the barren winter. There is no kind of bird, four-footed beast, or fish, which does not confute this Cartesian's hypothesis.

It is credibly reported by Porphyry, That in the East-Indies there is a beast which they call a hyæna, which approaching near the villages, will imitate a man's voice, and call the inhabitants by their names; if they come out of their houses, it will seize on the first that comes to hand, and devour him. The dog, the ape, the elephant, with many other four-footed beasts, afford us manifest specimens of reason, or something very like it.

Who has not heard of the love which dolphins bear to men? Pliny relates a pretty story of a dolphin that frequented the lake Lucrinus in Italy, and being often fed from the shore by a certain school-boy, grew at length so familiar, as to come at a call. We also read of another, who took the Musician Arion on his back (when cast into the sea by cruel sailors) and carried him safe to shore.

Can all these actions proceed from mere matter? In my opinion, it is as easy to defend, That human nature itself is but matter so and so modified; and that all the bustle men keep in the world is but the effect of a better composition of body, the result of a more perfect and refined machine.

I easily agree, That we far excel the other living creatures in all the operations of our souls, and exercises of our reason: Yet we have our defects as well as they; and this I esteem as one of the greatest, to deny them any share in reason, who so far excel us in sense.

It is a culpable pride and envy in men, thus to blast the reputation of their animal kindred, from which vices I know thou art free.

God, that has made use of the tongue of a silly ass to reprove the folly of a wise man in his own conceit, illuminate our understanding in the mysteries of his law.

Paris, 24th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Haffein Bassa.

THY commands I receive as marks of thy esteem and good will, which I desire may be perpetual. Thou hast an eminent share in the favour of our august Emperor; and I shall study to merit thy protection, by all the dutiful offices that can be expected from a slave in my station.

There is nothing so much conduces to establish a permanent friendship, as a right understanding. The souls of friends are first warped by misapprehensions. I would not have thee think of me, as I do of myself; that would prompt thee to contempt; nor, as the French do, who take me for Titus of Moldavia; but look upon me (whatever my failings are) as a man that values and practises the incorrupt fidelity of the first ages. I abhor treachery, and, for that reason, am often forced to make an officious lye: Yet I do not prostitute my conscience, having the Musti's dispensation. Whenever it shall be told thee, that Mahmut degenerates, suspect the slanderer; perhaps he would supplant me. I am not fond of my commission, but I dread to lose the Sultan's favour: Whosoever deprives me of that, robs me of my honour, which is dearer to me than my life.

By what I have said, thou wilt perceive that I am not ignorant of the ill offices which Ikingi Cap'Oglani has done me. The man aspires, and is envious: Were I in his post, I would not exchange the honour and felicity of educating the royal Pages of the Seraglio, for an employment attended with infinite hazards, and no less trouble, as is that of Mahmut. If he be expert in the French tongue, there are those that excel him; and language is but the shell of more substantial accomplishments.

Every

Every linguist is not fit to be employed in the secrets of state; neither are all pedagogues politicians.

I am startled at the ambition of a man, who, because he had studied at Athens, thinks himself worthy of the confidence of the mysterious Porte, which arbitrates the fate of all the kingdoms in the world. If this be not his aim, why does he daily traduce me? Why does he paint me to the Ministers of the Divan, in black and odious colours, persuading them it is my natural complexion? He is not content with the calumnies he himself throws on me, but has corrupted Solyman my cousin, and has hired him to misrepresent me to the Kaimacham. And that he might be sure to strike home, he has drawn to his party Shashim Istham, the black Eunuch.

I sent Solyman a letter last year full of reproofs, not knowing who had set him at work: I hope it had some good effects on him, though late. It is from him I received this intelligence. He seems to repent of his malice, telling me, that this Ikingi Cap'-Oglani had so artificially possessed him with a belief of my perfidiousness, that he thought he did good service to God and the Grand Signior to rail at me; but that the Kaimacham had afterwards convinced him of my innocence. This was the substance of his letter, and he concludes it with begging my pardon.

I tell thee, illustrious Bassa, that though the wounds which are given by the tongue of a slanderer be deeper than those which are given by the sword; and I could sooner pardon him who sought manfully to take away my life, than he which basely murders my good name; yet, I attribute my kinsman's fault to youthful error, and a loyal mistake; and I love him the better, for hating any one that he could imagine would prove unfaithful, and a traitor to God and the Grand Signior.

May the benign Heavens bless thee with their good influences, and prosper thee in all things.

Paris, 6th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXIX.

To Solyman, his Cousin, at Constanti-
nople.

THY apology is rational and modest, and I am glad to be thus happily deceived. Thou seest the Kaimacham, with the other Ministers of the Porte, have too good an opinion of me to listen to the insinuations of designing men; and Ikingi-Cap'-Oglani was out of his bias, when he defamed the loyal Mahmut; and the black Eunuch had better been watching the ladies, than wounding my reputation with his envenomed tongue. I wish thee hereafter to avoid all company that profess a kindness to thee, which thou mayest but so much as suspect to be forced.

Thou askest my counsel how to conduct thyself toward thy first wife, of whom thou speakest both well and ill. Thou believest her faithful and chaste; thou knowest her to be industrious and careful of her family; good-natured, flexible, and obliging; but thou accusest her of a violent and haughty spirit, fiercely passionate, and of a provoking tongue. She daily and hourly reflects upon thy miscarriages; will play the schoolmistress with thee, pretending to correct, reprove, instruct, and guide thee in all thy actions. In fine, thou complaineest that thou canst not enjoy tranquillity with her.

I tell thee, kinsman, thou shouldest have applied thyself to the Imaums and Dervises in this case; or, at least, to such as have had experience of a married life. Their sentence would be more authentic than what thou canst expect from me. But since thou hast made choice of my counsel, I will give thee the best I can.

Thou

Thou wilt, in my opinion, find it difficult to be happy, with or without this woman. She is given thee by fate, to poise the balance of thy life; that neither too much ease, nor pain, excess of joy or grief, should turn the doubtful scales of sense, and make thee either swim in floods of pleasure untroubled, or sink in the mire of baneful grief and melancholy.

The chaste fidelity, which thou believest her endowed with, cannot be valued at too high a rate. It is a virtue which renders woman adorable. Likewise, her diligence and care, her respect and devoir, her easy temper and good-nature, are qualities which cannot but charm thee. Shouldest thou deal unkindly by her, thy generous soul would regret it the next moment. Nay, shouldest thou take the common course, and dismiss her with a bill of divorce, according to the law, thou wouldest repent the deed within twice four and twenty hours.

And yet, I must confess, it is hard to be confined to a fierce woman's tongue, to bear reproaches and contumelies, contempts and defiances, lectures, and other female discipline. Who, that is a man, can brook such slavery? Who, that has but a spark of fire within this hulk of clay, can stoop to such ignoble and unmanly softness? I cannot counsel thee to such an abject tameness of spirit. Man is lord of all his fellow-creatures; the fiercest beasts submit to his imperial sway: Woman alone, ambitious woman, disputes the government with him. But it is his right, and he disowns both God and Nature, who relinques it to that aspiring sex. Yet use thy power moderately; keep the golden mean. Be not surly and rough as a bear, nor yet effeminate and without gall, as a dove. But, if thou findest it impossible to keep her within the bounds of due subjection, put her away, and so preserve thy peace. The company of thy other wives will soon efface her loved idea, and sweeten thy loss with a thousand new pleasures.

But if they should follow her steps, inheriting her spirit, and tormenting thee with killing words, divorce them all. I would counsel thee to take successively five hundred wives, rather than make thy life miserable, by too much love and indulgence to one that knows not how to use thy favours.

But before thou beginnest to put in execution this advice, try all the fair and gentle methods thy wit can suggest, to win her to a sense of her fault, and a change of her temper. For be assured, that it will be of less pain to thee, to have an eye plucked out of thy head, than to tear from thy heart the first object of thy love.

In this, as in all things else, have an especial regard to thy conscience, and to the observing Angel, who writes down all thy actions in a book. Do nothing which may deserve the chastisement of the two black Angels, who shall visit thee in thy grave. He who deals unjustly and cruelly by women on earth, shall be deprived of the felicities which our holy Prophet has promised us, in the company of that beautiful sex in Paradise.

Keep the law, and thou wilt have thy fill of love, both here, and in the blissful bowers of Eden.

Paris, 1st of the 11th Moon
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE surrender of Perpignan to the French startles the world: A place inexpugnable by arms, and not to be reduced but by famine. Some that pretend to penetrate into foreign secrets, lay the blame on the Duke de Olivarez. They say, that when the King of Spain first heard that Lewis laid siege to this important place, he would have gone in person to its relief, but that the Duke hindered his design, fearing lest his own miscarriages should take wind, when the King was got on the frontiers: This, they say, put a stop to the levies that were making in Arragon and Castile, and damped the courage of those who were actually in arms.

Whether this was the effect or no, it is certain, the Duke d'Olivarez had sufficient reason to be conscious, knowing, that the Grandees of Spain watched for an opportunity to dislodge him from the King's breast. But it is strange, that he should, at such a time, neglect any thing that might confirm him in his master's favour, as the saving of Perpignan must needs have done; all the successes and miscarriages of the state, in peace or war, being attributed to the favourite Minister.

Wherever the fault lies, I have heard no man yet condemn the Governor of the town. It is said, he has given all the marks of a valiant soldier, as prudent commander, and a faithful subject. These virtues are to be honoured, even in an enemy.

They report, that the Spanish King put a kind of superstitious confidence in the Marquis de Avila, because one of the same family and title had formerly defended the place to extremity, until the siege was raised. Assuredly, virtue is not inherent

in names, nor victory entailed to all of the same blood. Both the one and the other are owing, in a great measure, to providence and chance. The Romans did not gain more in the Carthaginian war, under the conduct of Scipio the African, than they lost afterwards, when another of that name was General of their army.

It is said, the Duke de Olivarez is seized with a phrenzy upon the loss of this town, or at least counterfeit one. I do not assert this as a truth, illustrious Kaimacham, but to shew thee how people are addicted to censure, not only the miscarriages of great men, but the very regrets which attend their misfortunes; as if it were a crime in them, to mourn for the calamities which they could not prevent.

In the mean time, Cardinal Richlieu has weathered a tempest raised against him, by the Duke of Orleans, and his party: As if the fate of these two Ministers ran counter, and one must rise by the other's fall.

Olivarez had lain a train for Cardinal Richlieu's destruction, but fell into it himself. He had corrupted one of the Cardinal's creatures, who associated himself with the Duke of Bouillon, and the Duke of Orleans. Besides private grudges, they all suspected the Cardinal, as designing, upon the King's death, to take the Regency into his own hands. They acquaint Olivarez with their grievances, and enter into a private league with him. He, in hopes to render the kingdom of France into fatal divisions, as well as to ruin the Cardinal, agrees to furnish the conspirators with twelve thousand foot, and three thousand horse. Sedan was to be the rendezvous of this army.

But Cardinal Richlieu, whom no secret could escape, soon discovered the plot, and acquaints the King with it; who forthwith caused the conspirators to be seized, imprisoned, and two of their heads to be cut off; the rest were pardoned on conditions

ditions of surrender, and perpetual banishment from the King's presence.

This happened much about the time that Perpignan surrendered, which was on the ninth of the Moon Rebiul.

A little before, the conspirators had so obscured the Cardinal's credit at the court, that the King denied him a visit, when requested, in his sickness; upon which the Cardinal withdrew himself. But the King was quickly glad to follow him; having no other refuge in the midst of his pressures, but him who was master of all the hearts, both of his subjects and allies. At that time, the Count de Guishe was defeated in Flanders, and the Parisians were apprehensive, that Don Francisco de Melo would bring his forces into the bowels of France. None was able to extricate the King out of so many troubles, but the Chief Minister. Thus by a fortunate concurrence of events, the Cardinal is restored to his master's favour, sees his foreign enemies humbled, Perpignan taken, and his domestick foes cut off and baffled.

I pray God, whose eye is over the Mussulman empire, to preserve thee from all the machinations of thine enemies, and make thee to shine bright in the favour of the Grand Signior.

Paris, 12th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXXI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew, at Vienna.

THY letter with Carcoa's journal, is come safe to my hands, and the ring which he bequeathed me. That legacy demonstrates his affection, and that I have not ill deserved of him; for the actions of dying men are void of disguise.

His memoirs will be of great service to me, containing a more ancient history of the German court, from the year 1600, to the time of his death, than I have yet seen extant. I am not unacquainted with relations of this kind. The Europeans make their histories speak what their affection or fear suggests, rather than the truth. The liberty of printing has debauched the integrity of most writers; they study rather to please than inform the age. For this reason, I reject the greatest part of modern history; coveting only the manuscripts of such as Carcoa. He speaks impartially, having no other bias than the service which he owed to the Grand Signior.

I speak this for thy encouragement and direction, who succeeded that honest old man in his post. When thou committest any of thy observations to paper, let them be of things remarkable, and true.

The Banker, to whom thou didst address the bill for my payment, made a demur at first, but Eliachim cleared up his doubts. I desire thee to order matters so hereafter, that I may not be taken for a cheat: That may prove of ill consequence to us all. I would not have any sinister accident started, which might make the French suspect me. One misfortune seldom goes without attendants. The least blemish upon a man's credit, straight infects the air. He whose reputation is blasted, is suspected and shunned like a walking pestilence.

Thou wilt do well to prevent these mischiefs, by thy care and foresight. Take in good part this advice from Mahmut, who studies his master's interest, not his own. Adieu.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXXII.

To the Venerable Mufti, Prince of the
True and Undeiled Faith.

THOU that art a light to the blind; the pole-
star to them that are bewildered in an ocean
of uncertainties; the sanctuary of the mind, hat-
tered with a tempest of vain opinions; tell me why
it is blasphemy to say, That God has already taken
flesh, (as the Christians believe) since our Holy
Prophet himself avouches, That God shall assume
a body at the resurrection? I approach thy sacred
palace, with burning coals on my head, with fer-
vent and inflamed zeal in my heart; cast a gracious
eye on thy suppliant. Resolve my doubts; dissipate
the mist which clouds my anxious soul, and restore
me to a right mind.

If a body be compatible with the Divine Essence,
it seems not to me a blasphemy in the Christians, to
assert the incarnation of the Word, whom our Holy
Prophet calls also, the Breath of God. If this
Breath, or Word of God, be not of the Essence of the
Divinity, why is that part of the Christian Gospel
had in such reverence by the Faithful Mussulmen,
where it is said, 'In the beginning was the Word,
' and the Word was with God, and God was the
' Word?' If the Word be of the Essence of God,
then it will necessarily follow, that God has taken
a human body, since our Holy Prophet calls him the
Word of God, whom the Christians adore for God
Incarnate. Bear with my weakness and importu-
nity, and if I err, correct me in thy wisdom. And
yet let not these seem so much my scruples, as the
arguments of Christians, whom I would gladly con-
vince of their heresy; but it must be with solid
reason.

Let not my Lord be angry, if I ask one question more: Our Holy Doctors teach, That the dark spots in the moon were made, when the Angel Gabriel flew by, and brushed the moon with one of his wings: I ask how great that wing was, that could make an impression so great, as to be conspicuous to us at this prodigious distance? Or, is Gabriel to be numbered among those lofty Angels, who can stride from one star to another? If he be, was there not room enough in the vast endless skies, or did he lose his way through untracked orbs, or did he chance to wink in his career, that he should thus unfortunately dash the paler lamp of Heaven? If he be one of those forementioned mighty, tall, and wide-stretched Angels, how came he to be so contracted, when he visited Mary the mother of Jesus in her closet, and presented her with a rose that grew in Paradise.

Answer me this, O Sovereign Oracle of Truth, since my ears are frequently invaded with such objections and blasphemous jests, by these Infidels. How can I hear our holy law abused, and not burn in spirit? Tell me, I pray, how I shall silence these bold disputers, these mockers of the Book of Glory. Think not this a frivolous question, and impertinent to religion; for these Western people are sagacious and subtle; if they can find one flaw in the Holy Alcoran, they will cry down all the rest as false, and an imposture; at the very thought of which blasphemy my heart trembles.

Not long ago, a famous Astronomer shewed me in a telescope the globe of the moon, through which it seemed, to me an opaque body, like the earth we tread on; and he affirmed it to be so, giving me mathematical demonstrations for it; telling me also, it was habitable as our globe; and that the difference of the brighter and more obscure parts of the moon consisted only in this, that the one was firm land, the other fluid water, and, if I may believe
my

my eyes, when aided by that optick instrument, it is no otherwise than as he said.

This Astronomer is renowned throughout the Western world, being esteemed the best Philosopher that ever wrote of natural things. His name is Renatus des Cartes. I have been often conversant with him, and took unspeakable delight in his refined notions of the world. He is as dextrous at unravelling the contexture of the very elements, as though he had stood by the Eternal Artist, when he extracted them from the rude Chaos. The minutest particle of matter, which is to the eye of other men invisible, appears to him in its proper figure; he talks as familiarly of globous, square, and triangular atoms, as though he had a pair of compasses to take their true dimensions by. Were not this admirable genius stained with great impiety, in that he mocks the Book of Glory, the Holy Alcoran, true guide to Paradise, I should believe he was inspired from above.

One day discoursing about the body of the moon, he broke out into this blasphemous jest, ‘The Arabian impostor, said he, might as well have made his followers believe what we prate to children, that there is a man in the moon with a bundle of faggots on his back, as to tell them that fable, of the Angel Gabriel’s brushing this planet with his wing.’ I was not able to hear any more, but took my leave.

Furnish me therefore, O Sacred Repository of all True Science, with such convincing arguments as may put to silence these audacious Infidels.

God grant I may be one of those who shall hear the Angel Ithuriel read lectures of divine knowledge in Paradise.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Porte.

I Am acquainted with a Greek merchant in Paris, who formerly lived in one of those pleasant islands which lie about four leagues from Constantinople, being situated in the Propontis.

Asking him one day, Whether trading was the motive which induced him to quit those paradises upon earth, and exchange them for the stench and noise of this populous city? he replied, That he had sufficient to make his life happy in the place of his nativity, being master of a good estate, and of many fruitful vineyards, having also houses there which might vie with the most delightful Chioses of the Mussulman Grandees: But that the Janizaries, and other loose Mahometans frequenting those islands, and especially that wherein he dwelt, committed so many outrages when heated with wine, as rendered his life insupportable; for they would, in these drunken frolicks, domineer as though they were Lords of the island, seizing upon whatsoever pleased them, spoil his goods, and beat him like a slave; and if he mildly remonstrated to them the injuries they had done him, they would give him no other satisfaction but oaths and curses.

These calamities made him sell his estate, and travel into these countries, where he might enjoy himself with more liberty, profit and ease.

It is a dishonour to the Ottoman Porte, the seat of justice, the sanctuary of the world, to suffer such disorders to be committed without due chastisement, within sight of the Seraglio, and by those who have the honour to guard the person of the Sultan:

I represent these things to thee, knowing thy justice will administer a speedy remedy to these distempers of the soldiery. Otherwise should they be
suffered

suffered to go unpunished, we may expect that not only these islands, but all Græcia will in time be dispeopled.

Paris, 24th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Cari Hali, the Physician at Constantinople.

SUFFER me to converse with thee after the manner of friends, with freedom and familiarity. I have often discovered unto thee the distempers of my body, now I will reveal those more dangerous ones of my mind: And I know not whether they are distempers or cures of such. I have writ to the Mufti on the same subject, in part, but with caution and reserve: With thee I deal frankly, and pour into thy bosom the secrets of my heart.

I am dissatisfied in many things pertaining to religion. It is true, I cannot think or speak of our Holy Prophet, but with infinite attachment and veneration; yet I owe something to my reason. I will believe the messenger of God was true and perfect; but is it a crime to think, his successors were but men, subject to frailty and error? Their divisions, immediately after the death of our Great Lawgiver, justify this reflection, since the fatal schism continues to this day. Either the Persians, or we, must be in the wrong. Grant which thou wilt, it follows, that the truth was no sooner sown in the world, but it sprung up in mortal heresies; and I find no other assurance that we are in the right, but the assertion of our Doctors, the followers of Osman and Ebubecher; who, for ought I know, are no
more

more exempted from error, than the disciples of Haly. Both sides believe the Holy Prophet, yet both at infinite distance in their interpretations of his law. Each party boasts they have the true sense of the Divine Oracles, and curses the opposite for Hereticks. Truth cannot be repugnant to itself.

From this original schism, well near a hundred several sects have sprung, each maintaining different interpretations of the law. While truth can be but one, where shall a man be sure to find it amongst so many pretenders to it?

Think not, that I am going to turn Christian because of this liberty I take to search for truth: For the case is the same, or worse, among them.

Jesus (whom our Holy Prophet calls the Breath and Word of God, the reformer of the law of Moses, knowing the secrets of hearts, and working miracles) preached to the Jews repentance, good works, the resurrection of the dead, the day of judgment, the joys of paradise, and the torments of hell. He chose twelve disciples to disperse his doctrine over the world; but they likewise had dissensions among themselves, after that God had taken up the Messias to Paradise; each Apostle leaving different traditions behind him in the countries where he taught. Hence sprung the differences between the churches of the East and West, and those in Æthiopia. One following Peter and Paul, another believing John, the third defending the traditions of Matthew. And from these greater schisms, have sprung innumerable smaller sects and heresies: Each church and party excommunicating, damning, and cursing all the rest; yet all believe they shall be saved.

Thus is the world at odds about religion, persecuting, biting and devouring one another, because they cannot all think alike. A singular argument of religion, and a special encouragement to gain profelytes.

These

These considerations have made me a sceptick, in controverted points of faith, and matters of opinion. Only in this I am fixed, that I believe in One Eternal God, and reverence his Holy Messengers and Prophets. But, if an Angel from Heaven should tell me monstrous and incredible stories of things, repugnant to the common sense and reason of all mankind, I would desire him to excuse me if I suspended my belief.

I admire the Golden Age, when the infant world had not yet learned bigotry; when human reason was not corrupted with divine fables; and natural conscience was the oracle to which all resorted for solution of their doubts; before superstition had begun to dress the Deity in frightful, uncouth shapes: Then harmless innocence could shew her naked face, which is now fain to go disguised. No man was put to death for words or thoughts of things above his reach. No crafty Numa then had fobbed upon the credulous people his feigned *Ægeria*; nor golden-tongued Pythagoras could impose the forged whispers of his eagle on the silly Crotonians, for sacred oracles. No wonder-working magician had led the rabble by the nose with his infernal juggle: But pure and undebauched reason taught men to lead immortal lives on earth.

Tell me, O learned Haly! Canst thou believe, that the divine Architect had no other way to make man, than by laying him a thousand years broiling in the sun? Or, that there is an apple-tree growing very near the throne of God? Or, that the Angels can stride some hundred thousands of miles at once? Can we not go to Paradise, unless we swallow these strange notions? Is it not enough to believe in God and Mahomet his Prophet, except we will receive all for truth, which the Doctors tell us? I fast and pray at the appointed times, and sometimes oftner; I give alms; I love all the creatures of God, that remain in his love; I am not guilty of theft, murder, nor adultery; I never forswore myself,
nor

nor bore false witness: Yet, when I am recollected, I think myself the worst of all men; I think of every peccadillo I commit, with inexpressible regret. If all this is not sufficient to acquit me a true and good Mussulman; no man, I hope, will blame me, if I join with an eminent man in these Western parts, and wish my soul among the Philosophers..

Paris, 25th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY AT PARIS.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU mayest remember a letter I sent thee concerning the death of Mary de Medicis, Queen Mother, and Dowager of France, wherein I also spoke of the sudden sickness of the Cardinal of Richlieu, with the reports, opinions, and prophecies divulged on that account. What spirit soever inspired those prophecies, it is certain, the event justifies their predictions. For the Cardinal died this very day, being the 4th of the last Moon in the year, at his palace in this city, being not full fifty-eight years of age.

I am

I am not very credulous of apparitions, ghosts, and such like themes of vulgar superstition; yet it is evident, the Cardinal never lived to see the common New-year's-day, nor the fifty-eighth year of his life, as they say the Queen's ghost foretold him.

Some, that have been curious in examining his pedigree, tell me, That his progenitors were allied to one of the Kings of France. However, it is certain, that he was descended of an ancient and honourable family, of above five hundred years standing and eminence in that kingdom.

He had his education in the university of Paris, where he attained the degree of Doctor of the Sorbonne; a dignity much esteemed in France, and most parts of Christendom, except in Rome, which Court is jealous of the Sorbonnists, because they have sometimes decreed in prejudice of the Pope's authority, and the grandeur of the Roman Court.

After this he was made a Bishop, then Almoner of France, next Secretary of State, in which station he acquitted himself so happily, that the King procured him the dignity of a Cardinal. There are none of the Ministers of the Divan but know, that a Cardinal is one of the Princes of the Roman Church.

During these several stairs of preferment, he had signalized his great abilities, in negotiating affairs of greatest moment; yet in nothing did the dexterity of his wit appear more, than in reconciling the misunderstanding between the King and the Queen Mother. Whereby he gained much upon both their affections; so that in a little time he was made the Principal Minister of State, and Chief Director of the Government; having a guard of soldiers appointed to attend his person.

Then he was made Superintendant of the marine affairs; after this, Generalissimo of the armies. So that he seemed to have monopolized all command, both in Church and State, by Sea and Land.

It was impossible for him to escape the envious eyes of the Grandees; nay, the Queen Mother herself, who first raised him, began now to grow jealous of his great power; but especially the Princes of the Blood were highly offended at him. The Count of Soissons stomached the indignity the Cardinal had offered him, in proposing the marriage of his daughter. The Duke of Orleans suspected his designs upon the Regency. Yet all their conspiracies against him proved ineffectual. For neither by publick arms, nor private machinations, could they ever prevail against the fixed destiny of this great Minister; who, though he had been often attempted to be poisoned, pistolled, and stabbed, yet died quietly in his bed, having a little before received a visit from the King.

I will not presume to make corollaries or glosses on these things, as though I were able to instruct thee, whose wisdom and experience renders thee a fit oracle for the greatest Princes to resort to in time of need. I only send thee bare matter of fact; and, together with an account of the Cardinal's death, a brief abstract of his life, as I received it from one of the most observing and knowing men in the French Court.

I wish thee health, long life, and happiness.

Paris, 4th of the last Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER II.

To the Venerable Mufti.

I Have sent to the Kaimacham an account of the death of Cardinal Richlieu, with some passages relating thereto, wherewith I thought it not proper to interrupt thy diviner thoughts.

This great Minister died the fourth of this instant moon, being the last of the year, in his palace at Paris. His body is interred in the chapel of the College of Sorbonne, where he finished his studies, and attained the degree of Doctor in Theology. He has left behind him a prodigious estate, amounting to a million of crowns yearly, which he has bequeathed in legacies to his kindred, friends, and creatures. And, as a particular demonstration of his gratitude to the King, he has made him heir of his Cardinal palace in this city, with all the plate and furniture in it. And, at the last visit the King made him, (which was a little before his death) he presented him with a stone worth a hundred thousand crowns of gold. Upon which, it is discoursed, That the King will settle a yearly revenue on a certain number of the Sorbonnists, to celebrate mass daily for the Cardinal's soul, during the space of one year, and once a year afterwards on the day that he died. For these Infidels approach thus near the true and undefiled faith, in that they have hopes of immortality, believing the resurrection of the dead, and that the prayers, alms, and good works of the living do atone for the sins of the departed; as our holy Doctors teach, and as is the practice of the Mussulmans throughout the world.

This Cardinal was richly endowed by nature, having a firm intellect, vigorous spirits, quick apprehension, solid judgment, faithful memory, and a
most

most prevailing way of discourse. A man highly serviceable to his King and country; and therefore deserving better of the French than those scandalous reports and libels which were every where industriously spread abroad, to lessen his fame. Yet there wanted not those who strewed flowers on his grave, and perfumed his ashes with encomiums and panegyrics. In this he shared the common fate of the great, that he was maligned and envied living, but honoured with the tears of his very enemies when dead.

There is one fault to be found in his conduct, without appearing too censorious. That he being a man consecrated to the service of the altar, should so often take the field, and, divesting himself of the peaceful robes of religion, should clothe himself in steel, delighting more in the smell of gunpowder, than that of incense, and preferring the noise of war to the hymns and antiphons of the church: Not that religion is incompatible with valour; and to fight for one's country, is not as lawful and as pious as to pray for its prosperity. Our holy law, the celestial pattern of truth to the world, exhorts us to courage. And all True Believers are assured of the joys of Paradise, of unfading crowns, and eternal felicities, if they lose their lives in defence of the Sacred Empire, and the Book of Glory: Our immortal Lawgiver, giving us his own example, when he laid the foundation of the greatest and most illustrious Empire in the world, in the wounds of his enemies, cementing the work with the blood of millions of Infidels. Nor has the superstructure been carried on by any other methods than those of perpetual war with the nations who will not submit to our victorious Sultan, the invincible Lord of the Earth. But the Messenger of God never required the Imaums or Dervises to take the field; leaving arms only to secular men, and the Alcoran to the religious.

I forget that I am speaking to him, whose repose and tranquillity is the special care of Heaven, who is not to be disturbed by Emperors. Therefore, in profound reverence, I salute thy Holiness with a dutiful obeisance, and so withdraw my pen.

Paris, 4th of the last Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER III.

To Jasmir Sgire Rugial, an Astrologer at Aleppo.

THOU needest not be ashamed of thy name, though it denotes the dwarfishness of thy body. That little epitome of human stature is exquisitely regular. Nature in framing it has shewed her skill in proportions, though she seems to have made it too narrow for thy soul. In this thou art obliged to her for thy knowledge; thy mind being uneasy in its diminutive habitation, is for that reason seldom at home. Thy soul is a perfect night-walker; when other men are abed, and asleep, thou art taking thy rounds among the stars. Thou art become a spy upon the planets; if any of them make but a false step, thou tellest the world of it. Thou art a pimp to all their amorous assignations and conjunctions, and Vulcan himself never so often exposed the intrigues of Mars and Venus as thou hast done. But I would have thee beware lest they revenge themselves on thee some time or other, as they did upon one of thy profession, by stirring up a certain King to take away his life. He was a bold fellow, and pretended great familiarity with the stars. One day he came to the King, and told him, he had exactly calculated his nativity; and by
his

his observation from thence, according to the rules of art, had discovered, that he should not live out that year. The King replied, 'I will prove, That my skill is greater than thine; for I know the very hour of thy death, which is now precisely, and which all thy knowledge in astrology could never foresee, nor be able to prevent.' So he commanded his head to be immediately cut off. I would not have thy star-gazing so suddenly spoiled; though, they say, thou hast ventured to talk somewhat too largely.

Judicial astrology seems in a great measure obliged to superstition for the credit it has gained among men; and the Latin proverb says, 'A wise man shall overrule the stars.' For my part, I would rather counsel thee to follow thy old recreation of teaching pigeons to be letter-carriers. Yet I would not have thee from thence think of building castles in the air, like Æsop, nor of flying to the moon by the help of a team of geese, in imitation of Domingo Gonfales.

But since I am got among the birds, which thou art so much delighted in; before I take my leave, I wish thee as good fortune with thy winged disciples, as the Roman Cobler had, who taught a parrot to salute the Emperor as he went along the street, with these words, 'Hail, Cæsar;' which the Emperor hearing, gave him a royal price for his parrot. The poor man, overjoyed at his good luck, got another parrot, and attempted to teach her in the same manner; but, having taken much ineffectual pains, he used to fret, and say, 'I have lost my labour.' Yet at length, by daily repeating these words, the parrot had learned both sentences, and the next time the Emperor came by, it said, 'Hail, Cæsar;' to which the Emperor replied, 'I have enough such flatterers at home;' the parrot, having her lesson perfect, rejoined, 'I have lost my labour;' which the Emperor hearing, and pleased with the novelty, bought this also, and settled

settled a generous pension on the man during his life.

If thou couldest by some lucky contingency sell thy pigeons at such a rate to Sultan Ibrahim, thy time would be better spent than in playing the Mercury, and bringing news from the stars. But then thy pigeons must be better bred, than was that which was sent to the Sophi of Persia with a message from Babylon, when the late invincible Sultan Amurath besieged it; for the feathered courier, instead of flying to the Persian camp, took up short by the way, and perching on the pavilion of the Vizir Azem, was forthwith shot, and the secret necessities of the city were exposed to the Ottoman army.

May such fate always attend Infidels and Hereticks when they take up arms against the Mussulman Empire. Adieu.

Paris, 10th of the last Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER IV.

To the Grand Signior's Chief Treasurer.

THOU tellest me the Ministers of the supreme Divan accuse me of negligence, in not writing often, and things of importance. In my opinion, thou thyself hast most reason to complain on this score, since I have not sent a letter to thee these four Moons; in which time, not one of the rest but has received several from me. Would they have me coin news? Would they have me amuse them with relations of things which never had any existence? I have not failed hitherto to communicate to the Porte all the intelligences I have received:

But

But they ought to confider, That the winter affords little of action. Time, the devourer of all things, has almost fwallowed up the year; only this laft moon feems to be pickled in ice for a defert. We are here up to the knees in fnow: And the greateft warriors find it beft encamping by the firefide.

Here is a rumour, That the King of Perfia is dead. They fay alfo, That the Great Mogul will not put on mourning for him, being by his death freed from a ftorm which threatened to fubvert all his dominions on this fide of Ganges. It is added, That he has fought the alliance of the Grand Signior, with purpofe to continue the war againft the young King of Perfia (who has not yet feen thirteen fummers) and to carry his forces to the walls of Ispahan. It is not lawful for me to dictate to my Sovereign, who is the fole Judge of the Univerfe; but permit me to guefs what will be his conduct in this affair (if what I have heard be true). I have no reafon to think, that Sultan Ibrahim will violate the peace, which he has fo lately concluded with the King of Perfia, the articles whereof he carries in his bofom.

Thou feeft, moft ferene Baffa, the tide of news is fo low, that Mahmut is forced to ftoop and receive it, puddled as it is, by the mouths of the vulgar. If I acquaint thee with what thou kneweft before, let not the blame reft on me, who ought to have received this intelligence from fome of the Minifters of the Sublime Porte, which is the tabernacle where Fame keeps her refidence. My whole life, and the beft of my fpirits, are confecrated to the fervice of the Grand Signior; I fpare no pains or coft, whereby I may render myfelf effectually ufeful to the Great Mafter of the Univerfe: I write often to the Minifters of the Divan, who are his flaves as well as I; yet none vouchsafes me an answer, except the Reis Effendi: I received alfo one letter full of confolation and advice from the

Venerable Mufti. Likewise Haffein Bassa laid his commands on me. These I esteem my friends. I would think so of all men, who serve Sultan Ibrahim, if they would cease to load me with obloquies.

I was about to conclude my letter, when an old Courtier interrupts me with the news of the surrender of Tortona, a strong town in Piedmont, possessed by the Spaniards, till now obliged to quit it by the French forces, under the command of the Duke of Longueville. This place was surrendered on the twenty-sixth of the eleventh moon.

There has been a long difference between the Princes of the House of Savoy; which is at length composed, by the marriage of Prince Maurice, Cardinal of Savoy, with his niece, the daughter of the Dutchess Regent. This is that which has warmed the courage of the French army, at this frozen time of the year. For, upon this match, the Cardinal of Savoy's brother, Prince Thomas, joined his forces to the French, and took several strong castles and towns from the Spaniards, whom before this Prince had assisted; and now, last of all, to wind up the year, they have made themselves masters of this Tortona, a place environed with rocks and mountains.

By which thou mayest perceive, that there is no difficulty so great, which may not be overcome with courage and perseverance.

I recommend myself to thy protection and favour, illustrious Bassa, and desire the Heavens to remunerate thee with an increase of joy and felicity, both here, and in Paradise.

Paris, 10th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER V.

To Darnish Mehemet, Bassa.

SINCE the death of the Cardinal of Richlieu, there is great caballing, and changing of places at Court. His successor in the pilotship of the state is Cardinal Julio Mazarini, an Italian, of a generous extraction. Neither comes he short of Richlieu in all those rare qualities and endowments, which form a complete Statesman, having accomplished several negotiations with great success and applause.

Now the old Officers begin to be cashiered, to make room for the creatures of this new Minister, the King absolutely resigning the conduct of the publick to him. And it is no wonder to see the King thus flexible, if what is privately whispered be true, That the Queen has yielded to the Cardinal in points of greater reserve. And curious eyes pretend to discern the features of Mazarini in the Dauphin's face, who is not much above four years old, being born on the fifth day of the ninth moon, in the year 1638, according to the Christians Hegira. The Cardinal is of a grave and majestick aspect, full-faced, having a piercing eye: He is something inclined to fat, being a great eater, as they say.

The other day he had like to have been choaked by a piece of beef, one part of which hung fast in his teeth, and the other just reached the passage to the lungs; and, as it were, barring up the door of that passage, hindered his respiration so long, that his nose suddenly started out a-bleeding; his face grew black, and he was ready to drop down dead, had not one of his attendants forcibly thrust his

finger into his mouth, and fastening on the morsel, pulled it out of his throat.

He that is Lord of Life and Death, preserve thee from all perils, and make thee happy in the service of our Great Master; who will in time, I hope, curb the insolence and punish the vices of these gluttonous Infidels.

Paris, 14th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER VI.

To Isouf, his Kinsman.

I Believe, thou and thy cousin Solyman take me for a marriage-broker, or a gossip: Is there nobody in Constantinople can instruct you how to manage your wives, that you send for counsel to Paris? Or, do you lay snares for me, by extorting such advice, as will draw the revenge of women upon me? Believe me, I have no mind to run the fate of Orpheus; or, that the tragedy of the Ciconian Wives should be acted upon me.

I rather expected a complete journal of thy travels in the East: But, I perceive, thou hast not yet received my letter. Thou talkest of going to Aleppo in the spring. If thy resolution hold, I desire thee, when thou art there, to make an offering for me to Sheh Boubac, the Santone, whose sepulchre is about a league from that city, a place of great devotion, and resorted to from all the cities in those parts. Without doubt, Sheh Boubac is with God; and his prayers are heard for such as honour his virtues,

virtues, and approach his sepulchre, to pay their devotions there with humility and faith.

Likewise, I desire thee to distribute three hundred aspers to the poor of Aleppo, who beg in the streets for the sake of Syntana Fissa. If thou hast not heard of this female Saint, I will relate to thee how she came to be canonized. This city was the place of her nativity and residence. When she came to the age of sixteen years, she was married to a Spahee, called Griuli Eben Sagran; but the first night, as her husband was going to bed with her, he fell into a trance; wherein he saw Paradise opened, and the Holy Prophet leading Syntana Fissa his wife in one of the alleys of Eden. Whereby, when he came to himself, and missing his wife (who was never after to be found) he was satisfied that she was one of the daughters of Paradise. Since which time, the people have esteemed her as a Saint, or rather an incarnate female Angel. The Moors relate this story otherwise, and make a second Mary Magdalen of her; of whom the Grecians say, That she was a common prostitute at first, but, on a time, being asked her accustomed favours *gratis*, and 'for the love of God,' she, by granting it, merited the grace of conversion, and so became a Saint. But I would not have thee regard this fable, though it be common in the mouths of the ignorant at Aleppo.

If thou bearest any respect for thy uncle Mahmut, let me have a proof of it, in giving me an account of thy travels. I do not require a chart of the regions through which thou hast passed; being no stranger to the geography of Asia. Neither would I have thee tell me how many leagues, courses, or furlongs, there are between such and such cities. These are the remarks of every carrier or murcerman. But that which I aim at is, to know, what natural, moral, and political observations thou hast made in so vast a tract of ground as thou

haft measured, comprehending the greatest and most celebrated part of Asia.

This is the second letter I have sent thee, since thy return to Constantinople: Let thy answer be adequate to my expectation. In the interim, I counsel thee first to get an absolute conquest of thyself, and then thou wilt easily govern thy wife.

May the most high God adjust your differences happily, and make your lives to be as innocent and contented, as those of Philemon and Baucis. Thou knowest the story. Adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER VII.

To Mahomet, Bassa of Damascus.

THERE is a Genoese merchant in this city, with whom I often converse, as I do with all strangers that are men of intelligence, learning sometimes from them advices which are not common. He tells me, That Mansour, the youngest son of old Facardine, the brave Emir of Sidon, whom his father had given in hostage to Sultan Amurath, is now living in the Court of the Duke of Florence; that he escaped by the assistance of a Grecian Priest, from the Castle of the Seven Towers; and that the Duke of Florence has promised to assist him with ships, men, and money, towards the recovery of his patrimony.

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The French speak of his father with much respect, and compassion of his misfortunes; they say, He was descended from a noble Captain, which the renowned Godfrey of Bulloign left in those parts, when he was engaged in the wars of the Holy Land, and, that though Facardine wore a Turkish turban, yet he had French blood in his veins. They tax Amurath with the violation of his oath, in causing him to be strangled, when he had solemnly sworn to the contrary. And some of them are so bold as to say, That, if his son Ali had not been killed, he would have shook the throne, whose foundation is deep as the center of the earth; and therefore cannot be moved, without the dissolution of the globe.

This Genoese brags much after the same nature of Mansour, who, he says, is preserved by providence to abase the pride of the Ottoman family, to revenge his father's blood, and re establish the Druses in their ancient possession.

Supposing this news to be true, I judged it my duty to give thee timely notice of it, who possessest part of his estate; lest he should surprize thee un-awares, and serve thee as one of his ancestors did the Damascenes, who got from them several of their towns and castles, when they least dreamed of any invasion. He will lay claim to Gazir, D'Acre, and Saphet, those being torn from his father in that last rebellion. In a word, thou wouldest find him an ill neighbour, should he catch thee unprovided.

Should it come to a trial, I wish thy soldiers may prove more faithful to thee, than did the Germans lately, under the command of Leopold, Archduke of Austria, and General Picolomini; who, going to relieve Leipfick, besieged at that time by the Swedes, and entering battle with them, above six thousand of their soldiers never discharged a musket, or drew a sword; but gave their enemies

an entire victory, without striking a stroke. Should thy forces serve thee so, when Mansour enters thy territories, thou wilt be in danger of losing, not only the forementioned towns, but Damascus itself; a place so deliciously situated, that our Holy Prophet himself durst not venture into it, lest this earthly Paradise should tempt him to take up his abode there, and cause him to neglect the heavenly.

May the Great Protector of Kingdoms and Empires preserve both Damascus and the whole Empire from the fury of Rebels and Infidels.

Paris, 4th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER VIII.

To the Venerable Mufti, Arbitrator of the
Problems and Mysteries of Faith.

I Address to the dust of thy feet, O thou Spring of all true Science. I wrote to thee formerly, to desire thy instruction and aid, in answering some cavils and blasphemies of the Infidels. Now I think a great light hath shined in my breast. Now I think I can answer them with arguments clear and intelligible. Nevertheless I will not walk without a guide.

Our life in this transitory world is checquered with various intervals of light and darkness, of knowledge and ignorance. Sometimes the soul of man is bright and serene as the Orient, at other times wrapped up in clouds and mists. Then we
are

are as in a dream, and full of anxiety; we grope about for truth, and stumble upon errors, as in the depth of night. So fared it with me, when these Infidels assaulted me with questions and cavils concerning our holy law. I heard them with horror and pain, but knew not how to put them to silence. I fled to thee for succour, who art instructed in all knowledge, true heir of the prophetick light: But a ray from Heaven has prevented thy answer, and I will communicate to thee my thoughts.

God is most high, and incomprehensible; we cannot overtake him in his ways. The works of his hands are perfect, and full of wisdom. Why do the Infidels blaspheme the Eternal? Gabriel, the Messenger of God, bright and glorious, flew through the Heavens; and to avoid a burning comet which then flamed in the sky, he took his course too near the orb of the moon; and, with the end of one of his wings, he brushed the planet, leaving a mark of the stroke, as a memorial to the Angels for the future; even as a sea-mark is placed to give warning of rocks and sands.

The Infidels deride, and ask, ‘How big was Gabriel’s wing?’ Who can measure the works of the Omnipotent? Let these Infidels number but the atoms that cleave to the soles of their feet, when they walk in sandy places! Or, let them weigh the air that is shut up in a bottle! If they cannot perform these things which are near them, and within their reach, why do they mock at the greatness of Angels, which dwell in the immense Heavens?

They take their measures of celestial things from the narrow search of their senses; which yet fail them in common terrestrial objects. If we believe our senses, they would persuade us, that the moon is no bigger than a royal charger, and the stars have no larger dimensions than a lamp or torch:

Whereas we are assured by reason and astronomical observations, that the moon is little less than the globe of the earth; and that some of the stars are near a hundred times bigger. If these ornaments of the sky, which look, at this distance, like glittering sparks of fire, are really of so prodigious a bulk; why may we not believe, that Angels, who dwell higher than the highest stars, are much greater, and more magnificent creatures than they? Nay, what incongruity is it to believe, what our holy Doctors teach, That the Angels can stride from one star to another.

And now I am plunged thus far in the depths of Nature, suffer me to wade yet deeper, nay, to swim in the abyss of speculation. I will tell thee my thoughts: The works of God are unmeasurable, and there is no bound or limit to the extent of the world; it is high as thought can soar, endless as imagination can travel. Who can tell where the walls of Paradise are? Or, has any one gone the circuit of the seventh Heaven? Magnificent is the fabrick of God, and the apartments thereof are full of Majesty! The Potentates above are glorious and mighty; and the mansions of Angels surpass in grandeur this visible world! How great then is the stature of those Angels! Let not Infidels deride, nor think it a fable; for the distance between the feet of an Angel is many hundred thousand miles. They turn the celestial orbs about (if what the learned Christians teach out of Aristotle, and other old Philosophers, be true, when they assign to each sphere its particular Angel, or Moving Intelligence). How can this be done, unless Angels were greater and mightier than the orbs they move? Without all doubt, the lesser is moved of the greater, and the weaker by the stronger. These are arguments clear and intelligible, and such as the Infidels cannot answer. Thus shall I be able to assert the truth against the impious, and to vindicate

cate the glorious works of God (the strong and potent Angels excelling in majesty and grandeur) from the blasphemies of the uncircumcised.

If they ask, How the Angel Gabriel (since he is of so prodigious a stature) could be circumscribed in the closet of Mary, the mother of Jesus? I ask them, How the body of Jesus, which, they say, is in the sacrament of the mass, (of which thou art not ignorant) can be circumscribed within the narrow compass of a wafer? Or, How can it be there, and in Heaven at the same time? Which they believe; nay, and in ten thousand wafers, in so many different places of the world at once?

To this so pressing an argument, they have no other answer, but, That the power of God is infinite, and his works incomprehensible. Very well: If he be omnipotent in one thing, is his power restrained in another? If the presence of the body of Jesus in several places at the same time be incomprehensible, so is the appearance of the mighty Angel Gabriel, in the oratory of the Virgin Mary, incomprehensible also.

The nature of Angels is unknown to us mortals, and the manner of their appearance. Sufficient it is, to believe the divine oracles, and not to pry into the secrets of God.

Thus shall I confute the Infidels, when they cavil against the Alcoran; thus shall I seal up the polluted lips, and put to silence the blasphemous tongues of the enemies of God and his Prophet.

Moreover, they say, The Messenger of God has promised a sensual Paradise to the True Believers, because the Book of Glory mentions the gardens of Eden; gardens wherein flow many rivers; rivers of wine, milk and honey, with trees of all delectable fruits: and that the righteous shall be clothed in vests of purple and crimson, reposing on stately beds, and shall enjoy the company of beautiful women, and shall be replenished with eternal felicity.

Doubtless, They are blinded with malice, and hoodwinked by the spirit of contradiction; else, Why do they thus cavil at the manifest light of truth, the doctrine of faith, the undefiled article of glory? They profess to believe the resurrection of the body, as well as we: Will they not then believe, That God hath provided pleasures suitable to the body after its resurrection; I mean the bodies of the just? They tell their disciples and profelytes doleful stories of the pains of the damned in hell, as burning in fire and brimstone: Nay, the Book of the Gospel itself speaks of a lake of sulphur and fire. Are not these torments to be inflicted on the body, which they own are prepared for the wicked? And will they deny proportionate pleasures to the bodies of the just in Paradise? What use will there be of our bodies after the resurrection, if not to enjoy bodily pleasures, or feel the rigor of infinite pains? Doubtless, the just shall be replenished with all the joys, and the unjust with all the dolours, of which their senses are capable. And this they themselves believe; yet these captious Infidels pick quarrels with our Holy Lawgiver, and say, That the Paradise which he promises is fit for none but fools or beasts.

I have read in books of devotion, which the Christians use, That the blessed in Heaven shall be satiated with all manner of delights. The eye shall always behold most beautiful objects; the taste shall be gratified with incredible sweets; the smell shall be pleased with all manner of rich odours and perfumes, far surpassing the aromatics of Arabia; the ear shall hear such wonderful musick, as one only strain thereof were sufficient to lull all the hearts of this sublunary world asleep: In fine, there shall be none of their senses and faculties which shall not be transported and ravished with infinite delights! What is all this but sensual pleasure? Can there be any plainer description of
bodily

bodily enjoyments than this? Why do they then maliciously traduce the messenger of God, and resist the truth?

But they will say, That the pleasures which they shall enjoy after the resurrection, will be refined and spiritual as their bodies shall be: Whereas they say, our Prophet intimates gross, carnal enjoyments; as the company of beautiful women, and such amorous delights.

Certainly, they are wilfully blind, and shut their eyes against the light; or else they would easily see through the veil of allegories and metaphors, which our divine Prophet uses in the Alcoran to adapt the doctrine of heavenly things to the dull capacities of men; even as all the Prophets and Apostles have done before him. In the Book of the Gospel, Paradise is described under the figure of a most magnificent city, built all of gold and precious stones, with a river flowing by it, and trees whose fruit never withers, nor their leaves fade. Will the Christians take this in the literal sense, or, do they own it to be an allegory? If the latter, then, why do they blaspheme the Sacred Oracles of our Holy Lawgiver, because he describes the felicities of Paradise under sensible figures and types, such as are most apt to work on the affections of men?

It is not to be thought, that our enjoyment of beautiful women in Paradise, shall be attended with the least of those impurities which stain it in this life. Our pleasures shall be agreeable to the place whither we go, pure and immaculate. As we shall there enjoy the perfection of beauty, without the smallest allay of deformity; so, in our enjoyment, we shall be transported with the height of extasy, without the least mixture of pollution.

Nor shall these bodily delights supersede or hinder our more spiritual enjoyment; but both body and soul shall be ravished with eternal felicities.

Tell me, thou who art the Key of the Treasures of Truth, whether I am now sufficiently armed with reasons to withstand the cavils and objections which the Infidels make against our holy laws. I have laid at thy feet my sentiments, submitting all to thy unerring wisdom; vouchsafe to confirm what I have well said, and to correct my errors. And, in the midst of thy divine ejaculations, glance a thought on the humblest of thy slaves, praying for the exiled Mahmut, that he may persevere in the true faith; and, at the end of his life, may taste the joys of Paradise, which he zealously asserts against the Infidels.

Paris, 10th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

WHEN I informed thee of the siege of Perpignan, I had not heard of the extraordinary honours which were done to the Prince of Morgues during that siege. This Prince was a subject of the King of Spain, and had in possession the town of Monaco. Yet, for some disgusts which he had received from the Spaniards, he some years ago had thoughts of throwing himself upon the protection of the King of France; but, difficulties arising, it took not effect at that time. However, in the year 1641, by the dexterity of the Governor of Provence, he was so far wrought upon, that a French garrison was by his connivance put into Monaco, and he totally threw off his obedi-

obedience to the King of Spain; and though great offers were made him by the Cardinal of Savoy and others, yet he rejected all; and to demonstrate to King Philip, that his soul was altogether French, he sent him back the collar which was the badge of his Knighthood, bestowed on him in the Spanish court.

After which, four galleys of Naples cruising on the sea before Ville Franche, one of them, by the order of the Captain, sailed to Monaco, not having heard of the revolt of this place. The Prince invited the Captain to come ashore, and as soon as he was landed, threescore Frenchmen, who lay hid in the boat which carried the message, boarded the galley with admirable resolution, killing near thirty Spaniards, who made resistance, and the rest yielding, the French took possession of the vessel.

The Prince sailed in this galley to Marseilles, with his son, who is dignified with the title of a Marquis; and taking their way through Provence and Languedoc, came to the King of France, while he lay with his army before Perpignan.

King Lewis, to whom nothing is more delightful than to reward the merits of brave men, caressed him with extraordinary demonstrations of affection, and acknowledgment of his service; sending his coaches to meet him on the way, causing his army to appear in battle array, entertaining him at his own table, and doing all things which might honour the arrival of this Prince at his camp. And, to make him amends for the loss of his order of Knighthood, he invested him with that of the Holy Ghost; which, as I have in my former letters told thee, is a fair step to make one a Peer of France.

I thought good to inform thee of this passage, illustrious Minister, in whose power it lies, to lift up to dignities, and the great charges of the Empire,

pire, men in whom thou perceivest a genius capable of great undertakings.

God direct thee in making choice of such as may be effectually serviceable to the Grand Signior.

Paris, 17th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER X.

To Achmet Beig.

IT seems as if the late revolution in Portugal had embittered the Spaniards to despair, and swelled the spleen of that nation with insupportable rancour. The loss, which they cannot hope fairly to recover by arms, they seek to revenge by dishonourable assassination and treachery.

The Marquis de Los Velez, the Spanish Ambassador at the court of Rome, could not brook to see there an Ambassador from the King of Portugal, whom he esteemed at best but a subject, or a traitor, to Philip his master. He tried all means to prevent and hinder his audience with the Pope, and openly demanded, that he might be sent back into Portugal with disgrace. But the Sieur de Fontenay, Ambassador from France, supported and countenanced the Portuguese Minister, which precipitated the Marquis de Los Velez to one of the blackest attempts that has ever stained the records of time.

Thou art not to learn that the persons of Ambassadors are by the law of nations esteemed sacred; their houses, sanctuaries; and whatsoever injury is offered them, is at least accounted a civil sacrilege. Yet, the Spanish Ambassador finding the Bishop of
Lamego

Lamego (so was the Portuguese called) protected and favoured by the French interest, resolves to leap over the fences which secure the immunities and safety of his own function, and to violate the law, without which, he himself could not sleep free from danger in his bed. For being informed that the Portuguese Ambassador was gone to visit the Sieur de Fontenay, he goes out of his house with a train of about twenty men, and covering his design with a pretence of going to the house of an eminent Cardinal, he takes the same way as the Portuguese Bishop was to return to his house. But the French Ambassador having notice that one of the Marquis's retinue was observed to dog the Bishop to his palace, and return immediately to his master, set some spies upon the Marquis de Los Velez, who brought him word, that the Marquis had ordered all his retinue to arm themselves and follow him. This gave a sufficient alarm and suspicion to de Fontenay, so that he commanded thirty of his servants to arm likewise, and follow him in separate parties, at a distance from one another, being resolved to protect the Portuguese, who was an ally of France, and to prevent the design of his enemies. No sooner had the Bishop of Lamego taken his coach, but notice was given to the Spanish Minister, who immediately advances toward him, big with the murder he intended to commit. But the French appearing, and falling briskly upon the Spaniards, killed seven of them in a moment, and broke through the rest, even to the very coach of the Marquis, with a resolution to make him taste the death he designed for the poor Bishop. But he had the fortune to escape into the palace of a Spanish Cardinal, and so saved himself.

The Spanish Ambassador after this, being nettled at his ill success, and the favour which the Bishop of Lamego found in that court, designed to remove to Naples; but the Pope set a guard on him to prevent

prevent it, till such time as he had given hostages for the indemnity of his Nuncios in Spain and Naples.

The Neapolitan Viceroy being informed of these proceedings, made great preparations, and the Spaniards threatened to plunder and burn the city of Rome. But upon more deliberate thoughts, the Viceroy made shew of friendship to the Pope, offering him five thousand soldiers to assist against the Duke of Parma, thinking by this fraud, to gain admission into the Ecclesiastick territories, which would facilitate the way to the satisfactions they aimed at. But the Pope knew how to return the Viceroy's compliments, without hazarding his own estate; telling him, that the Roman forces were more than sufficient to conquer the Duke, had he any other designs than those of peace.

By this passage of the Spanish Ambassador, thou mayest comprehend the licentiousness of the Infidels, who dare trample upon human and sacred laws; and that in Rome itself, where the Supreme Mufti of the Christians keeps his seat. It was never known, that such a thing was attempted in the Sublime Porte; where the majesty and severe justice of the Ottoman Empire strikes an awe and terror into all people, restraining the very thoughts of so heinous a crime.

May the Conservator of the Ages hasten the prefixed time, wherein the Christian nations shall be subdued to the Mussulman faith; that so justice and virtue, with perpetual peace, may bless the earth.

Paris, 17th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XI.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Porte.

I Could not let this post go without a letter, though I have nothing material to write; however, it is a testimony of my duty, to let thee know, that Mahmut is not idle, that he suffers not an hour, a moment, to escape, wherein he studies not to do some acceptable service to the Grand Signior.

All the dispatches which I receive from the Porte, seem like black clouds, gathering on the margin of the horizon, the sure harbingers of an approaching storm. One accuses me of neglecting the service of the Master of the World; another tells me, I am too expensive; a third says, the Ministers of the Divan will take other methods. They mince their expressions; no man will deal plainly with me. They mix threatenings with compliments, as if I were a child, and needed the discipline of a rattle and a rod. Would they have me reverse the decrees of destiny? Turn winter into summer, and change the whole order of nature? Or, is it expected, that I should renew the exploit of Cadmus, and cause earth-born armies to arise, on purpose to furnish matter of news to the Porte? I appeal to thee, Supreme Vizir, at whose nod the Divan is assembled or dissolved, whether I deserve the censures that are passed upon me? No man can accuse me of betraying my trust, or of holding any correspondence with the enemies of the Mussulman Empire. What is then my crime? Am I to be condemned, for employing the money which is allotted me for subsistence, to render my Ministry more successful? Will they call it, an embezzling the Sultan's money; when rather than hoard it up for my own private profit and conveniencies, (as I might do considerable sums,
were

were I so basely frugal) I frankly part with it, to consummate the affair for which I am placed here? Or, is the Ottoman Treasury grown low, that heretofore has supported the indigent world, and by an excess of royal munificence, has been thrown to the fishes of the sea? Is Mahmut alone to be esteemed a prodigal in his present expences, because it is known that he was a slave in Sicily, and tied down to the penurious stint of a rigorous patron? Suffer me this once, Sage Minister, to vindicate myself, and to tell thee, that the hardships and squalid circumstances of captivity, would not be very subservient to the ends for which I am sent hither; neither can a niggardly pension qualify me for the genius of the court, in which I must be daily conversant, where all things appear gay and polite. It has not been my custom to complain without a cause, neither do I love to grate my superiors with whining remonstrances: But it is my humble request, that the Ministers of the Divan would consider me, not as a drudge to a private man in Palermo, but as the indefatigable slave of the most opulent and liberal Monarch in the world.

In all these things, I contract myself into a most submissive resignation to thy will, who art the Vicerent of the Empire, founded on the rock of destiny; beseeching thee to protect me from the malice of whisperers, who envy me, because I serve the Sovereign of Sovereigns, Lord of the East, and of the West, and all that is between them.

May the Eternal Possessor of all Felicity cull out of his immense treasures, such blessings as thou most ardently desirest in this life; and, when he has led thee through all the apartments of human bliss on earth, may he translate thee to the palaces of Eden, the seats of an immarcescible life, where new sources of joy are opened without end.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XII.

To Murat Bassa.

THE floods have been so great, and those also congealed into ice, that there has been no travelling by some roads for these two Moons; which is the reason, we have been wanting in our usual advices from Germany, Piedmont, the Valto-line, and other parts.

Yet now the posts bring a glut of news to this city. Friburgh, a town in the parts of Saxony, is at this time besieged by Torstenson, General of the Swedish army. He invested it the eleventh of the first Moon. And people are amazed to hear that it has held out to this time, being a place of no great strength: Especially, considering how soon Leipfick surrendered to the same forces; a town well fortified, and stored with all things necessary to sustain a long siege. By this thou mayest observe, how much the fortune of war many times depends on one successful battle.

When Torstenson first lay down before Leipfick, it was generally believed, he would find a stout resistance from the inhabitants, and an inflexible resolution in the garrison, not to yield that important place: And perhaps they would not have been mistaken, had not the Imperialists (out of a generous design to relieve it, and raise the siege) hazarded a battle. The Archduke of Austria (whose name is Leopold) and Piccolomini, as soon as they received advice that the Swedish army had passed the Elbe, and entered into Misnia, took their directest way to stop their advance into those parts. But it had been better had they kept their quarters; for in one battle they lost all the glory which they had before acquired with their arms. Torstenson was already intrenched

intrenched before Leipfick, when his scouts brought him intelligence, that the Imperial army was near at hand. He immediately difpofes of his baggage in a fecure place, draws out his cannon, and having left a fufficient number of foldiers to guard the pofts of his camp, which were neareft the city, he marches directly toward the enemy, and poffeffes himfelf of a fpot of ground very agreeable to his occafions; it was called the Plain of Brittenfield. This place he defigned for the ftage, whereon to perform the part of a prudent and valiant General. For, as foon as he came in fight of the German vanguard, he caufed his army to retreat faintly, as though he had no intention to fight. The Germans purfue the retreating Swedes, till they were got into very narrow freights between two fteep mountains; not much unlike the Capi Dervent in Bulgaria (where the Heydukes, taking the advantage of the heights, commit great robberies on the caravans that travel through thofe freights, rolling huge ftones, or rather rocks, down upon the paffengers). Here the Swedes turned about, and falling behind their cannon, which Torftenson had caufed to be planted in thefe freights, played furiously on the Germans, while the mufqueteers, which he had ordered on the fides of the mountains, galled them from above, yet lay themfelves invifible under the covert of thickets, which grew on each fide of the freights. It was the left wing of the Imperialifts which was thus engaged, and Picolomini who commanded them, gave admirable proofs of an undaunted courage, appearing at the head of his furprized foldiers, and heartening them with words and actions full of bravery; but his labour was loft, for fix thoufand fled without drawing a fword. The Swedes purfued them through the freights, and re-entering the plain, engaged with the right wing of the Germans. The battle was fierce and bloody. General Picolomini did wonders, and many
brave

brave Germans signalized their valour ; but it seems as if the fate of Torstenson is to ruin the Empire : For while the battle was yet equal on both sides, and the victory doubtful ; while the ground was dyed with a mixture of German and Swedish blood, he falls into the main body of the Imperial army with a fresh reserve, which so animated the Swedes, and disordered their enemies, that at length the Germans, not able longer to sustain the shock, left their cannon, and retreated into a forest. Now followed a dreadful slaughter ; for the Swedish cavalry environed the chased Germans, whom Coningsmark had hunted out of the forest, and charged them with such fury, that they were most of them cut in pieces. The Germans lost four thousand men on the spot, and as many more in the pursuit.

I have sent thee in the inclosed paper, a list of all the officers of note which were slain in this battle, which is esteemed one of the most bloody that has been fought in Europe, between Christians on both sides, these two hundred years. Thou wilt there find above three hundred commanders, from whom a death, not inglorious, has taken their commissions.

The Germans also lost forty-six pieces of cannon, sixty-five standards, all their ammunition, an hundred and sixty carts, and six hundred waggons ; with all the treasury of the Archduke Leopold, and General Piccolomini.

This battle was fought on the first of the eleventh Moon, as we reckon ; but, according to the Christians account, on the twenty-first of the tenth Moon.

After this signal victory, General Torstenson shewed himself again before Leipfick, approached the walls, planted his batteries ; and though the besieged at first made shew of a firm resolution to defend the place, yet the terror which the late defeat of the German forces had struck them with,
soon

soon altered their counsels, and they surrendered upon honourable conditions.

In the mean time, General Piccolomini and the Archduke of Austria are retired into Bohemia. The German court is full of apprehensions, and new levies are every where making, to join the shattered remnants of the army. The affairs of the King of Hungary are at an ill pass, and all things look with a cloudy aspect on the Empire.

From the side of Italy we hear nothing of moment, but the Spaniards are taking such measures as may best repair the loss of Tortona: And to that end, the Duke of Milan is making all the preparations which are customary in such cases. It is said here, they intend to recover that place again.

May these quarrels of the Infidels continue, till the determinate time shall come, that our victorious armies shall subdue them to the Mussulman Empire.

Paris, 7th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

WHEN I sent thee word of the death of Cardinal Richlieu, I thought it the same thing as if I had presented thee with the head of one of the most dangerous enemies of the Ottoman Empire. That head, which, while the owner lived, was always plotting of mischief, had it not been diverted by nearer intrigues, would not have fail'd to put some horrid design in execution against the Sublime Porte, which, of all the thrones in the world, seems alone to o'ertop the grandeur of France.

But this court seems to play the Hydra; for no sooner is the head of one of her prime Ministers laid, but up springs another in the room of it, equal in vigour and subtilty. And we have still as much reason to apprehend the counsels of Cardinal Mazarini, as before we had to suspect those of Richlieu.

The generality of the people at first looked for another conduct in the King towards the creatures of the late Minister; since he himself, toward the latter end of his life, seem'd to subsist in the court rather through the necessity the King had of his counsels, than any motive of affection.

However, the King has exactly complied with the Cardinal's dying requests, in honouring several of his relations and friends with places of considerable trust. And 'tis to his last recommendation Cardinal Mazarini is obliged for the authority he now possesses. In using of which he discovers a refined policy, and a modesty which hath but few examples.

The many combinations and attempts against Cardinal Richlieu, and the King's coldness to him during the siege of Perpignan, sufficiently instructed Mazarini, that it was impossible to possess so eminent a charge, without drawing on him the envy and hatred of the Grandees. He considered also, that he was a stranger, whereas Richlieu was a native of France. Therefore he unites his interest with that of two great officers, who also courted the King's favour; the one is Superintendent of the Finances, the other, Secretary of State. These being longer acquainted with the nice transactions of the court, and the intrigues of the Grandees, do him no small service with their instructions, and likewise abate the popular spite, or, at least, share it with the Cardinal; since no body will be so partial, as to lay the blame of any miscarriage on him alone, who seems to do nothing without the direction of his two partners (for so he calls them, as if these three shared among them the authority of the defunct Cardinal.) This is a pure trick of Mazarini; and he serves himself of them as we use a ladder, designing by their means to mount by safer steps, and on their shoulders to lift himself unenvied to the helm of the State. Not but that he is actually invested with the primacy by the King; but he is willing to divert the storm which that will draw upon him from the nobles; therefore, he cunningly seems to decline it, pretending an earnest desire to withdraw into Italy; and, in the interim, has chosen these two for his colleagues. Thus he grasps with one hand, what with the other he seems to reject; and by his magnificent living, his obsequious court, and obliging carriage to all, he demonstrates, that if he should pass the Alps, his heart would be left behind him in France, and that he only aims to be established in the Ministry with universal applause.

It makes me smile sometimes, to see what pains he takes to entangle himself in infinite hazards and troubles,

troubles, as if he were of a constitution like that of a Salamander, which cannot live out of a fire.

The Great God increase the virtues and graces of the illustrious Kaimacham, and of all the Ministers that stand by the bright throne of justice, the seat of the Ottoman Empire.

Paris, 20th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XIV.

To the Venerable Mufti, Prince of the Interpreters of the Law, and Judges of Equity.

A CLOUD of sorrow o'erspreads the kingdom of France; their Sun is set; the mighty Lewis, for whom all Europe had been too narrow, had he lived, is now confined within the limits of a grave. He died at St. Germain yesterday, being the fourteenth of the fifth Moon; having left his Queen possess'd of the regency, and Cardinal Mazarini of the prime conduct of the state.

He was a Prince of great virtue, which with his successful conquests and victories procured him the envy of his neighbours. And some criticks among his own subjects, pretend to find many faults in his proceedings; as breach of royal promise to the Governor of Saumer, when he deliver'd him the keys of the town; to the Rochellers, in not razing Lewis's fort. Among foreigners, the Duke of Savoy, the Duke of Lorraine, and the German Emperor, charge him with breach of articles in his treaties. So does the King of Spain. And

all of them complain, that he alone has involv'd all Christendom in war and blood.

Every thing has two handles, and men are apt to take all things by the worst, especially in cases of this nature. It is difficult for a Sovereign Monarch to carry himself so evenly in peace or war, as to escape obloquy, especially if he be victorious. Losers must have leave to be peevish.

But I forget that I speak to him who can reveal the sentences of greatest Monarchs; before whose unerring tribunal all earthly dignities stand mute. Therefore, avoiding all impertinent glosses, I will only present thee with what is proper to be said without partiality in Lewis's vindication, being matter of fact, and leave the decision to thy sacred judgment.

Herein it will not be amiss to call to mind, how the Kings of Spain, and the whole house of Austria, have invaded and disturb'd the peace of Europe, from time to time, these many years.

The usurpation of Navarre by Ferdinand, King of Arragon, began the fatal jar, when he deposed John of Albert, and Catharine his Queen, though he himself had no other title to this kingdom, than what the swords of the Arragonians and Castilians gave him; being of Pyrrhus and Lysander's mind, who knew no other limits to their dominions, than what their enemies stout resistance set them; thus Navarre being adjacent to old Castile, Biscay, and Galicia, it became a prey to Spain. Add to this, his breach of royal word to Catherine de Medicis (Queen-mother of France) to Don Antonio the next heir of Portugal, the Duke of Savoy and Parma, and Catherine Dutchess of Braganza; that he would acquiesce to the chamber of Lisbon, in the case of succession to the country of Portugal; when, contrary to all law and justice, he invaded that kingdom unawares, making it a tributary province to the Spanish crown.

It has been the usual methods of politic and wise Princes, to check the torrent of their neighbours growing greatness, to lop the luxuriant branches of ill-gotten Empire; and had Henry IV. of France prolong'd his life, 'tis thought he would have conquer'd Navarre, and planted the flower-de-luces in Fontarabia and Pampelone. Who then can with justice tax Lewis XIII. for managing a war, which all the world expected of his father?

Moreover, the Spanish methods in conquering Mexico and Peru, two mighty Empires in America; their barbarous cruelty, their inhuman butchery of above twenty millions of their natives, when neither dignity, nor age, nor sex was spar'd, but all became a sacrifice to their insatiable avarice of gold, was a sufficient argument to incense all the Princes in the world against them.

I have no interest in France, any more than I should have in Spain, if I were there: I only plead for justice.

'Twas time for France to be alarm'd and stand upon her guard, when she saw her potent neighbour planting fresh alliances and interests, like batteries round about her. Had the danger only threatened from beyond the Pyrenean mountains, she might have waited their designs. But when she saw so many powers and states united in close leagues, and wholly subject to Spain, 'twas time to beat the drum, and carry the war from home; 'twas time to climb the Alps, and take a survey of Spanish Italy; for the kingdom of Naples, the Dutchy of Milan, and the island of Sicily, the Dukes of Mantua, Parma, and Urbino, the Princes of Massa and Piombino, with the free states of Geneva and Luca, did then all march under the banner of Spain. So that none but the great Duke of Tuscany, with the republic of Venice, were left to withstand his threatening arms. Who will now blame King Lewis, for drawing into his confederacy the Hollanders, Hessians, Grisons, and the Swedes?

How could he otherwise dissolve that formidable union aforeſaid?

Befides, the murders of Henry III. and Henry IV. the one kill'd at St. Clou, by James Clement, the other at Paris, by Ravillac, were ſo apparently hatch'd and committed by Spaniſh counſel and influence, that had Lewis, the late King, no other reaſons to ſtand upon his guard, and obſerve the motions of Spain, yet that were enough to juſtify his warlike preparations againſt that crown. For, beſides the motives of a juſt revenge, the common jealousies of ſtate muſt needs prompt him to do his utmoſt in prevention of Spaniſh intrigues.

Nor ought his matching with the Infanta to have given him any greater ſecurity; ſince, under the faireſt graſs, many times lurks the moſt venomous ſnake. What Spain could not do by open force, nor ſecret conſpiracy, ſhe hoped might be accompliſhed by this ſpecious marriage. And it was no ſmall ſtep towards it, that the numerous train of Spaniards, which came into France, with the Infanta, preſently ſcrewed themſelves into all offices and places of truſt both in church and ſtate; daily making parties and penſioners for Spain, till at length all France grew weary of them; ſo that the King was conſtrained to ſend them home again: elſe it is more than probable, that in a little time he might have ſeen this flouriſhing kingdom in a worſe condition than ever had been known before. He has already ſeen the bowels of France ript up by intefine broils, and weltring in its own blood; he has ſeen the Princes and nobles armed againſt him, debauching and alienating the allegiance of the French gentry, clergy, and commons, and covering their pernicious rebellion under the maſk of the Holy League. He has ſeen the Duke of Rohan leading up and down an army of twelve thouſand foot, and twelve hundred horſe, at the King of Spain's coſt; he himſelf, with his brother Soubize, being

being both Pensioners to the King of Spain, the one receiving fourteen, the other eight thousand crowns a year. In fine, he has seen the strongest cities and forts of Picardy, Normandy, and other provinces of France, plundered and pillaged by flying armies of Spaniards and Imperialists, even when he least dreamed of any such misfortune, being at the same time involved in civil wars with his own subjects. After all this, had he not reason to prevent the like mischiefs and incursions for the future, by transporting the war into his enemies countries, who had committed so many hostilities and ravages in his? It was certainly high time for France to rouze up her martial genius, and leave off her dreaming theory, when Spain was so busy with the Practick.

These are the arguments that may be alledged in vindication of the King of France's conduct towards Spain. And not much less is to be recriminated upon the Emperor of Germany, in seizing the dutchy of Cleves and Juliers, with many towns and bishopricks in the counties of Luxemburgh and Le Marc; as also, in the frontiers of Swisserland and Lorrain. His conquest of the Palatinate, with the chiefest cities, forts, and passes of the Grisons; his reducing the lives and liberties of that people to their last gasp and period, was a sufficient motive to the French King, to put a speedy check to this increasing grandeur of the house of Austria.

I leave the determination of these matters to thy sage wisdom, great Arbiter of Justice, and bowing my head to the dust, awfully retire.

Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XV.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary
of State.

THREE days ago, Lewis XIII. King of France and Navarre, was arrested by the King of Terrors, and forced to pay the grand debt to God and Nature; I will not say before it was due, but sooner than the accustomed time of payment, being not full forty-three years old.

Yet heaven was so indulgent, as not to suffer the grim messenger of fate to snatch him hence without a previous summons; his distemper being a lingering consumption, which gave him frequent intimations of his fading strength.

There are not wanting such as whisper, that he was hurried out of the world before his time, by some unnatural artifice. And the common sort say, that Mazarini's scarlet looks of a more sanguine hue, than it did four days ago.

The reason of this jealousy, I suppose, is grounded on the familiarity that has been observed between the now Queen-regent and the Cardinal; both also being strangers to the French blood; she a Spaniard, and he an Italian. I will not determine how far these reflections are justifiable, because I know it is impossible for persons in their circumstances to avoid the censure of busy prying minds, in such a juncture as this; yet some, who move in a sphere above the vulgar, cannot forget by whose instigation his royal father, Henry the Great, was sent out of the world.

The known familiar access which the Marquis Spinola gave to Ravallac at Brussels, the private entertainments between them a little before that murderer gave the fatal blow, together with more circumstances, amounted to more than a strong presumption with the French, that Spain was the principal author of that tragedy.

And the sudden exclamation of Francisco Corvini, an Italian astrologer, the night before the King was killed, made some men cast an eye of suspicion beyond the Alps. For he standing on the leads of his house in Florence, as though he were observing the stars, on a sudden stamped with his foot, and said, To-morrow the most potent Monarch of Europe will be killed. But some curious heads imagine he had his intelligence nearer hand than from the heavens, and that rather some of the great Italian stars had made him thus prophetic.

Hence by comparing these times with those, the present regency of a Spaniard, and superintendency of an Italian, creates a like suspicion in the French, concerning the death of Lewis XIII. who, tho' he died in his bed, yet might as well be murdered by a drug, as his father was by a knife.

These are the secret surmizes of cabals, not a little heightened by reflecting on the time of both their deaths; both dying in the same month, the same day of the month, and much about the same hour of the day.

Yet, notwithstanding these murmurs, when his body was opened, and his entrails taken out and searched, the physicians gave their sentence, that he died a natural death. His bowels are carried to St. Dennis, a town about three leagues from Paris, there to be buried; and his body is embalmed, in order to its sepulture in the same place; there being a magnificent church, where all the royal blood of France is commonly interr'd.

Yesterday I was in company with one of his physicians; and entring into discourse of the King's death (the common theme of all companies at present) he told us, That the King's wasting and death proceeded from the disproportion of his moisture to his heat, the latter being predominant in his constitution; so that not meeting with a sufficient check from natural humidity, it kindled constant fevers in his body, which never left him till he left the world.

He was a very devout man in his religion, and free from vice, at least to outward observation. A remarkable instance of his piety he gave in his youth; when entring a certain country village, the better sort of inhabitants offered to attend him with a canopy; he answered, I hear you have no church here, neither will I suffer a canopy of state to be borne over my head in that place where God hath not a consecrated roof to dwell under. (For these Nazarenes believe that God dwells in their temples.)

He was temperate to a miracle, in the midst of royal dainties; not suffering his palate to betray his virtue. He scorned those pleasures which debase the mind; and took more delight in the noise of drums and trumpets, and the roaring of cannon, than in the soft blandishments of love. He was adorned with many other virtues, which gained him the love of all, and more especially the favour of heaven. Yet, after all his victories, successes and triumphs, all that can now be said of him is, he is dead. Thus passes away the glory of the greatest Potentates.

God preserve our invincible Sultan, ever glorious, prosperous, renowned, and immortal.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVI.

To the Kaimacham.

I AM placed as an eccho in Paris, to remit to the Ottoman Porte, the sanctuary of the world, whatsoever makes a noise in Christendom. I have sent a dispatch to the Venerable Mufti, as also to the Principal Secretary of State, containing the news of the death of Lewis XIII. King of France and Navarre.

I need not repeat here what I have said to them; because I know they will communicate to thee my letters.

Yet suffer me to say something of this great Monarch, who, had his nature been more durable, would in all probability have exceeded all his royal progenitors, both in his conquests abroad, and his absolute sway at home: of which he gave an early presage, appearing at the head of armies, at those years when other Princes are but learning the rudiments of war in the academy.

When he was little more than twelve years of age, he began to discover his valour and conduct, in subduing the rebels of Poictou and Bretagne, leading an army against them in his own person.

Yet that success did not discourage others of his subjects from attempting fresh insurrections against him. Fate decreed that he should gather the laurels which composed his crown from amongst briars and thorns; his whole life being one continued series of war, either at home or abroad, and sometimes both.

But that which most exercised his patience was the frequent intestine broils and insurrections of his own subjects, of which he saw no less than ten during his reign, some of them headed and abetted by the Princes of the Blood: nay, as if heaven had cut him out for the toils of war, when all things else were in a posture of peace, his own mother, and Monsieur his brother, several times called him into the field, by taking up arms against him.

When victory had erected obelisks, and other monuments of honour to him in Italy and Spain, and had cut triumphal arches through the Alps and Pyrenean mountains for the conquerors return; when he had made the Rhine to flow with German blood, and had every where, both by sea and land, left token of his matchless fortune; coming to his own country, instead of trophies and honours to welcome home their sovereign, his ears were always grated with the unwelcome news of civil wars in his own kingdom.

Yet he that considers, need not wonder at these convulsions of the state of France, or any other kingdom so populous as that is. In the œconomy of the universe, tho' it be governed by an Eternal Providence, which cannot err, yet we see the elements at war with each other, and that perpetually; and out of this restless strife and quarrel arises that health and good constitution of the natural world. So is it in the political world; no kingdom or commonwealth can subsist without purgations of her peccant and superfluous humours; which war effects, as the most appropriate and natural remedy in such cases.

Neither had Lewis any great reason to be angry at these disorders, since, through his prudent management they furnished him both with the opportunity and means to reduce this kingdom to an entire obedience, which his predecessors could never

ver accomplish. Thus, they say, the palm, the more it is oppressed with weights, shoots up the higher.

Kingdoms and Empires, like natural bodies, have their proper time of growth; and the genius of each nation stimulates it with a strong desire and appetite of enlarging its dominions, which it never ceases to pursue, till it be arrived to the meridian and height of grandeur; though it be often interrupted and retarded in its course to maturity, by state fevers and other maladies.

Thus France, during the non-age of her growing state, felt various shocks and fits; often threatened with a dissolution by the high-wrought blood of potent factions. Yet, in her constitution, she had antidotes, as well as poison; and her wise Kings had skill to check and curb a popular disease. But none ever rooted out the cause, till this great Lewis took the cure in hand. He has awakened all the vital powers of state, and roused the very soul of government. 'Tis he alone has crushed the last head of that factious Hydra, which for so many reigns had exercised the arms of his royal ancestors.

Woulst thou know by what methods he has accomplished this great work; I tell thee in a word; by rigor and severity. He fleeced the rich Plebeians of their gold, and kept the poor in that condition, by continual taxes and impositions.

Yet he was a Prince of that admirable temper in his government, that he acquired the epithet of Just.

His Queen is now regent, according to the law of France, the Dauphin being but four years of age.

The Sovereign Arbiter of Fate grant to the glorious Sultan victory over all his enemies, that so these western nations, when their course is run, may

may be subdued to the sacred Empire of the True Believers.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVII.

To the Venerable Mufti, Successor of the Prophets and Messengers of God.

THY last letter has confirmed the effects of the former, and given me a fresh testimony of thy paternal affection and friendship. It is an evident sign that thou takest care of poor Mahmut, when, with an authority full of tenderness, thou reprovest his faults, without leaving him occasion to despair. Such reprehensions are a sovereign balm to a wounded spirit; and I hope, after an application sweetened with so much clemency, I shall never do any thing which may merit, or need the discipline requisite to a gangrene.

If I was negligent in performing the penance thou before enjoinedst me, I will now endeavour to make reparation. If the account I gave thee of the religion of these western parts was too superficial and brief, I will now enlarge, and present thee with the chief observations and remarks I have made during my residence here, and my captivity in Palermo.

I need not acquaint thee with that which causes the greatest rupture between the Roman and Greek churches; Cyril the Patriarch has said enough to thee on that subject. Thou knowest, that the grand quarrel between them is about the supremacy which the Roman Prelate claims over all the churches
in

in the world, by a divine right. But neither Cyril, nor the Friars of Jerusalem, with whom he contested, would inform thee, that this supremacy, wherever it resides, is only founded in right of the Empire. They would make thee believe that the Christian Bishops were, from the beginning, Sovereigns, established by God, Princes independent of the Imperial Scepter; concealing, that the first founders of their pretended monarchy were poor fishermen, who never dreamed of such a grandeur, as their successors were afterwards invested with, by the liberality of the Roman and Grecian Emperors. It would be a reproach to themselves, if they should let thee know, how holy and harmless were the first Patriarchs of Byzantium and Rome, who refused the honours and dignities of the world, and were only ambitious of excelling one another in virtue and a pious life. Their very addresses to thee are a contradiction to the examples of their predecessors, each party offering treasures of gold, thinking to bribe the incorruptible judge with the glittering dirt. Assuredly the seeds of an irreconcilable discord are sown in these Infidels; they are settled upon the lees of error, till the day of judgment.

As to the state of controversy between them, it is certain, that while Rome was the capital seat of the Empire, the Roman bishops had the superiority granted them; but when the imperial residence was translated from thence to Byzantium by Constantine the Great, (from whom it derives the name it now bears of Constantinople) then the Ecclesiastical Supremacy was also transferred to the Patriarch of that city, who enjoys it to this day, through the favour of our munificent Sultans, who succeed the ancient Emperors of Greece. This superlative power the Popes of Rome would not recognize in any other but themselves, being loth to part with the authority they once possessed; whence
proceeded

proceeded the schism between the two churches of the east and west. And while the Patriarchs of the Grecians shelter'd their new-acquired honour under the protection of the Emperors, the Popes, partly by artifice, and partly by force, made themselves Lords of Rome, and the adjacent territories, taking the advantage of the absence of the Emperors, the pusillanimity of the Senators, and discord of the citizens. Supported with this princely estate, they excommunicated all the churches which did not submit to them, as the Sovereign Prelates of the christian world; publishing severe edicts against the Greek Church, and doing every thing that might confirm the world in the belief of their authority and grandeur. The Potentates of Europe, frighten'd with the thunder which the Roman Pontiffs used, and induced by other reasons, did homage to them, acknowledging their sovereign jurisdiction in the west. In this state they have continued ever since, without yielding in any thing to the Patriarch of Constantinople.

There have been great endeavours used on both sides, to gain their respective ends; and several general councils were called, that is, an assembly of the chief bishops and doctors of both churches, to examine and decide the difference. And sometimes the fathers of the Greek church have subscribed a submission to the Pope; but, as soon as they returned home, they have recanted, and the breach been render'd as wide as ever. They accuse the Romans of partiality, and say, that the councils were pack'd; yet both parties seem to give an extraordinary deference to those general councils, believing that the Holy Ghost is there present, and guides them into all truth. The councils, which they esteem infallible, have contradicted each other; this repealing what that had decreed, and a third disannulling that repeal. The councils believe themselves above the Pope, and the

the Pope exalts himself above the councils. Sometimes they have had two or three Popes together, all claiming that which can be the right but of one. In fine, they have involved themselves in such a labyrinth of disputes and cavils, and are entangled in such a circle of absurdities, that the soberer part of Christians begin to question the authority both of Popes and councils: insomuch, as it being generally known that the last assembly of this kind was manifestly overruled by the agents of the court of Rome, people spared not to pass this jest on it, and say, That the Holy Ghost was sent from Rome to the council of Trent in a cloakbag; intimating thereby, the many instructions and advices which were continually transmitted from Rome by the post, to the Fathers sitting in that council, whereby all things were determined according to the Pope's pleasure, and to the advantage of the Roman court.

'Tis certain, the Christians now-a-days have abated much of that blind obedience which they formerly paid to the Roman Pontiff: they begin to see with their own eyes, and not with those of their priests. There was a time when many Kings were made to hold their crowns in fee of the Roman Prelates, who pretended a right to dispose of all the kingdoms and empires of the earth, as Vicar of God. But the Kings of England, Swedeland, and Denmark, with some Princes of the German Empires, and the States of Holland, have taught others the way to stand upon their guard; so that though the Emperor of Germany, Kings of France, Spain and Holland, with the Princes of Italy, profess an obedience to the Holy Father, yet 'tis rather out of a maxim of policy, than any real persuasion of religion.

The Spaniards seem the most superstitiously devoted to the see of Rome; yet they will not endure the excommunication, which the Pope pronounces
against

against their King, above the space of one day. It seems upon some old difference between them, it is usual for the Holy Father to excommunicate this sovereign once a year, that is, on the Thursday before Easter, which is the same as our feast of Beiram. Now, as I am told, the Spanish Ambassador next day presents the Pope with a gennet, or horse, upon which the censure is taken off. This is an ecclesiastick juggle; and the court of Rome use a great deal of such holy legerdemain, to keep the sons of the church in their obedience.

The French church, though in all things agreeing, and professing an entire obedience to the Roman, yet claims to herself some immunities and privileges, which the court of Rome is very loth to grant. Hence it comes to pass, that there arise frequent contests between the Popes and the Kings of France, which are generally accommodated to the advantage of the latter; the Pope not being willing to try the force of **THE LAST REASON OF KINGS**: this is a motto engraven on the French King's cannon, which he has threatened to carry to the walls of Rome, if the Pope should intrench on the Gallican rights.

But though they thus disagree in some niceties of state, yet they, and all the rest of the nations within the Roman communion, have but one form of divine service, which they call the Mass, and it is the same with the Grecian liturgy. On festival days it is solemnized with variety of choice musick and singing; with innumerable wax-tapers burning at noon-day. I have seen, at such a time, sixteen Priests before the altar, all vested in most costly silks, embroider'd with gold and pearls.

They have also many chapels and altars in the same church, and sometimes they celebrate Mass on all the altars together; differing herein from those of the Greek communion, who have but one altar in a temple: for which they plead antiquity, it never
having

having been known that the primitive Christians had any more. On the other side, the Romans plead conveniency for the multitude of their altars; that the Pope has a power to dispense with the ancient rites and traditions in such cases; and that nothing was more reasonable than that their altars should be multiplied, as the number of their Profelytes and Priests increas'd.

I will not pretend to decide this controversy: permit me only to say, that the faithful Mussulmans have more reason to require several preachers at the same time in our magnificent Mosques, where it is impossible for all the auditors in so vast an assembly, to hear and understand the law expounded by one man, though it be performed in the vulgar tongue; whereas their service is celebrated in a language whereof the multitude are utterly ignorant. It matters not much whether they are near a Priest at the altar, or afar off, since they understand not a word he says; and the Grecians judge it sufficient to be present at this their daily sacrifice, though it be at the very porch of the temple.

Another difference there is also between these two churches: the Roman allows not a married Priest, unless in some extraordinary cases, and then the Pope's dispensation must be procured. But concubinage is connived at, though forbidden by the canons of the church: whereas thou knowest that all the Grecian Papas marry, and get children.

The Spaniards, among all the nations within the Roman pale, are reckoned the best Catholics, but the worst Christians; the French are said to be the best Christians, but the worst Catholics; and the Italians are accounted neither Catholics nor Christians.

I know

I know not what reason they have to state the difference so between the two former; but the character of the latter suits in one respect with the usual proverb of that country; it being common in the mouths of Italian gallants, to say, He that is a Christian, is a fool.

The devouter sort of Catholicks pay a great reverence and devotion to the relicks of their saints. I could not reprehend them for this, if I were sure of two things, that all those whom they esteem as saints, were really such; and that all the relicks they keep with so much veneration in their churches, did really appertain to the persons under whose names they go: for then it would be no more than what the True Believers practise throughout the world; and it is well known, that when a piece of the garment of our Holy Prophet was dipp'd in the water which they cast on the flames of Constantinople, the fire immediately ceased, to which before no stop could be given by all the industry and endeavours of men. Assuredly, the bodies of the prophets and messengers of God are holy, and have a power of sanctifying whatever they touch, producing often miraculous effects; but the avarice of men may abuse this truth to their own private ends; and the Christians themselves will not believe all to be true relicks of saints, which their crafty Priests shew for such.

There are innumerable other sects of Christians, which are neither in communion with the Roman nor the Grecian churches; but, accusing them of idolatry, separate themselves from their society, and form distinct congregations. These are not known in France, saving only the Hugonots, otherwise called Protestants: which last is a term comprehending all that have revolted from the Roman church, and was first assumed by the Lutherans, at Augsburgh in Germany.

In England and Holland there are abundance of these sects, some of them newly sprung up, others of longer date. And all thus far agree with the Mussulmans, that they use not pictures or images in their temples; so that were they rightly instructed in the holy Alcoran, it would not be a thing altogether impracticable, to persuade them to circumcision. There is a sect which they call Socinians, who seem to preach out of the very book of glory, denying the divinity of Jesus, the son of Mary, the Christian Messias; even as our Divine Lawgiver does in several chapters and verses of the Alcoran.

The Christian Church seems to be a stately building, whereof prelacy is the corner-stone; if this were removed, all would fall to the ground. That which they call the hierarchy, if it could once be dissolved or pulled down, we should soon see all Christendom laid in ruins. This hierarchy is a gradual subordination of Archbishops, Bishops, and Priests; the inferior depending on the superior, and all deriving their orders and dignities from their chief Patriarchs. These are the links which compose that chain that fastens Christendom together; were this but once broke, the united interest of Europe would soon fall into pieces. The way must be, by beginning at the lowermost link. Could but the Priests be rendered independent on the Bishops, and on each other, it would be a fair step towards dismantling of the outworks, these Priests drawing infinite numbers of people after them; as it is apparent in Geneva, Holland, Swisserland, and other places, where they have quite abolished the order and authority of Bishop: and it is observable that none of these forementioned countries, since that time, have ever been instrumental in opposing the victorious arms of the Ottoman Empire: as if, with the downfall of Episcopacy, the charm were dissipated, which had for some ages precipitated these nations (among others) to a rash
and

and obstinate resistance of that force, which is destin'd by fate to conquer and reform the world.

Weigh this thought well, and thou wilt find that the order of Bishops is essential and necessary to the good estate of Christendom; and that the only way for the Mussulmans to undermine all Europe, will be to supplant this order, and introduce an ecclesiastick independency among the Priests; by which means every one shall assume to himself, not only his proper fragment of the torn dignity, but the whole fundamental power of a Bishop; taking upon him to do those offices, which before it was not accounted lawful for any but a mitred head to perform. Hence, in time, will follow innumerable inconveniences, distastes and broils; and perhaps as many schisms, as there are particular Priests to head them: since every one will be apt to think himself capable of dictating to all the rest, and judge it below him to receive the law from any. Thus will there be a clear stage for ambition, avarice, and lust to act their parts on: and when, by the craft of designing men, and superstition of bigots, and the easiness of the credulous, the greatest part shall be so divided, that it will be difficult to find two men of the same mind in articles of faith; it will then be easy, either by thy intelligible reasons in the Alcoran, or the more cogent arguments of the sword, to plant the true and undefiled faith in these countries. The Creator of all things hasten his Holy Prophet's return, that all nations may embrace his law, assert his unity, and be incorporated into the glorious Empire of the Osmans.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Kaimacham.

SINCE the death of King Lewis, all mens eyes and hearts are fixed upon the Dauphin; who, tho' he is very young, yet he is a Prince of a forward genius and promising aspect, giving signal proofs of a martial spirit.

One day, seeing the guards, as they were exercising their arms, he discover'd an extraordinary complacency, and said to those that stood by, I had rather be a soldier than a King; imagining from the softness he is accusom'd to in these infant years, that the life of a soldier is incompatible with that of a King.

Since that time, he harasses his tutor and attendants with perpetual tattle about guns and swords. And Cardinal Mazarini, not to baffle or check such generous inclinations, has culled out a companion for him, agreeable in temper, only a year or two older.

These young sons of Mars bestow their time partly in shooting with little harmless engines, made on purpose for the Dauphin's recreation, in imitation of guns; sometimes with bows and arrows; at other times they fence, with files adapted to their tender arms and childish skill. In these kind of exercises the Dauphin grows a great proficient; and it is look'd upon as an omen of his future warlike deeds.

A Spanish astrologer has calculated his nativity, he prophesies strange things of this young Prince; as, that he shall excel all his royal ancestors in feats of arms; that he shall make the crown of France Imperial, having subdued Spain, Italy, and Germany; that he shall shake the Ottoman Empire,
but

but in the end shall be deposed by his own subjects.

I know not what credit may be given to the professors of this science, in regard the ancient rules of astrology, on which the Chaldeans and other eastern sages grounded their predictions, are now either wholly lost, or so corrupted and obscured by the comments and glosses of latter authors, that there are hardly any footsteps of the original maxims to be traced. Yet, without troubling astrologers, prophets, or wizards, one may presage from the natural genius of the Dauphin, that when he comes to feel his strength, he will not be idle, but follow his father's steps, who, before he was thirteen years of age, appeared at the head of armies.

The Omnipotent guard our glorious Sultan, and the Empire established by his own hands; and may his blessing descend on the royal offspring; that the young Sultan Mahomet may perform greater things, than are prophesied of the French Dauphin.

Paris, 6th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XIX.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Porte.

I Remember, I promised to send thee farther advices of the war between Spain and Portugal, since the late revolution in those parts.

The island of Tercera was the only place that held out against the new King, when all others, with expressions of extraordinary joy for their deliverance from the Castilian yoke, submitted to, and acknowledged D. Juan de Braganza, as the lawful heir of that crown.

The resistance which the Governor of this island made, obliged the King to send thither a certain number of ships of war, to block up the place, and hinder the importation of any provisions. And this course proved successful; for, though the Spaniards attempted several times to relieve it, yet these vessels were either taken by the Portuguese fleet, or sent back again, without doing their errand. So that, at length, Don Alvaro de Viveiros, the Governor, finding himself reduced to great straits for want of necessaries, without any hopes of being relieved, was forced to capitulate and surrender.

The new King has made an alliance with the Swedes, which is of no small advantage to him; having thereby established a commerce with the country, and furnishing himself from thence with powder, horses, arms, and all other provisions of war.

He has also made a treaty with the Hollanders, but not with so good success as the former. Thou hast heard what possessions the Kings of Spain and Portugal have acquired in America, they being the

first discoverers of that New World. It happened that about the time of the late revolution in Portugal, the Hollanders of Brazil took from the Portuguese the towns of Angola, St. Thomas, Maragnon, and other places belonging to D. Juan de Braganza, in those parts. The knowledge of this coming to the Portuguese court, caused the King to send his Ambassador, to demand of the States, the reason of this breach. They answer, It was done before the news of the revolution had reached the West Indies. This, with some acts of hostility in the Oriental parts, has lessened the good understanding which was between them.

In the mean time, the spight and hatred of the Castilians increased daily, much blood was spilt on the frontiers of Portugal, which obliged D. Juan to establish six places of strength, quartering in them an army of thirty thousand men. The Spaniards, to oppose their forces, had likewise four or five armies in Castile. There were many skirmishes and encounters, stratagems and ambuscades on both sides; and it was hard to determine who had got the advantage, till Fortune seemed to favour the cause of the Portuguese.

They had a valiant and expert commander, who was Governor of one of their frontier Provinces: His name is, Fernand Telles de Menezes. This hero, animated by the justice of his cause, and spurred on by the natural ardour of his spirit, pierced into the bowels of Old Castile, took the towns of St. Martin and Egles, demolishing the castle belonging to the latter, which also commanded all the country thereabouts, and, being encountered by two thousand five hundred Spaniards, he fell upon them, and cut them all to pieces. He also rendered himself master of a strong place called Valverde, which he stored with all sorts of ammunition, and left a Portuguese garrison in it.

They

They were no less victorious in another province, from whence the Portuguese armies rushed into the adjacent territories of Spain, taking the towns of Aroches, Villar de Rey, Codicere, Anzinasola, and other places of note, without any resistance, save that of a few Castilian troops, most of which they took prisoners, with a booty of three hundred Spanish gennets. After this, they took Chelles by storm, one of the most considerable towns in that part of Spain. Nor was the King of Portugal only thus successful near home, but his affairs prospered also abroad. The Kings of Goa and Maroc sought his alliance, with other Princes in the East Indies; and, in general, all the potentates in Christendom, excepting only Spain, made friendship with D. Juan de Braganza, and espoused his interests.

There has been a general assembly of all the estates of Portugal; wherein the people have testified their joy and satisfaction of their new King, by offering him, together with their lives, the disposal of their fortunes, to be employed for the service of the crown, and the release of his royal brother Don Duartus, of whom I formerly made mention in one of my letters.

Thou wilt not perhaps think me troublesome, if I relate to thee how the Spaniards used the unfortunate Prince after they had imprisoned him: Neither is it altogether impertinent, to let thee see, how spiteful this nation is in their revenge, and how cruel in the execution of their resentment.

After Don Duartus was delivered into the hands of the Marquis Castel Codrigo, the Spaniards gave him not the entertainment and respect due to a Prince, but used him like a slave or a malefactor, causing him to be lodged in a mean dark chamber, his hands to be chained every night, his robes to be taken from him, none of his domesticks suffered to come near him, and doing all the indignities to him that their malice could suggest, as proper means

to render his imprisonment intolerable, and his life a burden. If thou askest me for what crime it was they thus punished him, I can tell thee of none, unless it were one to be so nearly related to the King of Portugal.

But this is not the only example of the Spanish cruelty; they executed their revenge on the poor unarmed peasants in the field; the Duke de Alva causing three hundred Portuguese husbandmen, as they were labouring in their vineyards, to be murdered in cold blood, sacrificing them, as he said, to the ghosts of the slaughtered Castilians. And it was attributed to their underhand insinuations, that four Portuguese Ambassadors, with three and fifty of their train, were barbarously put to death by the Japanese, against the law of Nature, and the sanction of all nations. Such violences have never been practised in the Ottoman Empire; the Sanctuary of the Earth, has not been profaned by an injustice of so deep a dye.

There has been lately discovered a second conspiracy against Don Juan de Braganza, wherein were concerned Don Joseph de Menezes, Governor of St. Julian, the most important fortress of all the kingdom, and Don Francisco de Lucena, Secretary of State. These held a private correspondence with the Duke de Olivarez; and it was agreed between them, that the Governor of Badajox, a subject of the King of Spain, should be put in possession of St. Julian's Fort, which is the very key of Lisbon, and that other places of strength should be delivered up to such Spanish officers as Olivarez appointed. But a letter which was sent from Don Juan de Garay, Governor of Badajox, to the Governor of St. Lucy's Fort in Portugal, being by mistake carried to the hands of the Count d'Obidos, a Portuguese General, and a faithful friend to the King, discovered the intrigue, and the traitors were seized and brought to condign punishment.

I cannot

I cannot at present fend thee any more news of the Portuguese affairs. God grant thee a long and happy life in the favour of the Grand Signior.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU wilt wonder when I tell thee I am melancholy for want of solitude. That which administers occasion of sadness to others, is the only cure of my grief. Yet this will not seem a paradox, when thou considerest, that conversation is the air of the soul, and that he who values the health and ease of his mind, ought to chuse such an element for it to breathe in, as is pure and serene, which is very difficult to find in any society. This is the reason that I never think myself more alone, then when I am confined to some kind of company.

Thou hast observed, that most men will engross all the talk to themselves; this is very irksome. Yet, I should not grudge them the monopoly, were their discourse pertinent and agreeable; but, to be forced to hearken to all their empty tattle of hawks and hounds, garbs and fashions, with an endless jargon of things less to the purpose than the former, which will keep their tongues employed sometimes two or three hours together; renders their converse more troublesome, than that of the spark who picked up Horace in the streets of Rome.

Others are of a quite contrary humour; and thou mayest as soon get a word from the Musti, as

from them. They sit like statues, as if they emulated the character of Griuli Eben Sagan, one of the Vizirs of the Bench, who, in ten years that he had sat in the Divan, was never observed to speak a syllable.

Yet, this sort is more tolerable than the other, who, with their everlasting chat, rock the company asleep, and take from them the very-power of thinking.

However, I prefer the retirement of my chamber to both these inconveniencies. There I can enter into myself, and by retreating from all commerce with my senses, I find a private back-way to converse with the whole Universe. Think not this a chimera, or that Mahmut pretends to extraordinary illuminations; it is nothing but what every man may experience, who will but take the pains to be thoroughly acquainted with himself. If he can but gain a familiar access to the inward apartments of his own breast, he will soon find a postern there, which will readily open, and let him into the most retired closets of Nature: From thence he may sally forth, and take a better survey of the world, than he can by his eyes. Here he will behold all things undisguised, and in their true quantities and qualities. And, which is more admirable, he will be able, without the help of opticks, to see himself enjoying this felicity, and to know that he sees it, which is a sufficient conviction that he is not in a dream.

Wouldest thou improve thy knowledge, affect not a multitude of books; there are but few worth the reading. What is the whole creation but one great library? Every volume in which, and every page in those volumes, are impressed with radiant characters of infinite wisdom: And all the perfections of the Universe are contracted with such inimitable art in man, that he needs no other book but himself, to make him a complete Philosopher. Thou wilt

wilt say, That this requires too great an abstractedness of mind, and is very painful. I tell thee, my dear friend, I am extremely subject to melancholy; whose effect, thou knowest is to render one very thoughtful, and those thoughts rack the soul with intolerable anguish. Yet I do not fly from them, as generally men are accustomed; neither do I seek to drown them in wine, or chase them away with any sociable divertisements. My usual way is, to bid them battle, oppose thoughts against thoughts; and with the dint of reason, to subdue this peevish humour. To this end, I hunt up and down for my enemy, and rummage every corner of my soul, pursuing the cause of my sadness, with such arguments as these: Why should I be melancholy, who possess nothing that I fear to lose, and yet enjoy all that I could wish for, were I without what I now possess? I am a Mussulman, and therefore, under the protection of God: I serve his Vicegerent, the Grand Signior, faithfully, and find acceptance with the Bassas of the Porte: I am in France, yet cannot call it a foreign country, since innocence and virtue naturalize a man in all parts of the world. I cannot say I am unfortunate, so long as I have no vice for which I need either to blush or grow pale. If I am slandered, this ought to be an occasion of joy, since it ranks me with men of the greatest merit, who could never escape the calumnies of the envious. And I have reason to triumph, in that I find no inclination to revenge myself, but rather to pity my traducers. If any man should play the Satirist with my deformity, and rudely descant on my ugly countenance, or the disproportion of my limbs, there is no more reason to be grieved at this, than to be affronted at the wind for blowing off my hat, or the rain for wetting my clothes, or a dog for barking at me as I go along the streets, the one being as natural as the other.

Thus I argue with myself, dear Oglou, when assaulted with melancholy; these are the remedies which I apply to that black distemper of the mind: And sometimes I go farther, if these will do no good: I then ask myself, Whether it be the fear of death that thus perplexes me? And here begins my cure, this kindles the brightest spark of reason, which in a moment disperses all the mist. The dismal pageantry of chimeras vanishes, and all the tragic pomp of grief straight disappears. Not that I would have thee think that I am fond of dying, but I consider death as the unavoidable fate of all men; and that therefore it is reasonable to be cheerful, since that which no man can escape, will, one time or other, release me and every man from the miseries of this life. This thought recovers me from the worst effects of melancholy; and, I believe, the damned themselves would sometimes be in a good humour, if they had but the least glimpse of hopes that they should one day be delivered from their torments. For whatsoever sorts of men there are in this life, I cannot think 'there be any Stoicks 'in hell.'

And now I have entertained thee with company and solitude, with books and men, with life and death, with earth and hell; let us take one step farther, and refresh ourselves with the remembrance of heaven, the joys of the Blessed in Paradise; which certainly, is the best relief of anxious thoughts, the most perfect cure of melancholy, the guide of life, and the comfort of death.

God grant, that thou and I may see each other, and drink together in the arbours of Eden, and kiss the daughters of Paradise.

Paris, 14th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXI.

To the Tefterdar, or Lord Treasurer.

KINGDOMS and Empires (like men) have their lucky and unlucky seasons. Spain seems for a considerable time to have been under a cloud, as if her Guardian Fate began to droop, and were not strong enough to check the rising grandeur of France.

It has been an old observation, 'That those whom God consigns over to ruin, he first infatuates.' It was a grand oversight in Don Francisco de Melo, to constitute the Duke of Albuquerque, General of his Horse: For he thereby so disgusted the Spanish officers in his army, that emulating the honour of this young Portuguese, the greatest part of them deserted in the very nick of time, when their presence was most necessary to confirm the battalions, already shrinking from the furious onset of the French.

This gave the young Duke of Anguien an intire victory, and has crowned him with glorious laurels, while Don Francisco de Melo, by this ill conduct, has quite lost his reputation, and is forced to resign up his commission to another.

This battle was fought before Rocroy, and may be reckoned as a parallel with that bloody battle of Leipsick, between the Imperialists and Swedes, on the seventh of the ninth moon, of the year 1631. A day which was remarkable at Constantinople, on the account of that terrible lightning, which surprized the late Sultan Amurath in his bed. Many other extraordinary events signalized this day in England, France, and Germany, and other places;

which occasioned the great Astrologer Herlicius, to call it 'A day of blood.'

Such another was this unfortunate day to the Spaniards, at the forementioned battle of Rocroy; where they lost an infinite number of men, with all their field pieces, and an hundred and fifty colours.

He that created the moon and the consultations in Heaven, to distinguish the times and seasons, guard thee from the influence of malignant stars, and from the destroyer, who ranges the world on certain critical days.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXII.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Porte.

IT is time, it is high time, most sage Minister, for the Ottoman sword, the sword of justice, to be unsheathed, not against an open enemy, but against its professed friends and subjects. The head of the Bassa of Cyprus, is become a burden to him, as likewise those of Mitylene, Sio, and Lemnos. They plot mischief against the throne that is established in equity; they are ungrateful to their Sovereign, who hath exalted them; they are become unworthy of the honours with which they are dignified.

I could hardly believe the first reports of this treason, till I was, at length, fully convinced by undeniable testimonies, that it was too true.

Yet,

Yet, it is a secret even in the French court. I alone have discovered this mystery, by the means of a Jew and a Grecian, both my agents in those parts, and men whom I can confide in.

The business is this. The Bassas and Governors of the isles beforementioned, have conspired together, to divide themselves from the body of the Ottoman Empire, and to make the islands of the *Ægean* sea, a commonwealth independent on the throne which governs the world. The Bassa of Cyprus is the ringleader of this conspiracy, and that island is to be the capital seat of their new Republick.

The Governors of the five greater isles, are to be called, The Sovereign Counsellors of State. By these all the affairs of Archipelago are to be managed. Only the Bassa of Cyprus shall be Supreme, and have the casting voice in all cases of dispute.

The enclosed papers contain the perfect model of their new government, the articles and propositions on which this rebellious-designed commonwealth is to be built, with the names of the chiefest conspirators subscribed.

Permit me, sage Minister, to set before thy eyes the occasions of these treacherous designs.

It has been the custom of the Porte, to connive for a considerable time, at the oppressions, rapines, and exactions of the Bassas and Governors of Provinces; to suffer them to harass the people under their jurisdiction; to pillage and spoil them of their monies, goods and estates, till they have amassed together vast sums of money: And then it has been as usual for the Sultan, upon the least complaint, to send the bowstring, to the criminal Bassa.

Whatever may be pleaded in defence of this method, in former times, my opinion is, that it may prove dangerous now. And, if I may be permitted to speak freely, I have reason to think, that

this was one ground of the designed treason in the isles of the *Ægean* sea.

Formerly, those who were removed to these commands, were not so well versed in the maxims of policy, nor so apprehensive of the cabinet secrets of state. But now the age is refined, men are more subtle, jealous, and selfish than they were; nature teaches all men to preserve their lives with utmost diligence.

The Bassa of Cyprus, who is the ringleader of this conspiracy, has been let alone in a long course of tyranny and oppression over his subjects; by which means, he has heaped to himself prodigious treasure. His guilty mind told him, that complaints would be made against him, and that one time or other he must be strangled. He knew that his gold would be better thought to become the Sultan's Seraglio than his own; and that he had been long enough in his office, to serve the politick ends of state.

Revolving those things in his mind, he quickly concluded, That the crimes he had been guilty of in his government, would draw upon him inevitable ruin, unless he prevented it, by committing greater. And that, as oppression of his subjects had made him rich, so treason against his Sovereign must make him safe. He communicates his thoughts to some of his trusty friends and confidants. They encourage him to proceed, representing to him the natural strength of the island, seconded by abundance of strong forts and castles: That the soldiers might easily be won to his party by money, and the inhabitants might be pacified by some publick restitutions, and other acts of indulgence.

Thus was the foundation laid of this formidable treason, which soon gathered strength by the accession of more conspirators, till at length all the isles aforesaid were engaged in the disloyal league.

I will

I will not presume to dictate what is to be done in this case. I leave that to thy oraculous sentence. But permit me to suggest my thoughts of a proper means to prevent the like miscarriages for the future; and this is, by executing timely and impartially justice. It seems to me, not only a reflection on the justice of the imperial sword, but also on the politics of the royal cabinet, to suffer a Bassa to grow rich by oppression of the people under his command. For when he has thus plundered his subjects to fill his own coffers, he has armed himself with the sinews and nerves of rebellion; money being that which gives life and motion to all great and bold undertakings.

Therefore, it will be better, not to countenance the least oppression in these great men, whereby they may at once be tempted, through the consciousness of their crimes, and strengthened by their ill-gotten wealth, to rebel against their lawful Sovereign. Let Aleppo, Sidon, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoly, be precedents of this kind. By justice the throne is best and most securely established; nothing unjust and violent is permanent.

God overthrow the devices of these traitors, and crown our glorious Sultan.

Paris, 26th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXIII.

To Chiurgi Muhammet, Bassa.

I Have been in this city very near six years, and it will be expected, that in all this time I have made some profitable remarks, on the nature of the French, the intrigues of the court, the policy of the state, the discipline of their armies, and the strength of the kingdom.

Some observations I have already communicated to the Ministers of the Divan, and to others of my friends at the Sublime Porte. All my letters are made common to the 'happy slaves of him who rules the world.' Thou hast heard of the death of a potent King, a great Queen, and a mighty favourite: Now let us change the scene, and pass from the melancholy themes of death, the unavoidable fate of mortals, to the sprightly joys of life, the blooming years of an infant King, who takes an early leap from his cradle to a throne. Thou wilt not expect I should speak much of him, who as yet can say but little of himself. However, in passing by this little great one, it would be ill manners not to pay him a salute or congè; who, though young, seems no novice in punctilios of courtship, as appears by his address to the Bishop who baptized him; (if thou knowest not what that means, it is the first ceremony whereby they are made Christians, and it answers to our circumcision.) As soon as the mystery was performed, this young Prince, with an assured countenance, and becoming gravity, spoke thus to the Prelate: 'My father, I humbly thank you, and shall be eternally obliged to you: My parents gave me only an earthly crown, but you have made me heir of the kingdom of heaven.'

There

There were present the Queen, the Princess of Conde, Cardinal Mazarini, with divers other persons of quality. The whole assembly were astonished at the child's expression, (being but about four years of age) taking it for an omen of his future piety, and extraordinary actions. He discovers a prompt wit in all his discourse, using but few words, and those very apposite. His whole deportment is graceful, and surprizingly regular; attended with a discretion, which is not looked for, but from those of riper years. In fine, Nature seems to have fitted him for the Empire to which he is born.

In the mean time, as if Infant Governors were now become fashionable, there are several made Bishops and Abbots, while they are yet in the cradle. This the inferior Clergy stomach, and the Laity grumble, saying, That there are like to be good times in France, when those who are filed, The Fathers of the Church, are babies. This is Cardinal Mazarini's policy, to fasten the nobility to the interests of the crown, by thus honouring their children with the principal dignities of the church. And thou wilt say, he is a wise man in so doing, when thou considerest, how great a share the Bishops and other Ecclesiasticks have in the wealth of the land. And that he could not do the King a better service, than by disposing of these preferments, to such as would not only thereby be obliged to loyalty themselves, but would also link the families to which they belong to the royal cause.

Thou wilt better comprehend the policy of this Minister, in thus endeavouring to secure the dignified Clergy, when thou weighest their strength and considerest their numbers.

There are in France 12 Archbishopricks, 104 Bishopricks; Convents of the greater Order 540, Convents of the lesser Order 12,320, Abbies 1,450, Nunneries

Nunneries 67, 708 Friaries, 259 Seminaries of the Order of the Knights of Malta, 27,400 Parish Churches, Hospitals 540, private Chapels or Oratories 9,000. To fill all these, they reckon 226,000 Religious or Dervises, besides 130,000 Parish Priests.

It has been usual, to take an estimate of the glory and riches of a Prince from the number of his people; but I would not have thee think the French King the wealthier for this prodigious number of devotees; the greatest part of which he has more reason to look upon as an army of enemies, than subjects. Indeed, the interest of the Archbishops, Bishops, and Parish Priests, is twisted with that of the crown; but the Monks and Friars are the creatures of the Pope; and all of them together are not maintained with less costs, than the fourth part of the revenues of France, out of which, in former times, there went yearly a million of crowns to the court of Rome.

I cannot perceive wherein consists the policy of cherishing so many nests of spiritual leeches, who suck the very blood and vitals of the nation: One would think it were sufficiently drained by the royal customs, taxes, and imposts.

These Kings have monopolized all the salt of the kingdoms into their own hands, which they compel their subjects to buy of them at their own rates. To this end, they have officers in all parts, who vend it for them. It looks as if they took care to preserve their subjects from corruption, and were afraid, lest they should putrify alive; there being not a man in all their dominions who is not obliged to take the quantity which the officers impose on him, except in some particular provinces, which for reasons of state, or by treaty, are exempted. The revenue which arises to the King from this commodity, amounts to near three millions of crowns yearly. He hath eight millions

more.

more coming in by subsidies, from the peasants; besides many particular imposts on flesh, wine, and other commodities. Yet he lost a considerable part of this revenues, by farming them out to his subjects, or mortgaging them in time of war for ready money. He has no less than thirty thousand officers, that are wholly employed in collecting his revenues, whose pensions and salaries lessen the King's income by above half; so that out of four-score millions of crowns, which are yearly squeezed from the people, scarce thirty millions come entire into the King's coffers.

Thou wilt wonder at the improvidence of these Infidel Kings, and at the same time condemn their tyranny and injustice, who oppress, plunder, and ruin those that furnish them with all necessaries for human sustenance, to enrich (not themselves, but) a company of greedy caterpillars; for such and no better are those who gather their revenues. It is not so in the Sacred Empire of the Osmans, where Justice has erected her throne, and Oppression dares not shew her face.

But the French seem born for slavery, they bear it so patiently, without ever aspiring after a redemption. The Christians exclaim against our Janizaries, accusing them of insolence, oppression, rapine, and all the vices to which a licentious soldiery are usually addicted; but these are trifles to what the French Dragoons commit when quartered upon the poor country people: They rob them of all they have, practising a thousand villainies, to which the Janizaries are wholly strangers; adulteries pass for gallantry with them, and rapes are counted but the excesses of an immoderate passion; the husband must stand quietly, whilst his wife is in the arms of a domineering Hector; the father must behold his daughter deflowered, without discovering the least regret. These are the methods by which this people are mortified, and they seem

to be stupid under their calamities, not having courage enough left to meditate a redress, unless it be by becoming soldiers themselves; for of such as these is the infantry of France composed. Hence it is not to be admired, that they are esteemed the feeblest, basest, and most despicable soldiers of any in Europe; since not the pursuit of honour, nor love to their country, induces them to take up arms, but despair of living otherwise, being reduced to the most rigorous extremities on this side Famine.

Live thou in the honour with which God and our Emperor have invested thee, and conserve thy virtue which will raise thee yet higher. Forget not to have Mahmut sometimes in thy thoughts, who loves thee with a true heart, and serves thee with alacrity.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXIV.

To Egri Boynou, a White Eunuch.

THE French Kings steer their course by other maxims of policy, than those which are practised at the Sublime Porte. It seems they are not apprehensive of any ambitious designs in the Princes of the Blood; since they not only allow them liberty, but also load them with honours.

Thou hast formerly heard me speak of Henry the IVth, this King's grandfather, and of the passionate love he bore to ladies. Among the rest of his mistresses, none possessed a larger share of his affections,

tions, than the Duchefs of Beaufort; by her he had two fons, the eldeft is called Alexander, the other Cæfar. They are both now living, and enjoy great preferments; the firft, being made Grand Prior of the French Knights of Malta, which is a dignity next to that of a Mafter of the Order, who commands the whole ifland. It is obfervable, that this Alexander, during his father's lifetime, had attained no higher than to be made a Knight; but as foon as his brother, Lewis XIII. came to the crown, he procured him the honour he now has. The fecond brother alfo is made Governor of Bretagne, and married to the Duke of Marcæuer's daughter; by which means he is become one of the richeft Peers in France. King Henry had alfo two other fons, one of his own name, whom he got on the Marchionefs of Verneville: He is now a Bifhop and Abbot, which are confiderable dignities in the church. The other fon they call Antoine, whose mother was the Countefs of Morret. He alfo is invested with the like ecclefiaftical honours as his brother Henry. Thefe four brothers, though by the French eftimated as bafards (becaufe born of the King's concubines) are nevertheless intrufted with the offices and preferments already mentioned, without any jealousy that they will be guilty of finifter practices to embroil the ftate, or gain the crown. And, if I may fpeak freely, there feems to be more of humanity and juftice in this courfe, than in that cruel cuftom of our Sultans, who no fooner afcend the throne, but all their brethren are immediately facrificed to their fufpicion, and the ends of ftate; or, if they chance to efcape the bowftring, are detained their whole lifetime in a clofe imprifonment, which is worfe than death.

Lewis XIII. has alfo left another brother behind him, born of the fame mother as himfelf. They call him the Duke of Orleans; a man of a daring fpirit,

spirit, and great resolution. He was but newly come to the Court, having been banished for some enterprizes against his brother.

It was the opinion of the French, That this Prince would have a share in the regency; but Lewis would by no means consent to it, to the prejudice of his Queen, whom he left entirely possessed of the sovereign power, till the young King comes of age. However, as yet she holds a seeming correspondence with the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Conde; by whose mediations several grandees, who were prisoners of state, are now released, and made their appearance at the Court.

From hence thou mayest gather, that things are not managed here with such rigour and severity as at Constantinople; where the commands of our invincible Emperors are impetuous, and the execution swift.

There is a Bishop to whom the Queen Regent seems to be inclined. He has the character of a very good man, but they say, he is too simply honest for a Courtier, and that Cardinal Mazarini will overreach him. However, that Prelate has the Queen's ear at present, and his creatures extol him for a man of great abilities. It is said, the Queen has writ to the Pope, desiring a Cardinal's hat for him: And some whisper, That he will be made the Prime Minister, in the room of Mazarini. To speak my sentiments, I wish he were; for there seems not so much reason to apprehend from his counsels any notable design against the Ottoman Porte, as from those of the Cardinal, whom I look upon as a second Richlieu. Here are several interests on foot; the whole Court is divided into factions, striving to undermine and supplant each other.

It is not here as in Turkey, where the greatest Bassas are but the Sultan's slaves. The Princes of France are equal to some sovereign Kings, and upon the least grudge will raise armies, and give the King
battle,

battle, if he does not come to their terms, and make a satisfactory composition. Neither dares the King put any of them to death, for fear of the people, who generally take their part, being greedy of novelties, and prone to rebel.

Wouldst thou know by what means the nobility of France arrived to such a dangerous power? I tell thee, in a word, the Kings themselves have put a sword into their hands, which they spare not to draw, when their ambition or discontent prompts them to it. They are freed from all tribute and homage; have the command of whole provinces committed to them, in which are great numbers of walled towns, forts, and castles. These great charges procure them the esteem and veneration of the people living under their government; who honour them as Kings, and readily take up arms in their vindication.

The Queen Regent is fearful lest they should take advantage of her son's minority; and under pretence of reforming the state, or serving the King's interest, they should involve the kingdom in civil wars. She keeps a strict watch over the Duke of Orleans, and observes the Prince of Conde's motions: Her guards are doubled, and she neglects nothing that may assure the interests of the crown.

Thou who standest by the Silent Fountain, and art near the person of the Grand Signior, think of doing Mahmut some good office, who loves cordially, serves faithfully, and prays fervently for the health and long life of our glorious Sultan, and wishes thee thy fill of happiness.

Paris, 27th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXV.

To the Captain Bassa.

HERE are arrived several hundreds of slaves, who have manumitted themselves by a bold adventure; an exploit which, to give them their due, has something in it of bravery. The place of their captivity was Alexandria; thou knowest the circumstances of that haven. What hazards will not the desire of liberty put men upon? There were several thousands of Franks in the city, whom the restraint and rigours of servitude had made weary of their lives. Among the rest, a native of Brabant, who having been bred up in the art of distilling strong waters, his Patron hired him a shop, furnishing him with all materials and necessaries to prosecute his calling, in hopes of very profitable return. To this man's shop there was a great resort of all the Franks in the city; by which means he improved his trade, and thrived mightily. He was a bold fellow, and took a particular pride in great attempts; and though he might have lived very happily, and enriched himself by his own occupation, yet he had another sort of chemistry to practise; being resolved to draw his fellow-slaves (who were now become his customers) off from the lees of despair, and elevate them to a resolution of seeking their freedom. He often harangued them on this subject, and a strict intelligence was held between all the European slaves in that city. At length, it was agreed amongst them to seize a certain vessel, that lay in the harbour, and commit themselves to the winds and the waves. This was carried on with so much secrecy, and so dextrous a conduct, that, unsuspected, above two thousand of them got aboard, and put out to sea. The wind favouring
 8 them,

them, they first arrived at Candia, where they landed some hundreds of their crew; after this, they touched at Malta, where they disposed of others; then at Livorno in Italy; and lastly came safe at Marseilles, where the remainder came ashore. These are natives of France, England, Brabant, and Holland; with two Spanish Priests.

The inhabitants of Paris are very charitable to them, especially the merchants, who traffick in the Levant, of which there are great numbers in this city. The Clergy also have made a collection for them; and, it is said, the Queen Regent has ordered her Almoner to distribute three thousand crowns among them.

They inveigh bitterly against the Mussulmans, cursing our Holy Prophet, and thanking their good stars, for thus fortunately redeeming them from an insupportable slavery. I cannot see wherein they merit blame in all this, it being natural for all men to covet liberty; and to rejoice when they have escaped any misfortune. I protest I cannot be angry with them in my heart for any thing, but the blasphemies they vomit against the Messenger of God. The rest are actions as natural as to eat and drink. Self-preservation being common to all animals, there seems as much reason to condemn a bird that chirps and triumphs when she feels herself upon the wing, ranging the balmy air, being newly released from the cage, as to find fault with these fellows for rejoicing that they have escaped the confinement and hardships of captivity.

However, it is an unpardonable neglect of the guards who belong to that city, to suffer these Infidels thus to give them the slip. So culpable a remissness may cost some of them their heads.

The Great God, whose power is manifested in the ocean, as well as on the dry land, furnish thee with as favourable winds as these fugitives had,
when

when thou faileſt to execute the orders of the Grand Signior.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

L E T T E R XXVI.

To Mustapha Guir, an Eunuch Page.

THIS Court has within theſe three days put on another face than it had ever ſince the royal obſequies were performed. One would hardly think it the ſame, were it not for the mourning they ſtill wear, on the account of the late King's death. This is a formality uſed all over Chriſtendom in ſuch caſes, and ſerves for a diſguiſe to hypocrites. The French grandes make uſe of it to maſque their ſeveral politick deſigns. They wear black, the emblem of ſadneſs, to denote their grief for the dead Monarch, and yet they feaſt and revel, to the end they may ſend more of the royal blood after him. The matter I am going to inform thee of is tragical in itſelf, and had been worſe, but for the prevention of Providence.

Three days ago the Princes of the Blood, with divers of the prime Nobility, were invited to a feaſt by the Queen's order. The place where it was kept is called the New Caſtle. It is needleſs for me to deſcribe the magnificent entertainment; thou mayeſt conclude, all things were performed with great coſt and majeſty. They banqueted with wine to exceſs; inſomuch as the Duke of Orleans, about midnight, walking through a gallery, was ſo inebriated with the juice of the grape, that he fell aſleep on a couch, which ſtood about the middle of the walk;

he was wrapped in his cloke, a garment well known in the Court, by the large diamond that buttoned it before; but nobody came by that way, till, two hours afterwards, a certain French Lord, passing to his lodging, took notice of a man asleep on the couch, and drawing nearer, knew it to be the Duke. Wondering what should be the meaning of it, he enquired of the Duke's Page, that stood not far off, who told him, 'His master was overcome with wine.' The Lord, not thinking it convenient to leave a Prince of the Blood in such a place, at such a time of the night, caused his servants to take him up, and carry him to his own lodgings, who, for the greater conveniency, left the cloke behind upon the couch. As soon as they were gone, the Duke's Page puts on the cloke, and being also tired with watching, laid himself down to sleep. The Duke, not long after, awakes, and called for his Page, not knowing where he was. The servants of the French Lord immediately ran to the Page, but found him dead upon the couch, being stabbed through the heart. Thou mayest imagine what a surprize the whole Court was in, when this accident was known. Next morning, strict inquisition was made into this affair, but nothing brought to light; only it was observed that, about three o'clock in the morning, an unknown person was seen by the centinels to be let into Cardinal Mazarini's apartment. The business was hushed up; yet people spare not to whisper that the Cardinal was privy to the murder; adding, that the blow was given by mistake, the Page being supposed to be the Duke, as he lay wrapped up in that remarkable cloke. It is common in these Infidel countries for great men to hire ruffians to execute their revenge. And these fellows are as prompt and dexterous at a private murder, as our Mutes are to execute the pleasure of the Grand Signior, when he commands them to strangle any offending Bassa. But they will have half the price of

their villany beforehand, and the residue when it is accomplished. Thus is innocent blood become a merchandize: They traffick for assassinations; and a man cannot call his life his own, since at that very instant it may be bought by another. I have not heard that such a detestable wickedness has ever been practised in the Empire of the Mussulmans, much less in the Seraglios of our Sultans, which are the mansions of justice and virtue.

One of the Grandees of France (whom they call the Duke of Beaufort) takes incessant pains to find out the author of this murder. He is a mortal enemy of Cardinal Mazarini, and would give half the revenue of his Dukedom, could he remove him out of the kingdom. He insinuates very plausible suspicions into the minds of the Courtiers, to render him odious. He dares not openly accuse him of being accessary to the Page's death, having no evident proofs against him; but he endeavours to create in all men a belief, that he had a hand in it. He has consulted a magician, who has shewed him the figure of the murderer in a glass, and by another effect of his enchantments has presented him with a picture, drawn from the magical portraiture in the glass, which the Duke had caused to be imitated by the skillfullest masters in France, sending the copies in great numbers to all parts of the kingdom, with orders to the governors of towns and cities, especially such as are on the frontiers and sea-coasts, to cause all travellers to be brought before them, and confronted with the picture; that so (if possible) the murderer may be discovered, who will not fail to be put to all the tortures they can invent, to draw a confession from him, 'That Cardinal Mazarini had contrived the murder of the Duke of Orleans, though by mistake it was executed on his Page.' But the Cardinal is even with him, having accused him to the Queen, of designing to murder him: whereupon the Duke is sent prisoner to the castle of
the

the wood of Vinciennes. This makes the creatures of Beaufort to murmur, and say, There is a higher hand than the Cardinal's alone in the contrivance of this murder. Libels are scattered up and down the streets; and it is said, That the ghost of the Page has been often seen to walk in the royal apartments.

In the mean time I wait all opportunities to do the Grand Signior some effectual service, snatching every contingency which may advance the Ottoman interest. Neither am I forgetful to oblige my friends.

The Great God preserve thee from untimely death, and give thee favour with the Sultan.

Paris, 30th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXVII.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother.

WHEN I wrote last to thee, I thought I should have taken a farther journey than thou; Asia was the designed stage of thy travel; but I looked on myself at that time as bound for another world; and therefore, having no hopes of ever seeing thee again in this, I gave thee a solemn adieu. It is now four years since that letter was writ, during which thou hast seen many strange things in the East, while I have observed some remarkables in the West. Thou art returned safe to Constantinople, and I am still alive in Paris. I am overjoyed to hear I have a brother living; I hope thou wilt not be sorry that I have hitherto escaped the stroke of death. We two are the only surviving of all our race; let us love one another, as though there were nothing

else in the world for us to love. As for our mother, I know not whether she be on earth, or in paradise. The last letter she sent me expressed her grief for the death of her second husband, since which eighteen Moons are elapsed, and I have heard nothing of her. I desire thee, if thou hast any tenderness for Mahmut, to satisfy me whether she is living or dead. Perhaps she is married again, and may be removed into some unknown country. I am perplexed with a thousand anxieties about her.

Remember that the tribe to which we belong, was none of the most obscure in Arabia. Let us imitate the virtues of our kindred, without meddling with their vices; in such a family it will not be difficult to find some good examples, and such as are worthy to be followed. Let us learn temperance from one, prudence from another, magnanimity from a third, and the rules of piety and justice from them all. This I take to be a proper method to acquire an excellency in virtue, and to root good habits in us; it being certain, that practical examples have more influence on men, than the most pithy and sage instructions. Who can reflect on the incomparable modesty of Useph, my father's brother, and not be charmed? Thou mayest remember with how sweet a grace of mildness and condescension all his actions were adorned. He was esteemed the most polite man in those parts. From him we may learn to bear injuries patiently, and not to grow peevish at the impertinences of the vulgar: Not to be of a rugged temper, fierce or revengeful, but to be always of an even deportment, pursuing all men with civilities, and good offices; the very nature of which brings its own reward along with it (if there were no others) the mind being fed with an inexpressible complacency, after such generous performances.

Mehemet Ali, our kinsman, was a man of singular government and moderation. He was neither
vainly

vainly fond of his friend, nor humorous or cold. He rejected flatterers, and was not concerned at slanderers. He was neither superstitious nor profane; liberal without pride, frugal without avarice, and in all things he carried himself with exquisite sobriety and reason.

Such men as these we ought to set before us, as patterns of a good life; and, in following their steps, we shall honour the family from which we descend.

In perusing thy letter, I find thou hast made some profitable remarks in thy travels. Thou hast been at the Courts of several great and illustrious Princes, and returnest home enriched with a treasury of jewels, of a far higher price than rubies and diamonds. The knowledge which thou hast purchased is a merchandize for Kings, and will render thee acceptable to the Sovereigns of the earth. Thou hast improved much in a little time, and shalt reap the honour and profit of thy experience all the days of thy life.

It will be a kind office, if thou wilt gratify thy brother with some of those choice observations thou hast made. I have a particular desire to be informed of many things in the Indies. Our cousin Isouf is covetous of his memoirs; he will not impart any thing to me, though he has likewise traversed all the East. I would fain know the age and character of the present Mogul. Here is a Portuguese in the city, with whom I sometimes converse: He has been at Indostan, and says, That the present Emperor of that country is a man of no great abilities; suffering his affairs to be managed by the conduct of women: That he has more than ordinary familiarity with one of his daughters: That he has four sons, whom he has made Sovereigns of provinces: They are Princes of active spirits; and, he says, it is feared they will one day depose their father.

He tells a remarkable story of the Great Mogul's being once in danger of his life; which, because it has something in it very extraordinary, I will in brief relate it to thee.

It happened that this Prince was riding on one of his elephants in the province of Cashemire, when suddenly the beast grew raging mad; it seems it is the nature of these animals, when they are stung with lust, at certain times of the year, to fall into a kind of phrenzy, which (if not timely obviated) will last forty days. He, whose office it was to manage the elephant, perceiving that the King's life was in apparent danger, through the furious humour of the beast, had not time to say any more to the King, but only these words: 'There is but this only way to save your life, that I sacrifice mine to the elephant, which I freely do, as an unfeigned testimony of my loyalty.' With that he cast himself at the elephant's feet, which immediately took him up with his trunk, and killed him, and so became pacified. The King, astonished at so surprizing an accident, and to testify his gratitude for so unparalleled a fidelity, sent for this man's sons, and having asked them, Whether they could have resolution enough to follow their father's examples in such a case; to which they all answering, 'That his Majesty might see it immediately, if he please to give but the word,' the King caused rich vests to be bestowed on every one of them, with other presents, and made them the chief masters of his elephants throughout the Empire. The Portuguese added, That in token of thankfulness to Heaven for so signal a preservation, the Emperor gave royal and magnificent alms to all the poor in that province, vowing never to ride again on an elephant, since it had cost him the life of one of his most faithful servants.

If thou hast met with any instances of so remarkable a virtue, insert them in thy letter; for, whatever may be in the East, a man may live whole ages

in the Western parts, before he shall find such unshaken fidelity in a servant. The King Eternal cast an eye of favour on thee, and reward thee for the love thou bearest to our glorious Sultan.

Paris, 16th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

LETTERS

WRIT BY

A SPY AT PARIS.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Ibrahim Haly Cheik, a Man of the
Law.

HERE is a man come to this city, if he may be called a man, who pretends to have lived about these sixteen hundred years. They call him the Wandering Jew. But some say, he is an Impostor. He says of himself, that he was Usher to the Divan in Jerusalem (the Jews call it the Court of Judgment) where all criminal causes were tried, at the time when Jesus, the son of Mary, the Christian's Messias, was condemned by Pontius Pilate,

Pilate, the Roman Prefident: That his name was Michob Ader; and that, for thrusting Jesus out of the hall, with these words, 'Go, why tarriest thou?' The Messias answered him again; 'I go, but tarry thou till I come;' thereby condemning him to live till the day of judgment. He pretends to remember the Apostles that lived in those days, and that he himself was baptized by one of them: That he has travelled through all the regions of the world, and so must continue to be a vagabond till the Messias shall return again. They say, that he heals diseases, by touching the party affected. Divers other miracles are ascribed to him by the ignorant and superstitious; but the learned, the noble, and the great, censure him as a counterfeit, or a madman. Yet there are who affirm, that it is one convincing argument of the reality of his pretence, that he has hitherto escaped a prison, especially in these countries where the authors of all innovations are severely punished. He has escaped the Inquisition at Rome, in Spain, and in Portugal, which the vulgar will have to be an evident miracle.

One day I had the curiosity to discourse with him in several languages, and I found him master of all those that I could speak. I conversed with him five or six hours together in Arabick. He told me, that there was scarce a true history to be found. I asked him, What he thought of Mahomet, the Prophet and Lawgiver of the Mussulmans? He answered, That he knew his father very well, and had been often in his company at Ormus in Persia; that Mahomet was a man full of light and a divine spirit, but had his errors as well as other mortals; and that his chiefest was, in denying the crucifixion of the Messias; for, said he, I was then present, and saw him hang on the cross, with these eyes of mine. He accused the Mussulmans of imposture, in making the world believe, that the tomb of their Prophet hangs miraculously between Heaven and

Earth, saying, That he himself had seen it, and that it was built after the manner of other sepulchres. Thou who hast been at the Holy Place, knowest whether this be false or true. He upbraids the Persian Mahometans with luxury, the Ottomans with tyranny, the Arabians with robbery, the Moors with cruelty, and the Mussulmans of the Indies with atheism: Nor does he spare to reproach the Christian churches: He taxes the Roman and Grecian with the pompous idolatry of the Heathens. He accuses the Æthiopian with Judaism, the Armenian with heresies; and says, That the Protestants, if they would live according to their profession, would be the best Christians.

He told me, he was in Rome when Nero set fire to the city, and stood triumphing on the top of a hill to behold its flames. That he saw Saladine's return from his conquests in the East, when he caused his shirt to be carried on the top of a spear, with this proclamation; 'Saladine, Lord of many rich countries, Conqueror of the East, ever victorious and happy, when he dies, shall have no other memorial left of all his glories, but only this poor shirt.'

He relates many remarkable passages of Solyman the Magnificent, whereof our histories are silent; and says, he was in Constantinople, when Solyman built that Royal Mosque, which goes by his name. He knew Tamerlane the Scythian, and told me, that he was so called, because he halted with one leg. He pretends also to have been acquainted with Scanderbeg, the valiant and fortunate Prince of Epirus. He seemed to pity the insupportable calamity of Bajazet, whom he had seen carried about in a cage by Tamerlane's order. He accuses the Scythian, of too barbarous an insult on the unfortunate Sultan. He remembers the ancient Capitals of Babylon and Egypt; the empire of the Saracens, and the wars in the Holy Land. He
highly

highly extols the valour and conduct of the renowned Godfrey of Bulloign. He gives an accurate account of the rise, progress, establishment, and subversion of the Mamalukes in Egypt. He says, he has washed himself in the two head springs of the river Nile, which arise in the most Southern part of Æthiopia. That its increase is occasioned by the great rains in Æthiopia, which swell all the rivers that fall into the Nile, and cause that vast inundation, which has so much puzzled philosophy to find out the origin. He says, that the river Ganges in India, is broader and deeper than the Nile; that the river Niger in Africa is longer by some hundreds of miles; and that he can remember a time, when the river Nile overflowed not till three months after the usual season.

Having professed himself an universal traveller, and that there was no corner of the earth where he had not been present, I began to comfort myself with the hopes of some news from the Ten Tribes of Israel, that were carried into captivity by Salmanassar King of Assyria, and could never be heard of since. I asked him several questions, concerning them, but found no satisfactory answer. Only he told me, that both in Asia, Africa and Europe, he had taken notice of a sort of people, who (though not Jews in profession) yet retained some characteristics, whereby one might discover them to be descended of that nation.

In Livonia, Russia, and Finland, he had met with people of distinct languages from that of the country, having a great mixture of Hebrew words; that these abstained from swines flesh, blood, and things strangled. That in their lamentations for the dead, they always used these words [Jeru-Jeru, Masco-Salem.] By which he thought, they call to remembrance Jerusalem and Damascus, those two famous cities of Palestine and Syria. In the Circassians also he had traced some footsteps of Judaism;

their customs, manner of life, feasts, marriages, and sacrifices, being not far removed from the institutions of the Mosaick Law. But what is most remarkable, he said that he had conversed with professed Jews in the North parts of Asia, who never so much as heard of Jesus, the son of Mary, or of the revolutions in Judea after his death, the siege and destruction of Jerusalem, or any other matters wherewith all histories abound concerning that nation. He said moreover, that these Jews had only the Pentateuch, not having heard of the rest of those books which compose the greatest part of the Old Testament; and that this Pentateuch was written in a sort of Hebrew, far different from that which is now commonly spoken by the rest of the dispersed Jews throughout the world. That the number of these Jews was infinite. And finally, he thought, that these (if any) were the true posterity of those Ten captive Tribes.

Having mentioned the destruction of Jerusalem, I asked him, where he was at that time? He told me, in the court of Vespasian at Rome, and that he had heard the Emperor say, when he understood the Temple of Solomon was burnt to ashes, 'He had rather all Rome had been set on fire.' Here the old man fell a weeping himself, lamenting the ruins of that noble structure, which he described to me as familiarly, as if he had seen it but yesterday. He says, that Josephus wrote partially of the sedition in the city, being related to one of the chief ringleaders, whom therefore he spared, being loth to stain the reputation of his own family to all posterity.

I tell thee, Sage Cheik, if this man's pretences be true, he is so full of choice memoirs, and has been witness to so many grand transactions for the space of sixteen centuries of years, that he may not unfitly be called, A Living Chronology, the Proto-Notary of the Christians Hegira, or Principal

cipal Recorder of that which they esteem the Last Epocha of the World's Duration.

By his looks one would take him for a relick of the Old World, or one of the Long-lived Fathers before the Flood. To speak modestly, he may pass for the Younger Brother of Time.

It would be endless to tell thee how many other discourses we had of his travels and memoirs, till tired with his company, and judging all to be a cheat, I took my leave.

I tell thee, he seems to be a man well versed in all histories, a great traveller, and one that affects to be counted an extraordinary person. The common people are ready to adore him; and the very fear of the multitude restrains the Magistrates from offering any violence to this impostor.

Live thou in the exercise of thy reason, which will not permit thee to be seduced into errors, by the subtle insinuations of men. Continue to love Mahmut, who honours thee without a fiction.

Paris, 4th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER II.

To the Seliċtar Aga, or Sword-Bearer.

Jealousy, the bane of publick alliances, as well as of private friendship, has carried the arms of Swedeland into Denmark, at a time when least expected.

All Europe was alarmed at the news of this surprizing invasion; it being thought that the Swedes had work enough cut out for them in Germany.

However, few could penetrate into the reasons which induced them to respite the Imperialists, and at the same time carry the war into the dominions of King Christian, who by his mediation, and other good offices between the German Emperor and that crown, merited another kind of return than an hostile invasion.

But the peacemaker has most times a thankless office. I have seen a Gentleman endeavouring to part or pacify two of his friends, encountering in the streets of Paris, and has received the point of one of their rapiers in his heart for his kindness. So fared it with the King of Denmark, who was accepted of by both parties, as umpire of the quarrel, and had sent his Ambassador to Munster, where he treated so successfully with the Imperialists, that he brought them to terms very advantageous to the Swedes; yet the first overtures of his mediation gave so great a suspicion to that nation, that while the Danish Ambassador was actually concluding a peace for them, they commence a war, or rather translate it from the provinces of the Empire to Scania, entering that country with twelve thousand men. And to shew the world they were in earnest, they privately treat with the Hollanders

to assist them with a fleet and men, which was granted them under the command of Admiral Martin Tyes.

At the same time, General Torstenson entered Holstein, where he advanced with admirable success; took Kiel by surprize; and passing forward, possessed himself of Jutland, driving King Christian into a corner of his dominions; for now he had only Zealand and Fionia left, which are two islands, the former whereof commands the passage into the Baltick Sea.

Here the King of Denmark finds himself beset with difficulties and dangers by sea and land; yet in regard his greatest strength lay in his shipping, he wholly applies himself to rig and man out a good fleet. At the same time, he informs his Ally of this unjust war, and made passionate complaints to the Emperor, for whose sake all this beset him, imploring his friendship and aid in so great a calamity. The Emperor sends Galasso with forces, who entering the territories of Hamburgh and Lubeck, a league was negociated between the Emperor and the Danish King. But by the artifices of the French and Holland Ambassadors at Copenhagen, the King was dissuaded from making an alliance with the House of Austria.

However, the Dunkirkers offered King Christian to maintain a considerable fleet in the Sound at their own charge, which he seemed to accept of.

All the Ministers endeavour to play their own game, and abuse the goodness of the unfortunate King. Whilst in the mean time he loses ground in Holstein; General Torstenson having taken Christianprys, a very strong place.

What will be the issue of these transactions, time will manifest; but were not this King master of an extraordinary virtue, he would sink under so
many

many pressures, being a man of great age. But God supports whom he pleases.

Paris, 20th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER III.

To Cari Hali, the Physician at Constantinople.

THOU hast seen many in the arms of death, wrestling with the Grim Monarch of Shadows, who by the privilege of an excellent constitution, have disengaged themselves from his clutches, and stood at open defiance with him for some years afterwards. But I question whether thou hast ever known any, whom that conqueror has once laid in the dust, that ever recovered again.

In a village about half a league from this city, there died a man (or at least he seemed to die) about a week ago. He was stretched forth into the posture fittest for his coffin, by the hands of two old women. His relations and friends flocked about his body, to pray for his soul, as is the custom of the Christians. The house was filled with tears and sighs, and a mournful cloud sat on every brow: He lay thus for the space of thirty-five hours, dead, in the supposition of all his family; when the watchers, who sat by, were suddenly astonished to hear him sneeze: They ran away at first, as people affrighted at some ghastly vision, and alarmed the whole neighbourhood with the news. Physicians were sent for, who causing him to be laid in a warm bed, and
using

using proper applications, he recovered his senses, and by degrees his speech: They are in hopes to restore him to perfect health again: He relates to his visitants many strange things that he has seen and heard during the thirty-five hours that he was thought to be dead. He says, he has been before the throne of God, and has seen all the orders of Angels; that he was commanded to return back again to his body, to warn men of the approaching Day of Judgment. He preaches repentance and good works to all that come near him. Hence it is, that the devouter sort of people resort to his house in pilgrimage, esteeming him a Saint. They say, he has anticipated the general Resurrection, to give a fresh proof of it to this unbelieving age, and to evince that it will come to pass before he shall quit his body: He prophesies the conversion of the Jews to be near at hand, and that the Mussulmans shall embrace the Christian Faith.

Such as are fond of novelties, and superstitiously inclined, believe what he says to be as true as the Alcoran; but the learned impute it all to the fumes of melancholy, to which he was always naturally prone. For my part, who believe that Mahomet, the messenger of God, was the last, and seal of all the Prophets, I look for none after him, nor am I credulous of every one, who pretends to a divine commission. Yet, when I am in company with such as are this man's admirers, I talk as they do, and seem what I am not, that I may the better acquit myself what I really am. Besides, it is not prudence to provoke the fury of bigots, by opposing their sentiments.

They relate a story of a man who died in this city some hundreds of years ago, and it is upon record, that this person during his lifetime, was esteemed a very holy man, but after his death, while they were performing his funeral obsequies, and carrying the body round the church in procession,
he

he suddenly started up from the bier on which he was carried, pronouncing these words with an audible voice, 'I am arraigned before the judgment-seat of God.' All that heard him speak, were astonished at so surprizing an event, and the priests who sang the hymn of rest to his soul for a while desisted. But again going on with their procession and hymns, he arose the second time, and said aloud, 'I am tried at God's Tribunal.' This put another stop to the solemnity, till after some deliberations, they resolved to proceed a third time, when he started up again, and said, 'I am condemned by the just sentence of God.' This put a final stop to the funeral ceremonies. They would no longer chant a rest to the soul of him, whose dead body arose, and pronounced him damned. Neither would they bury his body in consecrated ground, whose soul they knew was lodged in hell, by a voice from the dead. There is an Order of Dervises, called Carthusians, who, they say, are a standing monument of the truth of this relation. For one Bruno, being touched with compunction at so tremendous an accident, immediately forsook the society of men, and led a contemplative life in exquisite silence, abstinence, fasting, and prayer, enjoining all his followers to do the like; who are now spread into most parts of Christendom, having magnificent monasteries, great immunities, and are esteemed the strictest Order of the Roman Church. They are served in the markets before the King himself. If any Dervise of another Order desires to come into this, he may; but from this there is no return. They dig a part of their own grave every day, having every one a cell, and a garden to himself. They converse with one another but once a week. And if when they are walking into the Cloysters of their Monastery, they happen to spy a stranger, they scud away into their cells, as conies into their holes at the sight of a dog. They never taste of flesh,
and

and are obliged to pray eight hours out of the four and twenty.

This Order has afforded eminent scholars and statesmen; but now it is like to have men of another character for its profelytes; for since the resurrection of this new Prophet, I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, the rabble are all turning Carthusians.

Thou who art acquainted with the nature of ecstasies and trances, wilt know what to judge of this man's raptures. The great Cardan could fall into them when he pleased; and I have heard of a learned Mahometan Dervise in the Indies, that had the art of withdrawing his soul from the body, at which times he beheld divine and celestial things, not by way of contemplation, but real intuition. We must acknowledge these to be the favourites of Heaven, friends of nature, and privy to the secrets of both worlds.

I desire thee to write me some news of my friends, for I can hear nothing from them; which makes me think myself among the dead, and quite forgotten. If thou still retainest thy wonted cheerfulness, thou art happy. Sadness is the bane of the soul, from which I pray Heaven preserve both thee and me.

Paris, 26th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER IV.

To William Vospel, a Christian Recluse
of Austria.

I Am a Christian as well as thou, and yet I cannot find a reason to live after thy manner. Not that I reprehend thy choice, but I consult my own happiness. I could willingly embrace a monastick life, were it not for the vow of obedience. Those of chastity and poverty are not so frightful. But to be absolutely resigned to the will of a superior (who may be a thousand times more vicious than myself) is far more irksome, than to be a slave in Turkey. There a man may pave himself a way to many enjoyments in the midst of captivity, and sweeten his worst condition with the hopes of freedom one time or other: But here I must be condemned to an everlasting servitude, and such an one, as renders it a crime so much as to think of pleasure, or dream of a release. I must be ever confined, to obey one that perhaps is not master of himself; to humour all his caprices; to give the lie to that sense and reason, with which God and Nature have endued me: To make black and white, good and evil, reciprocal terms; though every one knows, they are perfect contradictions. In fine, I must resolve in all things (not excepting my very thoughts) to be conducted by him, who, for ought I know, follows no other guide but his own irregular passions. What will then become of me, after such an unreasonable forfeiture of my native liberty? I will tell thee, in one word; from a rational creature, I shall be changed to a brute; from a man to a sot; and,
having

having now some sparks of virtue, I shall then be made the rendezvous of all vice.

Think not that I go about to make thee hate the manner of life thou hast chosen: Though I esteem thee miserable, do not judge so of thyself. Thou mayest find a great deal of pleasure in that restraint, which to me would be the most insupportable calamity in the world; and it may be as easy for thee to submit to the will of another, as it is hard for me to comply with my own. I am of so wavering a constitution, that I cannot, without great difficulty, please myself; much less could I be able to humour the extravagancies of a soul, different from mine. I have observed, that should I follow the motions of my own proper inclination at all times, I should do many things whereof I might afterwards repent: Why may not the case be the same, or worse, if I blindly obey the will of a stranger? Am I sure that he is a good man? Or, if he be so to-day, how do I know but that he may be otherwise to-morrow? Nay, what security can be given me, that if he be a Saint this hour, he will not be a Devil the next? Since the temper of a man varies as often, and suffers as many alterations as the elements do, out of which he is compounded: Where then can be the reason, of giving myself wholly up to any man's disposal all my lifetime? Is it not sufficient to obey the Sovereign Prelate, who commands the whole church, yet imposes not the dictates of his own will as a law, but governs all Christians according to the ancient Traditions, sacred Canons, and Decrees of the Apostles, Fathers, and Councils? Whereas, those who preside over the Convents of the Religious, many times rule arbitrarily, commanding their subjects to do those things, which are diametrically opposite to the very fundamental rules of Christianity, and contrary to the Law of Nature. The more I think on it,
the

the greater is my averſion for this private blind obedience.

Thou wilt ſay, that a regular life is the way to perfection; I grant it: But cannot a man lead a regular life, unleſs he be immured in a Convent? Or be perfect, if his mind be not ſquared to the retirements of a Cloyſter? I will tell thee my ſentiments freely, and without a maſk. The nature of every thing is its perfection; there are perfect Sinners as well as perfect Saints. Thus we ſay, ſuch an one is a perfect drunkard, fornicator, cheat, tyrant, or the like. I aſk thee, whether this ſort of perfection may not be (I wiſh I could ſay, is not too often actually) found within the walls of a Religious Houſe? On the other hand, doſt thou think it impoſſible to find the perfection of virtue in the mixed life of the world? Be not a Cynick, nor condemn things whereof thou haſt made no experiment. Remember how many Kings and Queens, Princes and Nobles, have been canonized for Saints, who, in the miſt of ſo many ſplendors, kept their eyes undazzled. Whoſe ears never let in the blandiſhments of flatterers, nor the malicious whiſpers of the envious. Whoſe hands were never polluted with innocent blood, nor their thirſt quenched with the tears of widows and orphans. But in all things they conſerved an inviolate purity, modeſty, and integrity of manners. Theſe perſons were perfect in the miſt of imperfections, and regular in the height of human diſorders, Saints upon earth, and Angels among men.

Aſſuredly, it is not impoſſible for a man (let his condition be what it will, publick or private, ſervile or free) to conduct himſelf evenly, and by a rule, through all the meanders and mazes of human life. I muſt confeſs, this is very difficult, and all men have not that divine art. Few can walk on pinacles, and not make falſe ſteps; ſuch is our
life,

life, and happy is he that makes the fewest. Yet there is a dexterity, with which whosoever is acquainted, need not go to a Monastery to enquire the way to blifs.

Thou wilt perhaps accuse me of too much bluntness and ill manners, in thus declaiming against that kind of life which thou hast entered into. But pardon the freedom I take with my friend, and rest satisfied, that though I affect not a recluse life myself, yet I honour those who, having once engaged themselves therein, persevere with constancy; from which I shall never persuade thee or any man to depart.

Paris, 1st of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER V.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

A French merchant, lately come from Ispahan, brings intelligence, that the Chan of the Ufbeck Tartars is arrived at that city, to crave aid of the present Sophi of Persia, against his rebellious children, who have deposed him, and bereaved him of one of his eyes. The Sophi has given him a royal reception, going himself in person above a league out of the city to meet him, accompanied with all his Nobles. This Gentleman came away before the Tartarian Prince had succeeded in his design. But it was generally supposed, that Cha Abbas would assist him with a considerable army of horse and foot, as also with money to carry on the war.

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This King is not thirteen years of age, yet takes upon himself the management of publick affairs. He is addicted to drinking of wine, a great lover of musick and women. Of a noble inclination, yet somewhat too passionate. He commanded the belly of one of his Pages to be ripped up, for breaking a cryстал bason which he much admired. Yet afterwards, repenting of what he had done, he caused him to be honourably buried, and a stately tomb to be erected over him. He also enquired out such of his kindred as were living, to whom he gave large pensions.

There has been little of action in these parts, since the signal defeat that was given to the French by the forces of John de Werdt, and General Mercy. Four French Mareschals were taken prisoners, with all the chief officers, six thousand soldiers, besides their ammunition and baggage.

In this action, it is said, the Spanish horse behaved themselves very bravely, spurred on with an ambition to recover the glory they seemed to have lost in so many battles. They rushed into the French quarters with a fury which soon put them into disorder, and afterwards disposed them to quit the field.

Before this battle began, it is said, there were seen two armies of birds fighting in the air; which engaged so furiously, that the ground was covered with their dead bodies. And that morning, when one of the French Mareschals was going out of his tent, with a pistol in his hand, in order to try it, the barrel split, and tore his hand in pieces. These are now looked upon as prodigies, and ominous signs of the loss they afterwards sustained: But had the victory been on their side, nobody would have taken notice of them.

The God that gives victory when, and to whom he pleases, grant, that the Ottoman arms may be ever successful against the Infidels.

Paris, 25th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER VI.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Porte.

THOU that art the principal support of the Ottoman Empire, under the Grand Signior, oughtest to be informed of all things which may either threaten damage, or promise assistance to the throne which rests on thy shoulders.

I pass away some of my time among seamen, especially such as sail in the Levant; their very breath is a relief when I am chamber-sick, or stifled with the close vapours of Paris. I fancy their lungs transport hither the breezes of the Mediterranean, or the more wholesome airs of Asia. I talk so familiarly with them in their Marine Dialect, that they scruple not to take me for a Tarpaulin, and therefore entertain me, without reserve, as one of their crew.

This very evening, I was with some of these retainers to Neptune. Among the rest of the discourse I had with them, we touched upon the Dardanelles, which guard the Hellespont. They taxed the Christian Princes with cowardice, or unpardonable negligence, that they have never attempted to force their passage through that channel into the Propontis, and block up the imperial city by sea, and set it on fire; especially the royal seraglio, from whence are issued out the decrees of life and death to the whole earth.

I told them, they were mistaken in the strength of those castles, which command that important avenue; and that no ships ever durst venture within their reach without leave; when one of them started up, and made this answer: Sir, we have vessels impenetrable as rocks, which dare come to an anchor under the walls of those superannuated forts, and defy all the Turkish ammunition to remove us thence. We only want a commission from our King to try the experiment.

I tell thee, Supreme Minister, I found too much reason in his answer, to make room for a reply. Wherefore, dissembling for a while the agony I was in for the welfare of the Sublime Porte, I took my leave of the company, and immediately set pen to paper, to let thee know what is in the hearts of these Infidels.

I am not vers'd in the art and method of fortification; yet, pardon an error of loyalty and zeal, if I commit it, in proposing to thee the necessity of erecting platforms all along the opposite shores of the Hellespont, to strike terror, and prevent the enemy from attempting that which, in all probability, would not fail of success.

Thou that art all wisdom, wilt know how to make a right use of this hint from the faithful Mahmut, who never thinks himself happy, but when he does some acceptable service to the invincible Sovereign of the sea and land.

Paris, 14th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER VII.

To Oucoumiche, his Mother, at Grand Cairo.

THOU mayest better imagine than I can express the mighty joy I felt, when I first opened thy letter, and read the name of her that conceived me, written by her own hand; whereby I am assured that thou art yet alive, and in health. Believe me, it came in a seasonable time, to rescue me out of a dismal melancholy, which had seized my spirits. Surely fate directed thy pen, and providence tim'd the arrival of the vessel, which brought me this happy news from Africk, in the saddest hour of all my life. Just as the messenger knock'd at my chamber door, (where I sat overwhelm'd with doleful thoughts) the whole world seem'd to me a vast wilderness or desert, inhabited only by beasts of prey, where the great and strong devour those whose weakness cannot arm them in their own defence. A mere stage of tragedies, the shambles of cruel butcheries and murders. In this figure did my troubled imagination represent the earth, with all the race of Adam dwelling upon it. If I could propose to myself such a thing as a friend in the world, I know not how long 'twould be, before that very person, whom I had greatest reason to esteem as such, might prove my mortal enemy; of so brittle a composition is the fidelity of man! I looked upon my life not as my own, but altogether lent me; I esteemed not only men, but beasts, and the very inanimate things, my creditors, for the permission I had to breathe. I thought myself highly indebted to the fire, that it did not burn me to death in my sleep, and no less to the winds, that they did not blow the house down where I lodge, and bury me in

its ruins. For, where would be the injustice, if any of those elements, which are the ingredients of any life, should become the instruments of my death? I considered, that as I neither made myself, nor knew how I came to be what I am, so I was ignorant when and by what means I should cease to be; perhaps, I might be struck with a thunderbolt from heaven, or swallowed up by some greedy chasm in the earth. A tile from a house might put a stop to the motions of this machine of flesh, or a fall from a horse might break its master-string. My present station I look upon as precarious, since those very persons who appointed me this employment, to serve one turn, would not scruple to take off my head to serve another.

In these melancholy thoughts was I almost drowned, when thy letter came, and struck a light out of the midst of darkness. I am now ready to die with excess of joy, who before was half killed with extreme sadness.

But tell me, my dear mother, in the name of our Holy Prophet, what motive induced thee to quit the wholesome air of Greece, for the noisome and pestilential vapours of Egypt? Is Cairo a more eligible seat than Constantinople? Or, because thou hast lost thy second husband, wilt thou be wedded to an incurable grief, and think no mourning sufficient, unless thou go in pilgrimage to his very grave, there to dissolve in tears, and mingle thyself with his ashes. He died in Cairo, and is there interr'd; and thou mightest have lived in Sio, or any part of Greece, without blemishing thy widowhood. People will say, thou aimest at the fortune of the Ephesian widow, who found a living husband in the sepulchre of her dead one; but I, who know thy virtue, have other thoughts of thee; yet I cannot approve thy thus becoming tenant to a charnel house. Therefore, the best advice I can give thee is, to return to the imperial city again, to the company of thy friends

friends and acquaintance; or, at least, to return to thyself, and be not transported with an extravagant sorrow, for one whom thou shalt never see again: Tears cannot recover the dead, nor can thy warmest sighs inspire him with breath. He is divorc'd from thee by an irrevocable law; and whilst thou art in vain lamenting for him on earth, he may be celebrating new and joyful nuptials in heaven, being espoused to some of the beautiful daughters of Paradise. Be persuaded then, that he has quite forgot thee, having engaged himself in fresh amours above. That he is in the arms of some surpassing beauty of Eden, and that thou hast no more interest in him. Let this consideration assuage thy grief, cure thy fondness, and make thee begin to think of another husband. Those who make their first visits to the French widows, after the usual formalities of condolance are over, take the liberty to tell them, that they must live by the living, and not by the dead. This comfortable proverb is often used, even before the funeral solemnities are finished; and thou hast now passed away above two years since thy husband's death in fruitless mourning. 'Tis time to consult thy future happiness, and abandoning thy commerce with the dead, to become sociable with the living.

The Great Creator, who is God of the living, and not of the dead, inspire thee to take such measures, as may best comply with the ends for which he made thee; and replenish thy latter days with double the blessings of the former.

Paris, 22d of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER VIII.

To Muzlu Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

IT is no small satisfaction to me, that since the death of Cardinal Richlieu, I have started no reasons to apprehend any designs in this court, against the Empire of the true believers. The French Grandees have passed away a whole year, without giving much trouble or alarm to the rest of the world. Every one minds his own affairs, and all push forward to get nearest the Queen-regent. The misunderstanding between her and the Duke of Orleans, increases daily. And this divides the court and city into two factions; Cardinal Mazarini seems to be the man destin'd to balance the authority of both parties. He spins his fortune with as fine a thread as his predecessors; being sensible, that though the court love him not, yet they cannot subsist without him. He inherits the memoirs and instructions of Cardinal Richlieu, and his spirit too, as well as his Ministry; being a man of an invincible courage, and exquisite forecast. The greatest enemy he has, is a lady of the court (for I will not compare the malice of the Duke of Beaufort to that of a woman) they call her Madam de Chevereux, a person of a keen wit, and good judgment; a professed enemy to all that had any dependence on Cardinal Richlieu. And I could never learn any other ground of her hatred to Mazarini, but being the creature of that Minister.

The late King had conceived an irreconceivable aversion for this lady, suspecting her to be instrumental in carrying on a private correspondence between his wife (the now Queen-regent) and the Spaniards. To avoid the consequences of his anger, she

she fled into Spain, but is lately returned to this court. 'Tis said, the Queen received her with all the outward marks of affection at first, but suddenly grew cold and estranged, when she began to attempt against Cardinal Mazarini. This made the lady unite her interest with that of the Duke of Beaufort, who very well matches her in the imperiousness of his temper, and his hatred to the Cardinal. They both agree in their endeavours to ruin him, but, I believe, the female persecution to be the most dangerous. The Duke has made too great a noise to do any considerable execution on a man, who has the wit to conceal his resentments, and strike before he is perceived. In a word, the Duke finds himself in a prison, while the Cardinal is every day more and more establish'd in the Queen's favour.

In the mean while, I insinuate myself into all men's company, from whom I can hope for any intelligence. Amongst the rest, I have observed a courtier, who often goes between the Grandees, and seems to be entrusted with great secrets; he is very sparing of words, and makes his shoulders do the office of his tongue. I have sometimes entered into a discourse with him about the Queen, the Cardinal, and others; but all his answers are comprized in Italian rhetorick, a shrug, and a grimace. This silent language speaks very efficaciously to me, and I esteem him worthy to be courted, who knows so well how to bridle his tongue. I ply this politician every day with addresses, and tell him a great deal of feigned news, that I may tempt him to utter some that is true. He is a great privado of Madam de Chevereux; often waits on the Queen; sometimes visits the Cardinal; and is every day conversant with one or other of the nobles. If I can win this man, I hope to penetrate farther into the mysteries of the court.

The God from whom nothing is hid, so dispose of all human events, that the Empire of the Mussul-

mans may be established, notwithstanding the cabals and plots of the Infidels.

Paris, 16th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER IX.

To Signior Lorenzo del' Casa Bianca, a
Genouse at Marseilles.

THOU sendest me strange and surprizing news, that the Malta gallies have taken the eldest son of the Grand Signior, and heir of the Ottoman Empire, captive at sea, as he was sailing to Egypt.

I tell thee, if such a thing were true, the Grand Signior would not fail to send a force, as should dig up the very foundations of that island, and cast it into the sea.

But I can resolve thee, that there is nothing more of truth in this story, saving that about ten vessels of the Grand Signior's, bound for Alexandria (on board of one of which was Sultan Mahomet's nurse, with her son, much about the age of Sultan Mahomet) were taken by six gallies of Malta, whereby the Maltese were enriched with a great treasure of silver, gold, and jewels, besides slaves.

This intelligence I have received from my correspondents at Constantinople. Men that are no strangers to the seraglio, but such as have the ear of the prime Vizir.

They say, indeed, the Grand Signior took a particular fancy to this nurse's child, often play'd with it, and seem'd to caress it with more complacency than his own son, Sultan Mahomet; which
gave

gave so great a disgust to the Sultaness, the mother of Mahomet, that she procured the banishment of the nurse and her child, who, in their voyage to Alexandria, were taken captives by the Maltese gallies, as has been said; and this is the ground of the report.

However, Sultan Ibrahim is so exasperated against the Maltese for this depredation, that he has sworn by God and Mahomet, never to sheath his sword, till he has revenged the injury, by laying waste the island, putting the Knights to death, and leading the inhabitants into captivity.

He has vented his rage already on the captain Bassa, causing him to be strangled, for not guarding the sea better; and, 'tis said, he threatens a war with Venice, on the same account, because the Maltese gallies, after this piracy, put ashore in Candia, where they recruited their vessels with all necessary provisions.

I expected the silks last week, which I wrote for, and the oil of Calabria. Send them by the first opportunity.

Paris, 28th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

ALL Europe rings with the report of the Sultan's son being taken captive by the Maltese gallies. No doubt, but thou hast heard such a discourse among the Franks at Constantinople; and thou knowest the intrigues of the Seraglio. It is
K 5 pleasant,

pleasant, that the Kuzlir Aga's slave should have no father for her child; that he himself should adopt it for his own; that the mother of it should be preferred to be nurse to the Sultan Mahomet; that Sultan Ibrahim should single out this fatherless son of an eunuch, to sport with him, take him in his arms, and treat him with all the endearments that are naturally shewed by parents to their own children.

The French ladies laugh at this story, and say, that the seraglio begins to grow more civilized, and to exchange the severity of Constantinople, for the gallantries of Paris. But let them laugh that win: the Maltese have most reason to care for themselves for their good fortune in such a prize.

They say, the Grand Prior treats his young captive with a most profound attachment and veneration; imagining he has in custody the heir of the Ottoman Empire; for they know not the true secret, but possessed with a real belief, that young Sultan Mahomet is in their hands.

Let what I have said, be as the words of thy nurse, when she prated a thousand impertinencies to thee within a month of thy nativity. In fine, be trusty to thy friend.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

IT is not unknown at the Divan, how the Princes of Italy have worried one another these two years. I dispatched long ago some memoirs of the feuds between the Barbarinis and the Duke of Parma. The Pope upholds the former, making the quarrel his own, in defence of the Ecclesiastick state; the Venetians, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Modena, with the French King, interest themselves in the cause of the latter. He is a Prince of an active spirit, and darts up and down like lightning through the Pope's territories. If he has lost Castro, Montalto, and other places of strength in this war, it is but by way of exchange; having possessed himself of as considerable holds belonging to his enemies. Yet, the Barbarinis, sheltering themselves under the protection of Pope Urban, seem to triumph, and promise themselves an entire victory, using the artifices of superstition to weaken the Duke's credit. And because some of his vessels (which carried above a thousand soldiers) were cast away, they would persuade the credulous world, that heaven fights against him. They likewise had designed to build a fort and a bridge over the river Po, to open a way to themselves into the Confederates country, and to shut it up to all invaders of their own; but were prevented by the Venetians, who sent ten thousand men to stop the building of the bridge, or to demolish it, if built.

In the mean while the Confederates, though they seemed to espouse the Duke's quarrel, yet trifled

with him, protracting their assistance, and disputing about punctilios; every one restraining the conditions of their friendship, within the limits that would best square with the interest of their own state. They had all armies on foot, but could not agree how to dispose of them. The Venetians demanded such a post, as might be most advantageous to the Republick. The Duke of Tuscany would have the main body of their forces so quartered, as to cover his dominions. Thus each party pursued their own claim, while their enemies gained time, and put themselves in a posture, either to march into the territories of the Confederates, or defend the Ecclesiastick state.

Certainly, it is fatal to the Christians, to be thus divided among themselves, even when they have greatest cause of union. Yet, the Duke of Parma, the very soul of this confederacy, breaks through all their demurs and hesitations, impatient of fruitless delays; rushes into Ferrara, takes Bondeno, abandoned by the garrison; and after that La Stellata, a place of greater strength; but proceeding forward, the Barberinis encamped not far from Ferrara, the better to observe the progress of the confederates, and so put a stop to the motions of the Duke. He and his friends had twenty thousand men in the field, to which the Venetians, not long after, added six thousand more. They were in different bodies; and as they quartered themselves, so the Papal forces removed their camp. Several skirmishes passed between them, but no great execution done.

In the mean while, the Venetians were not idle by sea, having several barks and galleys full of armed men coasting along the Pope's territories. They took five ports on the shore; and piercing farther into the country, made themselves masters of Ariano, a great town, and sacked Codegoro, putting all to the sword, and laying the place in ashes.

On the other side, the Barberinis seized on Spilimberto, Vignivola, and some other weakly guarded towns on the frontiers of Modena, and killed two hundred of the Confederates, who had invested Crevalcuore. Cardinal Antonio, on the Pope's side, has the management of the war; a man of an aspiring genius, and very subtle. He, perceiving the Duke of Tuscany, incensed at the late loss, had taken the field, with a considerable army, sends six thousand men to oppose him, but they were raw and undisciplin'd soldiers, and could not hinder the Duke's forces from seizing an important pass, and reducing the city of Pieve, Monteleone, Castiliano del Lago, and Passiniano.

While the sons of war were thus busied in the fields, the agents of peace were not wanting on all sides, to accommodate the differences that threatened all Italy with fatal consequences. But they did no more than amuse one another with ambiguities, subterfuges, and evasions; while the Barberinis sought to gain time, and draw the King of Spain to countenance their interest. The Venetians, sensible of this underhand dealing, protested by their ambassador at Madrid, that they would unite with the French crown, if his catholick majesty should by indirect ways strengthen the Barberinis. The King, apprehensive of such a league, forbears to meddle in an affair which might be so injurious to Spain, and gives instructions to his ambassadors at Rome, and other courts of Italy, to mediate a peace, which might be advantageous to the Confederates.

The treaties however came to nothing, and the mediators, finding themselves eluded, suspended their negociations, and gave fresh opportunity to the men of arms to play their parts. Cardinal Antonio assaulted Nonantola with four thousand men, but was defeated by the Venetians, who slew several hundreds of his soldiers, and took two hundred prisoners. After this the Confederates plundered all the country
of

of Ferrara, and took Vergato, defended by eight hundred men. In the surprizal of Bazano, they killed above two hundred of the enemy; and marching forward, took Monteria, Serravalle, and other places; while Cardinal Barberini's forces, were cut off at Burgho St. Sepolchro, where he lost eight cannon, four petards, with abundance of provisions.

It would be an endless task, to recount all the skirmishes and battles that have passed between them. I only inform thee of the most remarkable, that thou mayest insert them in the register of the Ottoman Empire.

To conclude this letter, it will be worth thy observation, that the Pope falling sick, and his death feared, did much conduce to put an end to these differences. For the Barberinis now being apprehensive of the advantage his death would give the Confederate Princes, were very forward to embrace any overtures of peace; so that by the dexterity of the French Ministers, it was at last concluded, and all differences adjusted; the Duke of Parma's territories being restored to him, the censures of the church taken off, and the Ecclesiastick State put in the same condition it was in at the beginning of the war.

I shall continue to send thee such intelligence, as may be serviceable to thee in that eminent station thou enjoyest in the empire of the true believers; and shall think myself a very happy man, if I can by any means acquire thy favour.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XII.

To Lubano Abufei Saad, an Egyptian Knight.

ONE would think that there were yet some of the ancient race of giants on earth. Here is a man come to this court, full eight foot high, a Finlander by nation; he looks like some posthumous birth of the sons of the Titans. He is master of prodigious strength, and challenges any two, the stoutest men in France, to throw him a fall. I have seen him take two boys of ten years of age, on the palm of each hand, and lift them up from the ground together, with both his arms stretch'd out to the full length, and walk sixty paces with them in this posture; at the end of which stage, he set them down again on their feet, without the least violence or straining. There are none so hardy, as to accept of his challenge; for they know he will not suffer them to come nearer than the extremity of his arm. And such is the monstrous strength of his hand, that he will either infallibly throw them down, or stifle them with his grasp. He talks of travelling into Turkey; if he does, I hope he will have more discretion, than to venture within the Seraglio, lest he incur the fate of the renowned Muscovite wrestler, in Sultan Amurath's time. Thou rememberest that tragedy, which made all the brave and the generous condemn Amurath's cruelty. He was a stout Prince himself; and it looked like envy in him, to punish the efforts of courage in his slaves, with so unrelenting a rigor. But he was himself a slave to his passions, and jealousy had the predominance in his temper. That vice betrayed him to horrid violences, of which

which thou art not ignorant, having been privy to several of his amours.

This put me in mind of a Spanish Cavalier, who had a very virtuous and beautiful wife, which thou wilt say, are two rare companions. He kept a moor in his house, whom the lady had one time caused to be severely beaten. The moor secretly vowed revenge. He had an intrigue with one of the lady's women, to whom he imparted his mind. They conspired together to accuse the lady of lightness and infidelity to her husband's bed. The Cavalier, their master, was naturally jealous, as generally are all the Spaniards: These two possessed him with a belief, that the gardener had frequent access to his lady's chamber, and undertook to make him an eye-witness of it. Whereupon, one of them goes privately to the gardener, and tells him, that the lady would speak with him; whilst the other runs to the lord, and bids him make haste; for that the gardener was that instant with his lady. The impatient Cavalier hastens up stairs, and meeting the gardener coming out of the door of his chamber, stabs him to the heart, without any farther expostulation; and rushing furiously into the chamber, serves his wife in the same manner. But, coming down again, the maid, struck with remorse at so black an event, fell down at his feet, confessing her crime, and declaring, that her lady was innocent. The Spaniard, raging mad at a conjunction of so many misfortunes, stabs the maid and the negro; and last of all, to complete the tragedy, kills himself.

I have often wondered, that some such fatal consequences did not attend the jealousy of Sultan Amurath, he spared not to rip up the bellies of his pages, for the sake of two or three melons; and 'tis a miracle, that he did not sacrifice half the slaves of the Seraglio, on the account of his mistresses.

Thou

Thou art now in a better station, and free from restraint. Act according to reason, and let not passion bias thee one way or other.

Paris, 5th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU hast often required an account of the parliament of France, which is the supreme court of the kingdom. Though the name be known at the Sublime Porte, yet the Ministers are unacquainted with the power and authority of the Senate.

When it was first instituted, it consisted of twelve Peers, an hundred Bishops, and all the prime nobility of the land, who had power to give audience to foreign Ambassadors, to adjust all differences of the subjects. In fine, it might then be called the sovereign tribunal, from whence there could be no appeal. Three foreign Kings have sat as members of this court. It was in those days ambulatory, following the King whithersoever he went; but now it is always assembled at Paris, in the palace which Philip the Fair built for his own dwelling-house. This parliament is divided into seven chambers, whereof that which they call the GREAT CHAMBER, is the chief. There belong to this chamber, seven presidents, twelve counsellors, the King's *cadi*, or attorney, with a great number of advocates, and men of the law. The presidents and counsellors are clothed in scarlet, which strikes an awful reverence into all that approach their presence.

presence. Some call this, the golden chamber; and well they may, since that glittering metal is thought to be the umpire of the most causes that are tried in the court. He that brings most gold, is sure to have his business first dispatched, and to come off conqueror. For, as their present power is little else but a mere formality, so is also their justice. The Kings of France have gradually so clipped their original authority, that now they seem to be but the shadow of their ancient selves. They never pretend to meddle with Ecclesiastical affairs; that was always out of their jurisdiction. The Musti of Rome claims this prerogative as his right. From whence thou mayest observe, how maimed and imperfect is the royalty of Christian Kings; who cannot punish their own subjects, if clergymen, without the Pope's permission. Yet, though this chamber cannot meddle with the Ecclesiasticks, they have a privilege to dispose of the Regency, during the King's minority; as is evident in the late Queen-mother, Mary de Medicis, and the present Anne of Austria, who were both by the parliament declared Regents. They also confirm all the King's edicts; neither does he proclaim war without their consent, or establish any alliance.

There are also besides this, six other chambers of parliaments, five whereof, are called chambers of inquests, and they consist of two presidents, twenty counsellors, and a convenient number of lawyers. The sixth chamber is a collection out of all the rest, and contains no less than two hundred officers. Here all criminal causes are tried; which are either immediately, or by appeal, brought before them; as in the chambers of inquests, controversies of the civil law are decided.

It is a pleasant sight, to see the men of the law all in their habits, which are very glorious and rich. Indeed, all the citizens of Paris are extremely gallant in their apparel. But I cannot be

recon-

reconciled to their lavish custom of changing the fashion of their clothes almost with every Moon.

This vanity has been forbid in all well-ordered commonwealths. And, thou knowest, our eastern people would as soon be stripped of their skins, as change the fashion, which has been in use for memorable ages. Here they have no distinction of dress, the noble and vulgar, rich and poor, go all alike. You cannot discern a slave from a Prince by his garb.

Paris is divided into four parts, the city, the university, the town, and the suburbs. It is about three leagues in circuit; seated advantageously enough, but wanting fortifications, Henry IV. had added some strength to it, had he not been apprehensive of the seditious humour of the inhabitants, who in time might make an ill use of his kindness, and shut those gates against him, which he should build for their defence against a foreign enemy.

The court is generally at St. Germain en Lay, one of the King's royal mansions, seated on the top of a mountain, which commands a prospect of a large and beautiful valley. I have been there often, that I might be the better able to penetrate into the conduct of Cardinal Mazarini, who is never from the Queen-regent. I have already transmitted to the Sublime Porte, such intelligence as I could gain of this great Minister's intrigues. I will now entertain thee with a glimpse of this palace, that thereby thou mayest conjecture at the magnificence of the Kings of France.

It is divided into two parts, the old and the new. The former was built by Charles I. the latter by Henry IV. That may boast of its antiquity, but this is so majestick and costly a structure, as sufficiently demonstrates that modern architects come not far short of the ancient Romans. The rooms are all lofty and large, the roof and cielings admirably contrived and adorned; the whole consists
of

of so many courts, that it rather looks like a town, than the seat of one family.

But pardon me, illustrious Kaimacham, if I tell thee, that none of the Kings of the east can match this Monarch in the gardens belonging to this palace. I saw there such a charming variety of delightful objects, as made art seem to surpass nature, and even to outdo itself. In a word, the Christian Princes are very ingenious in the contrivance of their pleasures, and make all the elements contribute to their recreations. Thou hast often seen the artificial fireworks which are exhibited at Constantinople at our festivals, and on all occasions of publick joy. But thou hast never beheld such water-works as are exposed in the gardens of this palace every day. There, by the mere force of this liquid element, instruments of musick are set at work, which afford an harmony little inferior to the best concert in the world; and which extremely adds to the pleasure, one may at the same time behold seeming musicians playing on them, and keeping an exact time with their fingers, on the keys of organs, strings of viols and lutes, as if they were living persons. There you may see all manner of mechanick trades exercised by statues, who do every thing with a proper action, and are very eager at their employments, so long as the water gives them motion; when that ceases, they all return to their primitive inactivity. From hence you pass to a seeming sea, with Tritons moving on Dolphins, and sounding their shell-trumpets before Neptune, who is drawn in a chariot by four tortoises. The story of Perseus and Andromeda, is also acted to the life, by mere statues. But the most ingenious piece of workmanship, is, Orpheus playing on a viol, while the trees move, and wild beasts dance round about him. This is so costly an invention, that, as one of the overseers of the water-works told me, a
string

string of Orpheus's viol being broken, cost the late King Lewis thirteen hundred crowns to repair it again.

We Mahometans are apt to value ourselves too high on the score of our Princes granderu. We boast, we flourish, and are guilty of a thousand insults, despising and putting the rest of mankind under our scandals, as if none of the race of Adam understood the world but we, or had the wit and power to carve out to themselves the same felicities we enjoy. The Monarchs of the east style themselves, the only happy ones, possessors of infinite treasures, Kings of the world, shadows of God, and what not. The great Mogul, with his Omrahs and Rajas, pride themselves in their elephants; so do the Kings and Mandarins of China and Tonquin. The Sophi of Persia swells at the sight of his immense treasures of gold and precious stones; glorying, that the very shoes of his horses, are of the most exalted metal; also the mangers wherein they feed, and the nails whereby they are fastened to the ground. The Cham of Tartary rejoices in the multitude and strength of his horses, his winged chariots and waggons; and that, when his armies rise and sit down, the earth trembles with their weight and motion. 'Tis true indeed, the Grand Signior, who is the wisest of the wise, and the greatest of these great ones, is not guilty of this vanity. He is destin'd by the Lord of the universe, to chastise the follies both of the east and the west; yet his slaves cannot forbear rhodomontados. I have heard some of our huffing Janizaries tell the Grecks of Constantinople and Pera, that the Royal Seraglio is the most magnificent fabrick in the world; and that the garden belonging to it, is a perfect transcript of Paradise. Thou wilt not approve such brags as these, when thou considerest, how expert the infidels are in building; and that they spare no cost to erect such edifices, whose
very

very ruins may proclaim to future ages the magnificence of their founders. And as to their gardens, they are so regular and beautiful, adorned with so many delicacies of nature and art, that one would think they were made by some traditional disciples of Adam; and that they had their rules from the primitive planter of the world.

The French King has other houses and gardens of pleasure round about Paris, where the court interchangeably divert themselves during the summer.

I humbly kiss the hem of thy vest, craving thy protection against the malice of my enemies.

Paris, 16th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XIV.

To the most illustrious Vizir Azem, at the
Porte.

SINCE the losses which the German Emperor has received from the army of Ragouski, I am informed by Nathan Ben Saddi, that the Emperor designs to send a splendid embassy, with extraordinary presents, to the Sultan, in hopes to prevail on him not to protect that Prince.

'Tis true, Ragouski is of a violent and changeable spirit, and therefore no great confidence is to be reposed in him; yet I take it to be the interest of the Sultan, rather to win him by offices of kindness and friendship, than to make him his enemy, by deserting him in this juncture.

He is at the head of a potent and formidable army, has taken Solnock, Breden, Marnatz, together with
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the strong castle of Sendar and Cassovia; and many other places of less importance, whereby a way is laid open for his army to overrun all Hungary, if assisted with the Ottoman forces. Thus will he do the office, which, they say, the jackall performs to the lion; that is, to hunt out the prey, and secure it for his master and sovereign.

Besides, the fortune of this Prince seems to invite our farther assistance, for he has had great success all along this war; whereas the Ottoman forces no sooner appeared on the frontiers of Moravia, but six thousand of them were encountered by the Germans, and routed.

Should the Sultan desert him now, he may be compelled to resign himself, with all Transylvania, to the protection of the German Emperor. It is not safe to run the risque of such an event; Transylvania cannot support itself. Either the Sultan must continue his protection, or the Germans will soon find the way to plant their garrisons in the four capital cities, and reduce the whole country under their obedience.

Paris, 27th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XV.

To Afis, Bassa, at the Porte.

THE Pagans, in painting Fortune blind, discovered but the dimness of their own sight. And 'twas a double error, to offer sacrifice to her, that could not discern her votaries. Yet, in my sentence, the Christians are more to blame, who term her inconstant, partial, bawd, whore, and what not; these are prophanations of providence,
and

and impious scandals cast on eternal destiny. Fortune and chance are but nicknames of fate, since there is nothing absolutely casual in the world. They see the virtuous prosecuted, while the vicious insult and flourish; and they tax heaven with unequal dispensation of rewards and punishment; as if, with Epicurus, they thought the adorable Numen took no care of things on this side the Empræum, and rested in an eternal ignorance of human affairs.

Doubtless, the Infidels are in an incurable error. They pore on the outside of common events, and look no farther; they behold not the hidden chain of causes, nor the invisible hand, which disposes all contingencies with admirable order and decorum. Hence it is, that what comes not to pass but by the certain decree of fate, appears to these buzzards, only as an accidental occurrence, and the mere effect of chance.

But thou, who are instructed in the doctrines of truth, wilt have other thoughts of that which befel a poor man, not long since, in these parts. This person was charitable to excess; for he gave away all that he had, to relieve the necessities of others, chusing rather to throw himself naked upon providence, than to deny an alms to any one that asked him, so long as he had any thing to bestow. Being at length, by his constant liberalities, reduced to a very indigent condition, he was forced to betake himself to digging for his livelihood. Yet, notwithstanding he gained his own bread with hard labour, he ceased not to shew his wonted kindneses to the poor, giving them whatsoever he could possibly spare from his own necessities. One day, as he was digging in a field belonging to the Duke of Montmorency, he found several earthen pots full of gold, supposed to be buried there in the time of the civil wars. The good man carries this huge treasure by degrees home to his
house,

house, with all imaginable privacy: And having distributed the greatest part of it in works of charity, he was going with his last reserve to the house of a decayed gentleman, to whom he gave a sufficient sum to repair his shattered fortunes, being all that he had left: When, as he returned homeward, he found a jewel in the highway, which being sold, yielded him ten thousand crowns. A noble bank for new liberalities, and a convincing argument, that there was something more than chance which thus strangely recruited his purse, that it might never cease to be opened in largesses to the poor.

Who will not say, that fate had a hand in the death of that soldier, in the Duke of Anguien's army, who maliciously and wrongfully accused his comrade of raising a mutiny? For the incensed General took a fusée, and discharged it at the innocent person, thinking to have killed him on the spot; but it proved otherwise, the bullet passing through some part of his body, and through half a dozen tents smote the slanderer in the pan of the knee, which put him into so violent a fever, that he died in two days: While the other (whom before his death he confessed to be innocent) lives yet a witness of this remarkable stroke of Divine Nemesis.

The Faithful Watchman of the Sublime Porte, Mahmut, salutes thee with humblest obedience, and wishes thee in all things a favourable and benign destiny.

Paris, 12th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XVI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew, at Vienna.

SINCE I came to this city, I have learned the art of making watches, which I exercise not for lucre, but to comply with a precept of the Alcoran; wherein also I find no small diversion, it being a relief to melancholy to be in action.

Should the Ecclesiasticks of the Latin church be made sensible that I practise a mechanick trade, they would think me a scandal to their profession, since I wear the habit of a clerk. They esteem it next door to sacrilege, for a gownman to condescend to the labours of the laity. They would pull my cassock over my shoulders, should they catch me in this honest crime; forgetting that the Primitive Professors of their Religious Orders got their bread by making of baskets.

The box I send thee, contains some of my merchandise, being designed as presents for some of the Ministers of the Porte, and my other friends at Constantinople. I desire thee to take care in sending it safe, that the watches may receive no damage by water.

It is reported here, that the Emperor is sick; thou wilt do well to inform me of the truth. I hear also, that prodigies have been lately seen at Vienna, which the French interpret as forerunners of his death, and signs of approaching desolations in Germany. I am not credulous of all things, which the vulgar say on such occasions; yet I cannot deny, but that the Angels who preside over kingdoms and empires, may be the monitors of mankind, and by raising unusual spectacles in the elements, may warn mortals of future alterations. This was the opinion also of thy countryman Josephus, who says, that
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immediately before the destruction of Jerusalem, there was a voice heard in the Temple of Solomon, supposed to be uttered by Angels, saying, ' Arise, let us go hence ;' as if the Guardian Spirits of that city were then forsaking their charge.

In this place not long ago, were seen three suns together, or at least the appearance of so many. This the superstitious construed as an omen of ill luck : While the Court-Flatterers said, they represented the Duke of Orleans, the Prince of Conde, and Cardinal Mazarini, who have now united their interests, after a long time of animosities and misunderstandings. I look upon this apparition to be only a natural production, resulting from the reflections of the sun-beams on a bright cloud. It is easy to solve such phænomena without a miracle. Yet some, I confess, have the stamp of a supernatural power in their very front, I myself once saw two mighty armies marshalled in the air, who acted all the bloody tragedies of war, and made Arabia deaf with the noise of their artillery ; yet not a cloud at that time to be seen : But I remarked no extraordinary event to follow it. It is hard to trace the Omnipotent in such mysterious works, or learn the drift of Providence.

I desire thee to use the utmost diligence, to penetrate into the designs of the court where thou residest. It is an honourable post to serve the greatest Monarch in the world. Be faithful and vigilant, so may God and the Grand Signior heap greater favours on thee. Adieu.

Paris, 21st of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVII.

To Solyman Aga, Chief Eunuch of the
Women.

I Perceive by thy letters, that our Heroick Sultan is very industrious to take off the scandal of impotence with the Ladies at his first accession to the throne fastened on him, having now seen a fourth son born to him in the Seraglio. The multitude of subjects is the glory of a Monarch, and a strong defence in time of war; and the multitude of the Prince's children, is the security of his people, both in war and peace.

The Sultan's adventure, as he was going to Scutari, puts me in mind of an accident, which befel one of the ancient Kings of Egypt, who, as he was walking in the royal garden at Memphis, espied an eagle flying toward the place where he was; at which sight he stood still, gazing at the king of birds; till at length the eagle arriving to that part of the air which was over his head, lets fall a woman's shoe at his feet. The King, surprized at this accident, took up the shoe, and surveying its exquisite symmetry and form, thence took his measures of the Lady that had worn it, and suddenly grew enamoured of the unknown fair, proclaiming thro' all Egypt great rewards to any that could discover the owner of that shoe. At length, a certain beautiful Courtezan of Naucratis, named Rhodope, was proved to be the mistress of it, who being brought to the King's presence, he took her to his bed, making her the partner of his Empire.

This Lady had a much better fate than the tall Armenian woman, with whom Sultan Ibrahim fell in love on the like occasion: For Rhodope, after she had enjoyed her honour many years, at last died
peace-

peaceably in her bed, and was entombed in one of the pyramids of Egypt: Whereas, thou tellest me, that this Armenian, soon after her exaltation to the Sultan's embraces, was strangled by the Queen-Mother's command. I tell thee it was a bold and cruel act, and were the Sultan sensible how she was murdered, he would not spare to vent his indignation against her that bare him.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

ONE would think it an easy matter for a stranger to conceal himself in so vast and populous a city as is Paris, especially one who makes so mean and contemptible a figure, as does the supposed Titus of Moldavia. I little thought that the lowness of my stature, and the deformity of my body would have attracted any curious eyes, but that my very habit would have protected me from all suspicion; and that I might have passed an age undiscovered, amongst the infinite crowds of people, who throng both the houses and streets of Paris. Yet there are some critical moments of our lives wherein fate delights to sport with us, to throw stumbling blocks in our way, to entangle us in difficulties and perils. This is a necessary discipline of Heaven, to rouse men from the lees of security and confidence in their own strength and abilities, and to instruct us, 'that Providence alone can extricate us out of the labyrinths we often fall into.'

I was walking yesterday before the great Temple of this city, which is dedicated to Mary the mother of Jesus, when on a sudden I was accosted (by one whom I little imagined to have seen in Paris) with these words: 'Mahmut! How came you by this habit? What makes you in this place? Are you a Christian, or do you thus disguise yourself for other ends?' Thou mayest easily imagine, what a terror seized me, when I knew that he who spoke to me was my old master at Palermo. It brought to my remembrance all the cruel blows and stripes I had received during that irksome captivity; and I could almost have fancied myself ready for the bastinado. However, dissembling my confusion, I answered briskly, 'Sir, you are mistaken in the person, my name is not Mahmut, but Titus. I am a Christian and a Catholick, if you are such yourself, you have no reason to upbraid my habit, since I wear it as a badge of my profession, being a student and candidate of the priesthood.'

This answer, instead of satisfying him, did but augment his jealousy, and being of a passionate temper, he broke out into fierce language, calling me Turk, Infidel, Slave, Dog, and all the ill names his fury could suggest. He spoke so loud, that it was taken notice of by the people as they walked by, who began to gather about us, to learn the occasion of so much noise. I then condemned myself, for not rather owning myself to him, and inviting him to some more retired place, where I might give him an account of my circumstances. I looked upon myself as a dead man, and would gladly have sustained seven years of servitude again in Sicily, to have been rid of the fear I was now under of a more terrible punishment.

While I was in this confusion of spirit, thinking of nothing but racks and tortures, the noise of the rabble who flocked about us had alarmed the people that were at their devotions in the church, who
came

came running out to enquire the cause of such a tumult: Amongst the rest a Friar, eminent for his learning and virtues, and who had a particular esteem and friendship for me, perceiving the matter, came up close to me, and taking me by the hand, spoke aloud these words: ‘Sirs, forbear to injure a stranger in the court of the mother of God. I know this man very well, and will be responsible for him; he is a Catholick clerk, and servant of the living God.’ The rabble gaye a great shout at the end of this harangue, and had not my Sicilian master made a narrow escape, they would have endangered to tear him in pieces. I know not what become of him afterwards, but I attended the Friar into the temple, where we staid during the celebration of their mass, and then he conducted me through the inner parts of the temple, by private ways, into the lodgings of the priests, whence we issued out by a postern, and taking boat, we crossed the river Seine into the fields. The Friar congratulated my escape from the hands of the multitude, and I returned him a thousand thanks for lifting me out of the mire.

Thou seeest, dear friend, that the Arabian proverb speaks not in vain, when it says, ‘That the habitation of danger is on the borders of security: And, that a man never runs greater hazards, than when he least fears them.’

He that turns the scales of life and death, good and evil, grant that some happy emergency may always arise, to divert the perils which thou shalt incur in this uncertain life.

Paris, 7th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

THIS court is now in mourning for the death of the chief Mufti, or Pope. And indeed, there seems to be more than mere ceremony in it, he having all along favoured the French interest. He had almost passed the twenty-second year of his pontificate, which few of the Popes have done since St. Peter, a disciple of their Messias, from whom they pretend to derive their succession. Their histories say, that this Peter was the Mufti of Rome five and twenty years, and that since him, not one, whether he was elected young or old, has enjoyed the sovereignty so long. Those that have approached nearest to it, were Adrian I. Sylvester I. and this Urban VIII. who is now dead. It is reported, that at the coronation, the master of the ceremonies kneeling down, burns flax before him that is elected, and with a loud voice, repeats these words thrice: 'O Holy Father! think not you are to live here as long as did St. Peter; but let this flame put you in mind of the vanity of the world, and how swiftly the glory of it passes away.'

Cardinal Pamphilio succeeds him in the Roman chair, and has given himself the name of Innocent X. it being the custom always at their promotion, to assume the name of some holy man (a strange piece of hypocrisy, as if that was sufficient to atone for their own wicked lives:) But none of them has presumed to take the name of Peter, out of respect to the First Vicar of Jesus. This Pamphilio is above threescore and twelve years of age, by whose exaltation, the family of the Barbarinis, to whom he was a professed enemy, begin to fall into disgrace. Cardinal Antonio, one of the family,

family, is taxed with embezzling the treasure of the church, committed to his trust.

He flies to France for succour, and though he had no great reason to expect Cardinal Mazarini's friendship, having formerly opposed his interest at the Roman court, in the time of the late Pope Urban; yet this Cardinal, by an excess of generosity, has espoused his cause, and engaged his master, the King of France, in his quarrel.

What will be the issue of this contention, time will evince. But men begin to talk already, that the King of France will carry a war into Italy, which will shake the walls of Rome itself.

Thus there is no stability in human affairs, but Time and Providence perpetually start new events.

God grant that thou mayest live to see the Ottoman Crescent on the top of St. Peter's church in Rome.

Paris, 6th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XX.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Porte.

THE great preparations which Sultan Ibrahim is making by land and sea, affords a subject of discourse to all Christendom; but administers a special occasion of jealousy to the Republick of Venice.

They look on his declared intentions to invade Malta, only as a cover or cloke to his real designs upon themselves, being confirmed in their suspicion by the complaints which the Sultan made to Soranzo

their Resident at the Porte, when he delivered himself with an air, that expressed far deeper resentments than his words.

Nor can the artificial strains of courtesy which are used toward the Resident, blind or cancel the apparent affront and contempt which he received from the Kaimacham, who refused to give him audience, after some hours attendance, though at the same time, Prince Ragotski's Envoy was admitted at the first word.

These considerations, with others of the like nature, have sufficiently alarmed the Venetians, so that they are making all the seasonable preparations that are requisite, to oppose the torrent of the Ottoman fury and rage, which they apprehend is to be poured on them. This they perform with all imaginable diligence and secrecy, being neither willing to give a just ground of jealousy to the Sultan, nor yet to be surprized unprovided.

There have lately been extraordinary consultations in the Senate about these affairs, some disapproving these warlike preparations, others promoting them: One party judging, that a peace ought rather to be purchased with a tender of gold: A contrary side pleading, that such a purchase would be both dishonourable and disadvantageous, since upon every new disgust, the Ottomans would commence, or at least threaten a war, on purpose to erect a continual mart for peace, the sale thereof being like to prove so profitable to them. Among the rest of the Senators, Signior Grimaldi made an oration, of which I have obtained an authentick copy. And it speaks thus:

‘ THIS glorious Republick, which has flourished
 ‘ for so many ages, ought not, in my opinion, to
 ‘ become the merchandize of upstart shepherds. It
 ‘ is needless to recount our original, or wipe off the
 ‘ ancient dust of our primitive records, that we may
 ‘ be

' be able to tell the world, we are the relicks of
 ' Troy. It is bootless to put you in mind, how this
 ' most serene and flourishing state laid her first found-
 ' dations in the sea, and built her nest in the floods :
 ' That the Nereids fled to her shadow ; and the rest
 ' of the Sea-Gods, even Neptune himself, courted
 ' her alliance and protection. Suffice it to say, that
 ' this victorious state, thus founded and built, has
 ' spread her conquests through Istria, Dalmatia, and
 ' Epirus ; has annexed under her government Corfu,
 ' Cephalenia, Zant, and Crete, with many other
 ' islands of the Adriatick and Mediterranean seas ;
 ' and that this Virgin Commonwealth has preserved
 ' herself undeflowered these twelve hundred years.
 ' In all which time, she never submitted to the lust-
 ' ful tyranny of any foreign conqueror. And must
 ' she now become a common prostitute to Infidels,
 ' be bought and sold at any rate, and pay the price
 ' of her own slavery ? Has this most august Senate,
 ' by a long series of successful wars, been exalted to
 ' the height of sovereign power, and is she now to
 ' be braved into a base and mercenary peace, the
 ' gilded mask of abject slavery ? We that have
 ' stemmed the torrent of Ottoman invasions, and
 ' resisted the puissance of all Asia, must we now pull
 ' down our own banks, and tamely let the proud
 ' insulting enemy in, paving his way with gold ?
 ' Rouze up, my Lords, the ancient genius of this
 ' mighty state, awaken the old Venetian valour ;
 ' and, unless you resolve always to bear the Otto-
 ' man yoke, now shake it off, and make a war your
 ' choice rather than your last remedy.

' The eyes of all the western nations are fixed on
 ' this august Assembly. The fate of Christendom
 ' is now in the scales, it is in your power alone to
 ' turn the doubtful balance ; it is from your unshaken
 ' valour the Christian world expects a benefit, which
 ' shall be recorded on the pillars of eternity. Suffer
 ' not yourselves, most excellent Lords, to be ca-
 ' joled by the specious pretences of the Ottoman

‘ fox ; but confide in your own illuftrious arms, and
 ‘ the juftice of your caufe, which will not fail to at-
 ‘ tract the favours of Divine Providence. Let not
 ‘ thofe laurels, which have been all along fprinkled
 ‘ with the noble blood of your renowned ancestors,
 ‘ be tamely taken from your heads, and trampled
 ‘ under the feet of Infidels. Whom do your fear ?
 ‘ A man fupinely lulled in wanton pleasures ;
 ‘ drowned in the foft delights of his Seraglio ; a
 ‘ fitter champion for the field of Venus, than for
 ‘ the bloody toils of Mars, the harfh fatigues of
 ‘ war ? But what do you dread ? The bugbear title
 ‘ of Grand Signior ? It is in our power to check
 ‘ his boasted grandeur, and make him fenfible, the
 ‘ State of Venice has a fword can match the Turkish
 ‘ fcymitar.

‘ Do but refolve, the work is half done. I feel al-
 ‘ ready in my mind blifsful prefages of a lafting
 ‘ peace, the effect of a juft and feafonable war, which
 ‘ is much to be preferred to the precarious truce,
 ‘ (for it deferves no better title) which they defign
 ‘ to cheat us with, in contemplation of our gold ; a
 ‘ truce which they will break at pleafure, to ftart
 ‘ new grounds of compofition. Thus could we drain
 ‘ the Indies dry, we muft refund our treasure in the
 ‘ Ottoman coffers, and all too little to fatiate their
 ‘ greedy avarice, and tyrannous demands. Thus
 ‘ would the moft Serene Republick of Venice be
 ‘ postponed to the Divan of Algiers, who have al-
 ‘ ready fhaken off the Turkish yoke, retaining in-
 ‘ deed the fervile name of fubjects, but refufing the
 ‘ tribute they were wont to pay. Let us not fuffer
 ‘ that barbarous little ftate, thus nobly to assert their
 ‘ liberty, whilft we resign our necks to the yoke.
 ‘ Our fleets are numerous, our foldiers difciplined,
 ‘ our feamen bold and expert, our treasury full of
 ‘ the nerves of war. Let us be in a readinefs, and
 ‘ if Sultan Ibrahim dares be the firft aggreffor, then
 ‘ beat drum, found trumpet, and every man to his
 ‘ poft.’

This

This huffing harangue of Signior Grimaldi, though it met with some abettors in the Senate, yet the counsel of the great and wiser heads prevailed; which was, to send orders to the Venetian Resident at Constantinople, to sound the inclinations of the Sultan, and, if possible, to make a pecuniary accommodation.

This intelligence I received from a Jew, living at Venice; one whom I confide in, and who gives me a constant and faithful account of all the important occurrences of that State. He is familiar with Girolamo Pufferla and Bernardino Lupulo, two of the Senators who voted for peace; by which means he can easily feel the pulse of the Venetian State, nothing of moment being concealed from him by these Clarissimos.

The late action of Giacomo de Riva, Supra-veditor of Tino, against the ships of Tripoli and Tunis, is interpreted to be done altogether in his own defence. I doubt not but it will be otherwise represented at the Porte; but I wish some men's groundless discontents, and the private interests of others, be not improved to the notion of publick injuries, by the artifice of such as wish not well to the Ottoman Empire.

I discharge my duty in sending thee the best intelligence I can in this juncture.

God, the Supreme Monarch of the Universe, dispose these overtures, and all other human events, to the exaltation of the Ottoman Empire, and the propagation of the true faith.

Paris, 13th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXI.

To Mirza Muhammed Effendi, Vicar to the
Mufti.

THE Jews have a proverb, that ‘ He who
‘ breeds not up his son to some trade, makes
‘ him a thief.’ And the Arabians say, that ‘ an
‘ idle person is the Devil’s playfellow.’ Therefore
our holy and wise Lawgiver has commanded all true
Believers to exercise themselves every day in some
manual occupation. Neither is the Sultan upon
the throne any more exempted from obedience to
this universal precept, than he who cleans the
streets. The soul of man is active as fire; or, to
take our comparison (as the Hebrews do) from an-
other element, it can no more cease from being
busy, than water can with-hold itself from running
out of every hole of a sieve. Men will be always
exerting their faculties one way or other, and there
is no medium between good and evil. Whosoever
is not employed in one, must necessarily fall into the
other. These are the points to which all the lines
of human actions tend, the centers where all our
affairs meet. But though there be no such thing as
a mediocrity between these two extremes, and
every man is within the circumference either of
virtue or vice; yet there are certain steps and degrees
in each; specifick differences also, which take their
rise and proportion from nature, morality, and reli-
gion. Thus human providence teaches us, of two
evils to chuse the least; while the divine oracle
instructs us, not to stand upon niceties and punc-
tilios with virtue, but to push forward till we arrive
at an heroick generosity.

As for me, who serve the Grand Signior in this
station, I am forced to compound with the law, and
capitu-

capitulate with the severer precepts of the Alcoran. I tell many a lie, that I may do the more effectual service to truth. I am compelled to deny my religion, that I may prepare a way for others to propagate it. By oblique and remote fetches of policy, I accomplish the direct intentions of justice, while I commit little vices among the Infidels, to introduce great virtues. Thus making good the counsel of the Persian Philosopher, 'That it is necessary for him who would reach his journey's end, sometimes to go round about.' And thou knowest what encouragement has been given me, being assured by the Sovereign Prelate of our holy law, That while I keep in the orb of my duty to the Grand Signior, I am out of the Devil's circle.

If thou wouldest know how I busy myself at my hours of leisure, I make watches; not knowing how better to spend my vacant time, than in framing an instrument whereby I may perceive how time passes away. This little engine points out each minute, and measures exactly the succession of hours; it keeps pace with years, yet outruns not months. It is the journal of the sun, a faithful record of his daily travel through the heavens. In a word, it is the Secretary of Time, and a compendious history of the first-born issue of Eternity.

Eliachim the Jew takes some off my hands; and the rest I present to the grandees, or any body whom I would oblige. I have sent some by the way of Vienna to the most Venerable Mufti, and to thyself, as also to others of my friends at the Sublime Porte. They are all sealed up, with directions to those for whom they are designed. I wish that this mean testimony of my duty and affection may be accepted; and that my superiors would from hence conclude, that I am no bad husband of my time.

The Unchangeable Essence, who moves all things, yet is moved of none; who sets all the springs and wheels

wheels of Nature a-going, yet remains himself in eternal rest; beholding all things past, present, and to come, with one undivided glance; grant that I may be approved of Heaven, while I obey the Musti and his Vicar on earth.

If thou favourest the cause of the merchant who brings thee this letter, thou shalt do well. He will inform thee of his affairs. God increase thy felicity.

Paris, 22d of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXII.

To Hali Omri, Bassa.

THOU that art exalted from a Page to one of the highest dignities in the Empire, and possessest an eminent share of the Sultan's favour, wilt not be displeas'd if Mahmut, whom thou hast formerly honoured with thy friendship, puts thee in mind of some qualifications that are requisite in a favourite. I know thy abilities are great, yet he that walks on pinnacles will not refuse the assistance of any kind hand that offers it, nor tax a man with presumption for endeavouring to preserve him from a fall.

It will not be sufficient that thou art very zealous to serve the Sultan, to aggrandize his honour, and prop the imperial dignity: Nor that thou art extremely accurate in managing the affairs committed to thy charge: That thou art assiduous and extraordinary careful; not addicted to recreations and pleasure: That thou art rigorously just, deaf to flattery, and inexorable to bribes; but in all things
soli-

solicitous for thy Sovereign's interest and greatness, without any other bias, save that of untainted loyalty. (All these, I must confess, are great virtues in a Statesman and a favourite; yet they may become vices, by their excess as well as their defect, and he that steers not his course in the golden mean, may soon precipitate himself into ruin.) But it is also necessary for thee to have an eye to the satisfaction of the subject, as well as to the Prince's prerogative. It will not be safe to immolate the people's interests and liberties to the humours and caprices of the Sovereign. Neither will he thank or reward thee for such a dangerous piece of zeal. Nay, should he himself command thee to do any thing which would intrench on their rights and privileges, thou oughtest rather to shew thy fidelity, in humbly remonstrating to him the ill consequences of such a proceeding, than by a blind obedience to betray both him and thyself to the publick odium. On thee to be sure it will fasten, however thy master may escape; and thou must fall a victim to appease the incensed multitude, and save him harmless.

This was the case of the Duke d'Olivarez, the late Minister and favourite of the King of Spain. He was endued with all the forementioned virtues requisite in a Statesman; but his immense zeal to advance the King's prerogative betrayed him to such measures of oppression and tyranny, as were the occasion of his ruin.

The Spaniards claim certain franchises and immunities, which when granted them, they pay a voluntary homage to the Castilian crown. D'Olivarez sought to bereave them of these their native customs and liberties, which by degrees gave so general a disgust to that apprehensive nation, that they broke out into an open rebellion. Hence sprung the revolt of Catalonia and Roussillon; and the total defection of Portugal. He thought by rigour to drive these people to extremes, making
them

them fall into treason, and then taking advantage of their crimes, to make his master more absolute. But these indirect courses never prospered; and we now see the Duke of Braganza by this means established in the throne of Portugal, that kingdom quite rent from Spain, and the other provinces in the hands of the French.

The Spanish grandees, sensible of the mal-administration of the favourite Duke, grew disgusted, withdrew from the Court and from their charges, leaving the King always destitute of attendants at home, or officers abroad; yet none durst discover the grounds of their discontent, till the Constable of Castile broke the ice on the following occasion: The Constable is one of the prime nobility of Spain, deducing his pedigree from a race of Kings. Him had Olivarez made his mortal enemy, by proposing a match between a son of his and the Constable's daughter. This son, whether natural, or only adopted, is not certainly known, but he had lived an obscure and debauched life, not so much as taken notice of, unless for his dissolute manners and enormous crimes, which had once exposed him to the sentence of death, had he not met with better fortune than he deserved. All the Nobles were highly disgusted, when they saw this prodigal owned by Olivarez for his natural son and heir, invested with the highest dignities of the kingdom, and made master of prodigious riches; especially since he was no ways worthy of such preferment, retaining still his former vices, and giving every where proofs of an abject and base genius. To see such an one made President of the Indies, and at the height of honour, in a fair way to succeed the Duke in the Ministry, irritated the whole Court, and drove the Constable of Castile to impatience. He utterly refuses the match, disdaining that his daughter should be linked to such an upstart; he remonstrates to the King the exorbitant ambition of Olivarez.

In

In fine, being seconded by other Lords of the Court, and by letters from the German Emperor, he so far prevailed on the King, that his eyes began to be opened, and he now clearly saw, that all the disorders of the government owed their origin to the ill conduct of Olivarez. Wherefore, taking the advice of his faithful Counsellors, he banished him the Court, deprived him of all authority, confined him first to a place not far from Madrid, and afterwards to Thoro, a city in Old Castile.

Thus fell that great Minister, through his own ambition to rise; seeking by unwarrantable methods to secure his master's favour, he incurred the height of his displeasure, and brought upon his own head an irrecoverable disgrace and ruin.

I send thee this example, as a testimony of my friendship and fidelity; and that thou mayest inform the Divan of the true grounds of this man's misfortune. The King has now taken the reins of government into his own hands, though it is thought too late.

I wish thee an increase of virtues and happiness, and that thy moderation may keep thee steadfast in the Sultan's favour.

Paris, 4th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT is, thou knowest, a considerable time since I was love-smitten with the beautiful Daria, who was fair as an angel, and discreet above any mortal creature. It is hard to say, whether the beauty of her mind, or that of her body, struck deepest impression on my soul. How long were the nights, and how short my slumbers! and what a general distraction of thoughts was I in! I could not abide my chamber; and when I went out, no other places could please me. I knew not what I said or thought, whether I dreamed or was really awake, stood or sat, went backwards or forwards, all postures and places being alike, seeing none of them could afford me the relief I sought after.

I imagined no less but that I must thus languish on; yet I find, that time and absence have at length made way for reason. Marvel not, dear Oglou, I have suffered these transports. Our passions are not in our power: We cannot love and hate when and whom we please. There is a conformity of blood, wherein the stars, they say, work wonders. It is true, no man can love and be wise at the same time; but, prithee, tell me, Didst ever know any wise man, who was not, one time or other, in love? Remember thine own passion for the same object, which will make thee the easier to excuse mine. I will tell thee a story, which I have somewhere read; which, if it does not palliate, yet will not aggravate my weakness.

A certain countryman, having lost his ass, came to the muezin, or cryer, desiring him to give notice at the door of one of their mosques, which he did
for

for three several festivals; but no news being heard of the animal, the owner urged the muezin to continue his former proclamations, with the reward of a fat pig to the finder. The muezin being an arch wag, and tired with the fellow's importunity, one day, when the ceremonies of their superstitious worship was ended, and people flocked amain out of the mosque, he made this following proclamation: 'If there be any man here amongst you, who will come forth, and solemnly profess he never was in love, he shall have a fat pig.'

An ungainly, loobily fellow, who was leaning listening on his staff, bawled out, 'That he could safely take his oath he was the person who had never been in love.' Whereupon the muezin, taking him by the sleeve, presents him to the countryman, saying, 'Here friend, I have found your ass, the pig is mine.'

Rejoice with me for the recovery of my liberty, and believe an experienced man, when he tells thee, that a man's love to his friend, though it be not so violent and strong as that to his mistress, yet is more solid and lasting,

Paris, 12th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, at the Porte.

SINCE thou, who art the center and source of all dignity, hast drawn back one ray of honour into thyself, whose emanation before made some of thy slaves illustrious, with the title and power of
 Captain

Captain Bassa: Since thou thyself, I say, who art always generalissimo by land, vouchsafest also at this juncture to become Bassa of the sea, I wish that both elements may prove propitious to thee, and fate crown thy arms with the heighth of success. May the King of the waters proclaim a Nesiraum wherever thou failest, and may the winds pay homage to the banner of the Ottoman Empire. In a word, may yielding waves and timely gales convey thee safe and prosperous to Venice, and may fortune always attend that courage, which never forsook thee when thy master's honour lay at stake.

The Empire of the Osmans is highly obliged to Providence for such a valiant and experienced leader of their armies. There is need of the resolution of Alexander the Great to encounter with all the formidable difficulties and hazards of this war. Thou art not marching against the soft and effeminate Persians, men drowned in the luxurious debaucheries of Asia, and enervated by continual voluptuousness; but thou must combat with the fierce Rascians, hardy Servians, the valiant inhabitants of Dalmatia and Istria, men inured to toils and fatigues, and steeled in blood and slaughter. I tell thee there is no State in the world that takes more care to breed her subjects up in all the discipline of war, than this republick. Thou hast heard of the famous arsenal of Venice: Wilt thou believe what Adonai the Jew has told me concerning that nursery of war? He is newly come from thence, and says that this arsenal alone is half a league in circuit; that there is but one gate and channel into it, by which their vessels pass in and out; that in this place, as in a seminary, are bred up an infinite number of slaves, who are a little commonwealth by themselves. Some of these are employed all the year round in making gallies, galliasses, pinnaces, brigantines, and other shipping,

with all materials belonging to them, as masts, oars, &c. Others make bullets, chains, anchors, cannon, and all kinds of artillery. A third sort are busied in making ropes, sails, shrouds, and such like naval implements.

He says moreover, that in this magazine are contained 40,000 pistols, 200,000 daggers, 60,000 partizans, javelins 100,000, cross-bows 30,000, long-bows 50,000, with 500,000 swords, musquets 200,000, 1000 cannon, as many sakers, 500 culverins. All these are preserved as a treasure of war, besides infinite quantities of all manner of weapons and ammunitions, which are daily carried from hence to furnish their ships by sea, and their armies and forts by land. Thou wilt conclude from hence, that this is a wise and martial nation, and that the conquest of Venice will cost much sweat and blood.

Wilt thou hear what this Jew says of their public buildings, which are all made of the best marble? He counts sixty-six parish churches, fifty-two monasteries, twenty-six nunneries, eighteen chapels, seventeen hospitals, and six schools: He numbers fifty-six courts of justice, ten gates of brass, four hundred and fifty stone bridges, eighty thousand boats, which cannot be served with less than double that number of watermen. The inhabitants of this city are computed to be 800,000. By all this thou mayest comprehend the greatness and wealth of this Republick, and that it is no inglorious enterprise to carry on a war against it.

These Infidels give publick toleration to harlots; which is practised not only in this city, but all over Italy, and brings a vast revenue into the treasury. The whores pence of Venice is said to amount yearly to 100,000 zechins.

The multitude of Jews does also mightily enrich that city, who have no less than nine synagogues there. They are masters of infinite wealth, and engross

engross the greatest part of the Levantine traffick, whereby Venice is become superlatively wealthy, and has acquired the epithet of rich. This is grown a fashion in Italy; that every city has its peculiar title; as Rome the holy, Padua the learned, Milan the great, Naples the proud, and Venice the rich.

One thing extremely pleases me, and had it not a shew of idolatry, I could not but applaud it as an argument of the generosity of this State. Adonai tells me, that there are no less than 165 marble, and 23 brazen statues, erected by the order, and at the charges of this Republick, in honour of the like number of valiant soldiers, who have merited well of the publick. This is an efficacious encouragement to others, a spur to virtue, the cherisher of martial ardour: And Venice herein seems to imitate the gratitude of ancient Rome, which never spared any cost to honour her heroes, and render their memory immortal.

God grant thee victory over these Infidels, that, at thy return, laden with the Venetian spoils, thou mayest rejoice in the royal caresses and favour of our glorious Sultan, and that not only Constantinople, but all the Ottoman Empire, may celebrate triumphs for the success of thy arms.

Paris, 21st of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXV.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT appears by thy melancholy letters thou hast not forgot the loss thou formerly sustained by fire, but still continuest to disturb thyself with dismal apprehensions of spending thy days in ignominious poverty. I am afraid thou didst set thy heart too much on thy wealth, which makes thee so uneasy under thy misfortune. Perhaps thy money was thy master; and God, in removing it from thee, has made thee free, and thereby fitted thee for the contemplations of the Universe.

Never fear want; the same Providence which took care of thee before thou camest into the world, will never be wanting to thee now thou art in it. It is but a little that we need, and it will not be long, before it will be impossible for us to want any thing. Poverty never meets the thinking and industrious; and a man may satisfy Nature without the least obligation to Fortune; who, when she seems most angry with us, scarce ever denies us necessaries. The belly, indeed, is a troublesome creditor, yet is quieted with a little. Seneca tells us, That Epicurus confined himself to a narrower allowance, than that of the severest prisons to the most heinous offender; and found himself at ease too in a stricter diet, than any man in the worst condition needs to fear. But the misery of it is, we are governed in all things by opinion, and every thing is to us, as we think it to be.

The same great man tells us of one Apicius, who poisoned himself for fear of starving, when he had two hundred and fifty piasters in his coffers. And another more modern Philosopher relates, That a

rich man, an acquaintance of his, falling mad, snatched up a straw, and complained he must perish with hunger, for he saw there was no grain in the empty husks.

It is said of the Emperor Galba, That he was wont to weep, when he saw his table better covered than ordinary. And I have read of a certain Christian Musti, who was so wretchedly covetous, that he would steal privately into the great Mosque of Rome, and put out the lamps there, to save charges.

But methinks, I hear thee murmuring me an answer, That this was never thy humour; and these citations make little impresson on a man, that has had his house and goods burnt, and narrowly escaped in his own person.

Shall I tell thee then, what happened lately in these parts, which will, perhaps, make thee more contented, and thankful for thy life; seeing what was these poor people's lot, might have been thine.

Certain considerable merchants coming to this town, and lodging at an inn, not far from my quarters, the house being full of guests, they were forced to be content with an upper room, where, entertaining one another with pleasant discourse, to pass away the time till supper, on a sudden the kitchen was all in a flame, unfortunately increased with combustible matter, lying near the chimney. Some say, there was a great quantity of oil and gunpowder (an odd storehouse to lay such commodities in). However, the fire appeared so suddenly and violently, that in a moment all the floor under them, was seized with it.

These gentlemen, who were two stories high, in a chamber towards the street, as soon as they heard the cry of fire, began to make towards their trunks and portmanteaus, which were locked up in a large coffer, the key of which hung at their hostess's girdle. They were for going down to
fetch

fetch it, but the fire had in a manner consumed all beneath them. Whilst they were busied in trying to break open the coffer, and to take out every man his own, their chamber became instantly so full of smoke, as was like to choke them. They could neither save themselves by going up or down, the house being all over in a flame. Moreover, their neighbours seeing their own houses in danger, were so concerned for themselves, that they had no time to pity others. So that few people attempted to succour these poor gentlemen, who, on their side, endeavoured with great pieces of wood, to force a passage; but the walls and windows were too strong to give way to their efforts, being secured with thick iron bars, fastened to the stones. In this lamentable condition, having this inexorable flame before their eyes, which had already seized on the chamber, tearing the hair of their heads, and stamping on the ground, they sent forth such dreadful shrieks, as moved all that heard them to extreme compassion.

They threw their gold and silver into the streets in vain, crying for help; the fire being so increased, that before the people could bring ladders and other instruments to break a way into the chamber, these poor wretches miserably perished in the flames.

Thank God thou hast still thy life and senses; turn these last the right way, and thou wilt find thou hast lost nothing.

Paris, 21st of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of
the Ottoman Empire.

THE Spaniards are the proudest people in the world. They strut like cranes as they go along the streets, and walk by rules of geometry. Here are many of them in this city, since the revolt of Catalonia and Roussillon. The French accuse them of uncomplisance and ill manners, in that they will not change their habit or gait, in a country so averse from formality.

They are extremely addicted to rhodomontados, as thou wilt easily guess by this which follows: Lewis XIII. asking a Spanish officer, who was a prisoner of war, 'Why the Kings of Spain went not in person to the wars, as the Kings of France?' He answered, 'If the King, my master, should lead his own army into the field, the whole earth would tremble under him.'

Another being asked; 'Why the Spanish King in his style, boasted, That the sun was his helmet?' replied, 'Because that luminary never sets on all my master's territories.' But the Frenchman wittily retorted; 'He will neither set nor rise on any of your master's dominions e'er long, if the Great Lewis goes on with his conquests.'

Indeed, to pass from jest to earnest, this victorious King continually pares away some part or other of the Spanish monarchy. I have acquainted the Ministers of the Divan, with the most important passages of this war, except the taking of Graveling, which I did not then think so considerable a place, as I am since informed it is. It is a sea town, lying on the northern shore of France,
and

and commanding the Narrow Seas, between the Continent and England. Some say, that it is one of the strongest towns in Europe. The French King, by the conquest of this place, is in a condition to give the law by sea to the northern nations.

The Great God, who protects the Ottoman Empire, set limits to the conquests of this Christian King, and so continue the wars of these Infidel Princes, that neither any of them may be in a condition, nor all of them together be agreed, to make head against the arms of our invincible Sultan!

Paris, 3d of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXVII.

To Dicheu Hufflein Bassa.

THOU hast already, in the Divan, heard of the present convulsions of the English state. I communicated to the Vizir Azem, what intelligences I had received of the troubles of that kingdom. Besides, the Imperial City is full of strangers of all nations, who maintain correspondences with their several respective countries: Whence it comes to pass, that whatsoever is done in the most remote corners of the earth, is soon known to the Ministers of the Sublime Porte, which is the sanctuary of the whole world. But I shall gratify thee, in unveiling the interior of those events, which have made such a noise. Thou art naturally curious in thy researches; and I shall present thee with some additional remarks, which I have made on the English affairs, since I wrote to the Supreme Minister on that subject.

I acquainted him, that the late Cardinal Richlieu had a hand in embroiling that island, as he had in exciting the tumults of Catalonia, and promoting the revolution of Portugal. The part which he acted was by proxy. He had his agents there, to blow up into a flame, the sparks which lay smothering in the breasts of that discontented people. Those of the Latin church reflect on it as a judgment on the English nation, that they have never been free from conspiracies, seditions, and rebellions, since the time they shook off their obedience to the Roman Musti; which was in the days of King Henry VIII. As if that revolt in point of religion had been the source of all the following tumults and disorders in the state. It is certain, religion has great influence on mens morals; and where a liberty of innovating is once allowed, it makes continued progressions. Some French Antiquaries say, That the English embraced the Roman communion for the space of seven hundred years; and that during so long a time, they never had any civil wars, but such as were made on the account of succession to the crown. But that after they had changed their faith, they were always restless, still hatching some alteration in the government. I know not how far these observations are justifiable, men being generally partial to their own cause: But the present stirs in that island, seem to owe their increase, if not their birth, to the latitude which the subjects take in matters of conscience. Whilst every man carves out to himself such a religion as best pleases him; without being accountable to the state, or paying any tribute, as is the practice of the Ottoman Empire: Hence it is a few men's ambition to conform to the religion of the Prince; but every sect endeavours to persuade both Prince and people, to subscribe to their sentiments; and the most potent party threaten all the rest with the ill consequence of war, in case their tenets be not established. Among all the religions
which

which divide the inhabitants of that island, there is none for which they have so general an aversion, as that which they call the Roman Catholick, though it was once the established religion of the country. This is now become the publick eyesore; and the rest of the sects, though they are at immortal difference with each other, yet all join heart and hand to oppose this common bugbear. The French say, that the Protestants are like the English mastiffs, two of which I remember were presented to Sultan Amurath, by the French Ambassador, with this character of them; 'That though, when they quarrelled, they will fight with each other to death; yet, should a bear be let loose upon them, in the midst and heat of their fury, they would soon become friends, and turn the battle upon their savage enemy.' Such they say, is the humour of the English sectaries; and the factious have improved it so far, as to fasten the odium of the vulgar on the King himself, by suggesting, that he designs to introduce the Roman religion into that country; whereas, according to the relation of travellers and knowing men, he is a zealous Protestant. This is the pretence of taking up arms against him: An artifice, by which rebellion is generally ushered in; whilst the defence of religion is made a cloke for sacrilege and treason.

The Infidels have found out a way to divide a man from himself, by metaphysical niceties, a science wherein the True Believers are happily ignorant. They are actually in arms against their Sovereign, yet they declare they fight for him: Maintaining their rebellion by this sophistry, 'That they fight against his natural person, to defend his political;' as if they could separate one from the other. Some thinking men say, It is well if they do not divorce his soul from his body, by the help of these juggling distinctions.

His Viceroy in Ireland has already lost his head, for no other crime, but his loyalty to his master: who is blamed for giving consent to the execution of so faithful a Minister. Yet the curious pretend to trace the footsteps of justice in this man's destiny, since he fell a sacrifice to the same democratick principles, whereof he had formerly been a zealous patron, having been observed to be once a great opposer of the royal prerogative. If this be true, it seems as if Nemesis herself had brought him to his punishment.

Thou wilt wonder at the presumption of these people, in divesting the King of the military power by sea and land, and assuming it themselves. Especially when thou considerest, that this is the essential prerogative of sovereignty, without which it is but an empty title.

Our invincible Sultans are possessed of such an uncontrollable authority, as cannot be transferred to any subject, or to all the subjects of so vast an Empire put together; but it is only communicated at the Imperial pleasure, as rays from the sun, whose emanations, though they are immense and infinite, yet do they not, in the least, diminish or weaken that immortal fountain of light. But the English have not that veneration for their Prince, as is found in the Mussulmans: They esteem him but the trustee of the commonwealth, the creature of the populace, having imbibed the principles of Aristotle, Cato, and other democratick Philosophers; who teach that the sovereign power is originally in the people, and but transmitted from them to the Prince by way of deputation and credence. My letter to the Prince Vizir will inform thee what the English Parliament is. At this time, as I am informed, it consists the most part of men of this stamp; yet they do not openly profess these antimonarchick tenets; but, under the mask of loyalty, amuse the credulous multitude with specious pretences, ' of
' making

‘ making the King the most glorious Monarch, and his subjects the happiest people in the world.’ But it is thought he will rather confide in his arms, the justice of his cause, and the protection of God, than suffer himself to be any longer cajolled by their false rhetorick.

He has given them battle once, wherein they say, the victory was in an even-balance, and neither side could claim it.

The rebels have put to death the English Musti, whom they call the Archbishop. They struck off his head with an axe, in the open street, on the tenth day of the first moon of the year 1643.

Before I conclude this letter, I shall relate to thee a passage, which happened in this King’s infancy, worthy of remark: In former ages, there were a sort of Philosophers or Prophets in England, whom they called Druids and Bards. These instructed the people in the belief of a God, the immortality of the soul, and other principles of natural religion. They foretold things to come; and had acquired so great a reputation, that the Kings of that country would undertake no affair of moment, till they had first consulted these oracles. It is said, there are yet living some of that prophetick race in the mountains of Scotland. One of which, a man of great sanctity and wisdom, being an hundred and twenty years old; came to visit this King’s father; at which time he saw this King, being then an infant in his nurse’s arms, whilst his elder brother and heir of the crown stood by. The old man, after his compliments to the father, takes the infant Prince in his arms, and bestows his benediction on it in these terms, ‘ Hail, royal babe, heir of the two crowns; thou shalt reign a long time happily; but in the end, a flower-de-luce shall be thy bane.’ The nobles that were present, thinking that the extremity of age had bereaved him of his reason, were ready to thrust him away, offering to take the child

from him, and telling him, ‘ That he mistook ; for
 ‘ this was not the heir of the crown, but his brother
 ‘ who stood by.’ But he, with a composed look
 and an assured carriage, made answer, ‘ That what
 ‘ he spoke was truth ;’ adding withal, ‘ That the
 ‘ elder brother should die before his father ; and
 ‘ that this should live to inherit the kingdoms of
 ‘ Scotland and England.’ The event has made
 good some part of his prophecy ; for his elder brother
 died at twelve years of age, and he at this day
 possesses those two kingdoms ; but how the flower-
 de-luce shall be his bane, time must evince. It is
 thought, that by it, is meant the French King ; be-
 cause that is the arms of the royal blood of France.
 It is hard to determine of future events, yet there
 are some who, observing the influence which this
 court has had on the English commotions, and how
 far Cardinal Richlieu has engaged King Lewis XIII.
 in revenging the affronts which were given to his
 sister, the Queen of England, by that inhospitable
 nation, make no difficulty of interpreting this pro-
 phecy ; but conclude, that the unfortunate King of
 England will at length fall a victim to the French
 resentments, though his own subjects be instru-
 mental to his ruin.

I will continue my intelligence of the English
 affairs as I receive them. In the mean while, I pray
 the Great God to protect the Mussulman Empire
 from sedition and treason, and keep the subjects of
 Sultan Ibrahim in their due obedience.

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon,
 of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Bajazet Ali Hogia, Preacher to the Seraglio.

HERE are to be met with in these western parts, infinite numbers of people, who not only despise and vilify our law, but their own, and openly scoff at all religions in the world. These are known by the name of Libertines or Atheists; which is to say, people that profess themselves enemies to the belief of a God. A lewd and unthinking herd of animals, who dare not be alone, lest they should come to the remembrance of themselves, and be wiser.

These people are, in some sort, like Ninus, that great Assyrian Monarch, who vaunted, he never saw the stars, nor desired it; worshipped neither sun nor moon, never spoke to his people, nor took any account of them, but was valiant in eating and drinking.

He was said to have this inscription on his tomb :

I WAS FORMERLY NINUS, THE GREAT LORD OF THE WORLD, AND LIVED AS THOU DOST. BUT AM NOW NOTHING BUT DUST. ALL THE MEAT I HAVE EATEN, ALL THE HANDSOME WOMEN I HAVE ENJOYED, ALL THE WORSHIP THAT WAS PAID ME, AND ALL THE RICHES I WAS POSSESSED OF, HAVE FAILED ME; AND WHEN I SET FORWARD FROM THIS WORLD INTO THE INVISIBLE STATE, I HAD NEITHER GOLD, NOR HORSE, NOR CHARIOT. I AM NOW, I SAY, BUT THE DUST THOU TREADEST ON.

Such another was Sardanapalus, one of the successors of Ninus in that monarchy, and in the corruption of his manners. An effeminate Prince, a slave to his lusts, and not worthy of an Imperial crown. It was not to his virtue, or courage, that Nineveh was obliged, for sustaining a siege of eight and twenty moons, but to the impregnable strength of her own walls. For so soon as he was told, that the oracle was fulfilled, and that the river Euphrates was joined in league with his enemies, and had, by an unusual flood, broke down a considerable part of the walls in which he trusted; all his bravery vanished; he shewed he was a coward, and killed himself for fear of death. Yet such was the sordid impotence of his spirit, that even in this way he durst not die alone, but taking his concubines and nearest attendants, with all his gold and jewels, he forced them to accompany him into the hollow of a funeral pile, which he fired with his own hands, and burnt his servants with himself. I do not esteem it an effect of courage, to make death a sanctuary from the inevitable miseries of a hated life. But to be either willing to die in the height of human enjoyments, or to be resolved to live, and outbrave these very calamities, which would tempt any man to die, is the peculiar marks of an heroic resolution.

However, thus died Sardanapalus, having desired that a monument might be erected to his memory with this inscription :

SARDANAPALUS LIVED MUCH IN A
LITTLE TIME, HAVING ALWAYS
GRATIFIED HIS SENSES: HE BUILT
TWO CITIES, ANCHIALA AND TAR-
SUS, IN ONE DAY; PERFORMED THE
TASK OF MANY YEARS IN FOUR
AND TWENTY HOURS: ADVISES
THEE, READER, TO IMITATE HIS
EXAMPLE;

EXAMPLE; EAT, DRINK, AND ENJOY THYSELF, FOR AFTER DEATH, THERE IS NEITHER PLEASURE, NOR PAIN.

These were but pigmies in atheism, in comparison of others. Dionysius, the Sicilian Monarch, was a giant in infidelity. He not only committed sacrilege, but made it his pastime. He drolled upon the Gods, while he robbed their temples; into which he never entered without a jest, nor departed from their altars without a satire. He put a woollen garment on the image of Jupiter Olympus, instead of the golden robe with which King Hiero had clothed it; and excused the sacrilege, by saying, 'Exchange was no robbery,' and, 'That he consulted the ease and health of the God both for summer and winter.' He played the barber to the statue of Æsculapius, and shaved off his golden beard, saying, 'That since Apollo, his father, was beardless, it was but good manners for the son to be so too.' When he came into a rich temple in Syracusa, and saw in the hands of Mars a sword, whose hilt was thick set with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, he made a mock obeisance, and took the sword from the extended arm of the image, saying, 'The God of War presented him with that sword, as an earnest of his future victories, and he should be very ungrateful and impious, not to accept the gift of the deity.' It was a nasty-affront which Nero put upon the Syrian Goddess, when he caused his excrements to be thrown in her face.

These were royal Atheists, and no body durst controul their impious pranks. The Libertines now a days are more modest and politick. They dare not violate temples, nor prophane the altars of the Christians openly, but secretly they undermine all religion, and dispute people out of their faith.

Some

Some of these Atheists maintain the world to be eternal. Others hold, that it came by a fortuitous concourse of atoms; which after an eternal dance, in an infinite space, at last jumbled together into that exquisite order we now behold and contemplate. They profess themselves Disciples of Epicurus, yet wilfully corrupt the doctrines of that virtuous Philosopher, who though he taught, that the supreme felicity of man consisted in pleasure, yet never meant that of the body, but the purer joys and tranquillity of the mind, arising from a life led according to reason: Whereas these modern Epicureans place their highest contentment in the satisfaction of their sensual appetites. A jolly crew, who number their days by debaucheries, and reckon that hour mispent, wherein they have not drawn some line of voluptuousness. And as if they had consecrated themselves to Bacchus and Venus, women and wine divide the most important actions of their whole lives.

They are professed enemies to the doctrine of the resurrection, of good and evil spirits, of the day of judgment, of heaven and hell. They esteem religion only as an invention of Politicians, to reduce the world under some form of government; and spare not to call Moses and Jesus the son of Mary, Impostors, as well as Mahomet our Holy Lawgiver. They laugh at miracles, and ridicule prophecies; and you had as good talk to them of a man in the moon, as of an apparition from the dead.

These sort of Libertines are not only to be found in the Court of France, but in general all over Europe. The contagion is epidemick, the infection has spread itself through clergy and laity, nobles and vulgar; insomuch, as he passes for a man of no wit, who has not a spice of Atheism.

This will not seem strange, when thou shalt know that even among their Mustis themselves, there have been some Lucians; who esteemed religion
but.

but an Old Wife's Tale, and used the most important articles of their faith but as instruments of ambition and avarice, to aggrandize themselves, and fill their coffers. Leo X. a famous Roman Pontiff, will be recorded to all posterity, for that sarcasm of his on Jesus, the Messias of the Christians: 'How much are we enriched by this fable of Christ!' Indeed, if we reflect well on the maxims and practices of that court, it will not be hard to conclude, that gold is the great God of the Romans, and the ultimate object of their adoration; since that alone can open or shut heaven and hell; no piety or virtue, no prayers or tears, arms or penances being available; unless made so by the meritorious adjunct of this powerful metal. Neither need the most enormous sinners despair of pardon, if they have but Pluto for their proctor, and gold for their apology; there being certain rates set upon all sins, which if paid, those of the deepest dye are as readily absolved as the smallest peccadillos.

This spiritual merchandize of souls in the supreme court of Christendom has, in no small degree, contributed to the Atheism of the age; while religion is thereby rendered cheap and vile, a mere artifice of government, a stratagem of the priesthood, to keep fools in awe and subjection. And therefore, such as have a better opinion of themselves, and would be thought men of sense, take occasion to carp at the very fundamental principles of all religion, and to dispute against the being of a God. Rather than tamely couch under the luggage of manifest impostures; they, like wild colts, throw off the yoke even of natural religion and common morality: And because they have too much sense to be abused with religious umbrages, and too little faith to swallow all the pious frauds of the church for undoubted oracles of heaven, they will have no faith at all, nor give any credit to the dictates of correct reason, but turning scepticks in all things,
are

are stedfast to nothing but the satisfaction of their lusts; looking upon it as ill husbandry of the present time, to squander away the least moment on the thoughts of a future life.

But thou venerable Hogia, who hast been present at the mysteries of the holy sepulchre, and kissed the floor of Abraham's oratory, art happy in the possession of a blameless faith. Thou hast renounced the vain pleasures of sense; and thy life is one continued series of abstinence, prayer, fasting, alms, and other good works. Having been blessed with frequent visions of Paradise, and anticipations of the immortal state, pray, that Mahmut may persevere in the faith of a Mussulman, and the integrity of a loyal slave to the Grand Signior.

Paris, 20th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXIX.

To Egry Boinou, a White Eunuch.

I Cannot forget the time, since thou and I sat together in the Chiose in Scutari, and entertained each other with the stories of the ancient Greek Poets. The prospect which that gallery afforded, renewed our memory of several nations strife about the birth-place of Homer; and from thence gave us occasion to discourse and make comparisons between him and Hesiod; Orpheus, and the rest of the celebrated Poets, Philosophers, and Sages of the East. I remember we passed by degrees from one subject to another, till at length we fell upon the translation of their heroes, and the
genealogy;

genealogy of their Gods. Thou wilt say, I have a good memory, should I now rehearse the series of our conversation on this point. But I will not be so troublesome for the sake of applause. Though I often think over thy sentiments with infinite delight, yet I will not repeat them here, lest I tempt thee to throw away my letter before thou hast half read it. Only give me leave to put thee in mind, how thou didst then vindicate the infant world, for placing those excellent souls in heaven, who had been illustrious benefactors to mankind on earth; and that though after ages fell into the crime of idolatry, by giving divine honours to the first inventors of arts and sciences, and sacrificing to the manes of departed heroes; yet it was thy opinion, that those who first consecrated them to immortality, and a fame that should know no end, did but perform the rites of gratitude, execute the dictates of innocent nature, without ever dreaming of the religious ceremonies which their deluded posterity superinduced.

To do thee justice, this was a noble thought, full of humanity, and exactly squaring with unbiassed reason; and I must confess, I owe the frequent cure of my melancholy to the force of this generous sentiment.

The Christians, especially here in the West, outgo the Jews in the superstitious narrowness of their principles; and as the latter confined salvation to the lineage of Jacob, so the former restrain it to the Latin church. I have often conversed with some of their learned Dervises, on the theme of the Pagans salvation; but can by no arguments beat them off from their inveterate prejudice. They will not allow so much as one of the Heathens to be saved, and but a hundred and forty-four thousand of the Jews, accounting twelve thousand of every tribe. This is the severe arithmetick of the Western Religion, whose professors thereby

render themselves greater Infidels than those they damn. It is to be hoped, there is a larger calcule with God for the number of the blessed, or else one would think, Hell would be too populous, and the Devil would be forced to make frequent decimations, and send colonies abroad, to make room for the ever fresh glut of his new guests.

For my part, who was educated in the impartial rudiments of truth, in the serene principles of the Mahometan Faith, I believe, that there are some saved of all religions; and that at the day of judgment, there shall be erected a fourth banner for such to resort to, who never heard of Moses, Jesus, or Mahmut. Assuredly, there is no malice in the Omnipotent, and he will not damn men for their involuntary ignorance of his revealed laws, provided they live up to the genuine dictates of nature and reason, which are the truest standards of virtue and positive religion.

The Christians have a Heaven for their Saints, and a Hell for their Sinners; in this they agree with the Mussulmans. They have a limbo for infants that die unbaptized; and another for the virtuous Israelites, who lived before the Messiahs. Their charity had been complete, had they provided a third for just and virtuous men of all religions; whom it is too hard to damn on the score of what they know not, so long as they unblameably practise whatsoever good they know. The chapter of prisons in the Alcoran, seems to contain a more equal distribution of justice, when it assigns a middle-place, between Paradise and Hell, to those who have led an indifferent life, equally checquered with virtue and vice. They there behold the joys of the blessed, and the torments of the damned; yet shall neither taste of the one, nor feel the other; but pass their time in a tedious neutrality, between the heighth of bliss and the depth of misery.

But

But what Mussulman will question the salvation of the Gentiles, when the Book of Glory itself tells us, that Alexander the Great was an holy Prophet; and yet we know, he neither was of the seed of Abraham, nor was he so much as circumcised.

My converse with the learned Dervises in this city, has taught me some of their school distinctions; among which, they use a pretty one in the damnation of unbaptized infants; teaching, that such are damned to the pain of loss, but not to the pain of sense. I am apt to think this distinction may very well be adapted to the case of many men, who, as their virtues are not of that heroick stamp, as to carry them directly to Paradise; so neither are their vices of so black a tincture, as to sink them immediately to Hell. I believe there are proportionate rewards and punishments for all sorts and degrees of virtue and vice; and that the souls of the departed are marshalled and disposed in receptacles agreeable to their proper rank and quality. And if I can but get to Virgil's pleasant greens and shady woods, the fortunate mansions of innocent and just men, I will not envy the heroes, nor desire to be canonized among the Gods. Elysium and Paradise are much at one to me: I seek not the name, but the nature, of bliss. Provided I may gain but a place of rest and refreshment, and be admitted into agreeable company, I will not complain, nor disturb the peace of the blessed, with an ambitious quest of the highest dignities in Heaven; as if a man could not be happy, unless he be made a Vizir of the bench above.

Let thou and I, dear Egry, live in such an exact conformity of manners here, that when we go hence, we may, by the divine Numen, be both disposed in the same apartment and society, carry our friendship along with us to that other world; and let us make a covenant, that whosoever dies first,
shall

shall soon appear to the survivor, and give him a true account of his state, if it be in the power of the dead to perform such bargains.

In the mean time, I counsel thee to make much of this present life; not by sordid voluptuousness and vice, from which I know thy natural aversion; but by borrowing from each element, an occasion of improving thy science and virtue. This is the way to be raised above the elements, in which at present thou art a sojourner; and to attain thy native skies, and kindred stars; where our renowned Poets, Philosophers, Lawgivers, and other virtuous men are gone before us, expect our coming, and are ready to welcome us to the rights of their happy society. Adieu.

Paris, 13th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXX.

To the Selićtar Aga, or Sword Bearer.

IT is apparent, that the states of the world are void of compassion, and that they are altogether actuated by a principle of interest.

Monſieur la Tuilliere, Ambaſſador from France to the King of Denmark, arrived at that court with ſpecious pretexts of mediation, promiſing to do his utmoſt to accommodate the differences between the two crowns of Denmark and Swedeland, with all poſſible advantages to the former. But when the buſineſs came to the trial, when he ſaw King Chriſtian advancing into the field againſt Guſtavus, with an army of near twenty thouſand men, which in all
likelihood

likelihood would have given the Swedes occasion to repent their rash and unjust incursions; he charmed the good-natured old King, with such fair promises, and subtle insinuations, that he caused him to retreat at the moment of giving battle.

In the same manner dealt Galasso with the King, who did but make a shew with his forces, without doing any effectual service. For when he might have compelled the Swedish General either to fight or retire, he suffered him freely to pass through Holstein, and return into Germany.

The curious and inquisitive lay the blame of this treachery on Cardinal Mazarini, whose pistoles, they say, had corrupted Galasso, and made him run counter to his master's instructions.

But in my opinion, this is an unjust censure of the Cardinal, who was afterwards known to be instrumental in spurring on the Hollanders to compose these quarrels; which, at last, was accomplished by the dextrous mediation of this great Minister.

I wish the differences between our glorious Sultan and the Venetians were as well adjusted with honour to the Ottoman Empire.

Paris, 1st of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State.

THE wars of Germany and Swedeland are the principal subject of discourse all over Europe, especially in this Court, which has a great interest in the good success of the Swedish arms, the house of Austria being the most formidable enemy that France has in the world.

General Torstenson marches about like another Scanderbeg, victorious wherever he strikes. It was to his own ruin, that Galasso suffered him to pass quietly through Holstein; when, in conjunction with the Danish army, he was in a condition to give him battle, or compel him to retire.

No sooner was Galasso separated from the Danes, and encamped near Magdeburgh, but Torstenson began to observe his motions, and lay down not far from him, between whom there passed many skirmishes, which very much lessened the German army. Besides, they were extremely incommoded for want of provisions; so that, at his return to Bohemia, he could present the Emperor with but a few of his men, and give but a shallow account of the loss of the rest.

In the mean time, Coningsmark and Papenheim, two other Swedish Commanders, are not idle, having taken Staden and Boxtehawdt, with most of the other important places in the Archbishoprick of Bremen.

Thus the German affairs decline apace; and the Swedes, who not long ago were obscure, and scarce regarded, begin to make a considerable figure in the world.

I shall

I shall send thee a constant account of what is most remarkable. God augment thy felicity.

Paris, 27th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXII.

To Berba Mustapha, Aga.

THE bloody battle of Jankow has unperched the Imperial Eagle, which can no longer endure the smoke of Swedish gunpowder.

The German Court is removed in a great fright to Prague in Bohemia, there to curse the avarice of the soldiers, whose greedy desire of the Swedish prey betrayed the German army to the swords of the conquerors.

This battle was fought on the sixth day of the third moon of this present year. Goets, one of the Imperial Generals, was killed in the first onset; which so inflamed Baron John de Werdt, that, with four thousand men, he brake into the left wing of the Swedes, putting them into an irrecoverable disorder. The Germans, seeing their enemies retreat in much confusion, fell to plundering the baggage. General Torstenson, turning their covetousness to his advantage, lets them alone till they were all entangled and loaded with booty; then suddenly falls upon them, and turned the fortune of the day on his own side.

There were above three thousand of the Imperialists killed upon the spot, and four thousand taken prisoners; among whom were the Generals Hatfeldt, Mercy, Broy, Zaradeskie, and seven other principal Commanders.

By

By this fatal stroke the Swedes have opened to themselves a passage into Moravia, Austria, and Hungary; so that in time they may extend their conquests even to the confines of the Ottoman Empire.

I pray the Great God to continue the wars between these Infidel nations, that so, not attending to the general interest of Christendom, but weakening each other, they may, at length, become a prey to the True Believers.

Paris, 1st of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Osman Adrooneth, an Astrologer at Scio.

I Know not whether it be an effect of the stars, or the sport of the spirits that has happened here lately; whether it proceeds from Heaven or Hell, Nature or Magick Art, Chance or Destiny; the marks it has left behind it are very terrible, and the astonishment is not yet off from the people's hearts.

Three days ago I was riding from Paris to Saint Germain en Lay, where the Court resides. When I was got about half way on the road, there arose a sudden blast of wind, which rushing vehemently among the trees, made an uncouth noise, and struck me with some surprize and horror; but my amazement was soon increased, when I perceived the hedges and trees, that grew along the road side, torn up, and carried away by an invisible hand. I was afraid my horse and I should have been taken

up

up for company; for this whirlwind passed very near us, twisting in all that was in its way; and swiftly moving in a circular figure, it grew to such a bigness, by the continual addition of trees, hedges, stones, earth, &c. that it seemed like a flying wood.

I tell thee, though I was not without some apprehension of danger, yet hitherto this was the pleasantest and most diverting spectacle that ever I saw in my life. Trees are a very grateful object on the earth, but they are much more so in the air; and especially at that height and distance, they affect the eye with unspeakable delight. I was ravished to see a moving forest, almost as high as the clouds. The pendulous gardens of Babylon would have appeared but a trifle, in comparison of this noble scene.

I followed it with my eye as far as I could, till at length my sight was intercepted by a thick shower of rain, which drove me into a house for shelter; where, before I came away, I was informed that what I esteemed so delightful, proved very tragical to the neighbouring villages. Falling down from that height I left it at, and scattering its former load, it fell violently into the groves and orchards, tearing up some thousands of trees by the roots, and carrying them away like chaff in the air, throwing down many hundreds of houses, removing others from the foundations, and doing the poor husbandmen such irreparable damages, as the like has not been known in the memory of man.

Common humanity taught me to pity these Infidels; and the natural principle of self-preservation made me bless myself, that I had escaped so imminent a danger. But tell me, thou who art conversant in the secrets of Nature, who knowest the influences of the stars, and the hidden force of the elements, what is the cause of these wild fits and convulsions of the air? The superstitious here say, the Devils are let loose, at such a time, from their infernal prisons, to keep a carnival, and play their

wanton pranks in open light, there being no holidays in Hell. Others believe magicians are at work, and by the force of spells raise hurricanes and storms. But the learned say, that these are only the effects of nature, proceeding from meteors and exhalations in the air. I, for my part, never puzzle myself with a vain search after that which cannot be demonstrated. If these hurricanes be natural, then it is certain, nature does not discover her power at all times, nor in the constant series of her works; but has her reserves and times of state, wherein she displays herself with greater pageantry, to create respect: Since the unthinking part of mankind is sooner taken with such unusual events as make a noise, than with the ancient standing miracles of the creation, the silent and regular motions, exquisite order, and never-ceasing activity of the sun, moon, and stars. Thus we are never sensible of the heat that is within us, or the circulation of our blood, because we are always habituated to feel it from our embryo.

I tell thee, sage Osman, if I have any dread upon me, it is of earthquakes; because they take from us all sure footing. From thunder, lightning, and all the storms in open air, Tiberius's remedy will secure us: Nay, the very beasts will be our guides to some safe den or cave; but from an earthquake there is no retreat; that undermines and blows us up without any warning, neither have we time or means to escape. This makes me always think I walk upon a cobweb, so thin and brittle is this outward crust of earth we tread on.

He that founded the earth, and has admirably kneaded this globe together with water, grant us a refuge in time of danger, and an eternal sanctuary in Paradise.

Paris, 1st of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Need not apologize for my long silence. Eliachim assures me he has acquainted Nathan Ben Saddi with the occasion of it, by whom the news of my imprisonment might be transmitted to the Sublime Porte. When I was first seized upon, I had not the liberty to send for Eliachim, or see any body that I desired to speak with. But that honest Jew soon heard the news, and writ to Vienna, to prevent any dispatches that might come from thence, or from Constantinople. He has now fully convinced me of his fidelity, which I so long suspected; and I dare trust him henceforward with the most important concerns of my commission. His sagacity and conduct in this occurrence is worthy of acknowledgment and reward, having dextrously blinded Cardinal Mazarini, who is an Argus, baffled his severest scrutinies, and been highly instrumental in procuring me the liberty I now again enjoy.

The Arabian proverb says, 'The camel that travels often to Mecca will return lame at last.' I had for a long time essayed to penetrate into the drifts of this Cardinal, as well as those of his predecessor Richlieu, yet found nothing but riddles. One might as soon trace Arethusa in her wanderings under ground, or pursue a man in the intricate mazes of Dædalus, as discover the intrigues of this state-serpent. His designs are a perfect labyrinth. However, walking one day in one of their churches, I cast my eye on a stone in the pavement, just before the image of the Virgin Mary, which, by the perpetual kneeling of many thousand votaries, was worn away half a cubit. The sight of this made me conclude, that there is no difficulty so great,

which by assiduous industry, and constant resolution, may not be overcome. Cheered with this thought, I determined with myself never to faint, or give over my most strenuous endeavours to unlock the cabinet of this great Minister, wherein I knew all the secrets of Europe were laid up. I left no stone unturned to compass my design; I haunted the Court daily, and followed the Cardinal like his shadow. I insinuated with his followers and creatures, flattered the soft and ambitious, presented gifts to the covetous, was merry and frank with some, reserved and grave with others: In fine, I so aimed to comport myself with every one, that I might win all. At length, knowing that there was a private agent from Prince Ragotski come to this Court, my zeal for the Grand Signior suggested to me, that if I could wind myself into this man's acquaintance, I should be able to unravel some great secret, and do an acceptable service to the Ottoman Empire.

Opportunities are seldom wanting to the watchful and diligent. I had acquaintance enough at the Court; and appearing often in the retinue of Mazarini, and the Cardinal sometimes singling me out, and discoursing with me, in the presence of the Transylvanian, this stranger took more than ordinary notice of me; which gave me occasion to address myself to him, in hopes to accomplish my purpose. But fate had otherwise decreed. The agent remembered my face, and told me in the Slavonian tongue, That he had seen me in the Grand Signior's Seraglio. It is not hard for thee, illustrious Kaimacham, to conceive the disorder I was in at this challenge. But resuming courage, I replied, 'That it was possible he might have seen me there; for I had formerly served a German Ambassador at the Ottoman Court, in quality of Secretary.' He seemed satisfied with my answer, dissembling his farther thoughts; but, as I afterwards

wards perceived, I owe my confinement to this fatal interview. No doubt but he remarked the particular station I was in at the Seraglio, when he came thither to negotiate for Prince Ragotski in Sultan Amurath's time; for, before I went to bed that night, I was sent for to Cardinal Mazarini, and strictly examined about my country, my religion, my business at Paris, and other matters, and was sent away prisoner to the Bastile (which was formerly a citadel erected to awe this town, but not being found serviceable in that kind, is since made a prison). That which most puzzles me is, that I was not confronted face to face with this Transylvanian. My confinement was very close, being denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, and the access of any of my friends: Indeed, I knew not what use to make of those materials, nor durst I write to anybody, lest I should have brought them into the snare, and done myself a greater disservice. All my comfort was, that I had left no writings in my lodgings, which could discover the affairs of my commission. It is true, when I was searched, they found the Alcoran in my pocket, which gave a mighty jealousy to the Cardinal, but I excused it, by saying I kept that book, that I might not forget my Arabick; in which the Cardinal knew I was well skilled, having formerly seen a translation which I made out of that language for Cardinal Richlieu. Besides, they found in my chamber Plutarch's Lives, the Annals of Tacitus, Livy's Roman History, a Philosophical Treatise of Averroes, and a small Tract of St. Augustine, one of the Christian Fathers; which made it appear as reasonable to conclude me a Pagan or a Christian, for having their books by me, as a Turk for having the Alcoran.

I still persisted in asserting myself to be Titus of Moldavia, and that I was a Christian (Heaven forgive the perjury!) I had a Friar sent to me, who exhorted me to a confession of my sin, thinking

this way to pump the mighty secret from me. But this turned to my advantage; for calling to mind a learned and ingenious Friar, with whom I had conversed, and contracted some friendship, I signified my resolution to confess myself to him. This is a privilege could not be denied me, it being lawful for every man to chuse his own Confessor. The Friar was sent for; and this being the only time I was like to speak to any of my friends without witnesses, I improved the advantage; and to make my confession seem the more sincere, I accused myself of what I never was guilty of, telling him with a well-counterfeited sorrow, that the true reason of my abandoning Moldavia was, because I had murdered a near kinsman there. My confession ended, and absolution granted, the Friar embraced me, and told me, that he would do me all the service he could, in order to my release. I expressed my gratitude in the best terms I could, and begged of him to visit me often, since he was the only person would be allowed to do me that kind office. I will not detain thee longer, sage Bassa, in expectation of the issue.

This honest Friar was as good as his word. He was admitted to see me almost daily without suspicion. I trusted him with Eliachim's acquaintance, which rendered him very serviceable; for he often brought me money from the Jew, when he knew not how otherwise to convey it to me. In a word, between them both, they so wrought on the Cardinal, that, after six moons imprisonment, I was released, and am now in more credit than before.

The Great God grant, that the malice of the Infidels may always turn to the advantage of the True Believers; and that, from their jealousies, occasions may arise to promote the interest of the Ottoman Empire.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Venerable Mufti.

AT length I am released from a tedious imprisonment, the occasion of which the Kaimacham will acquaint thee with. Had this happened in Spain, my usage had been much worse. And for this reason I esteem France the noblest and freest kingdom within the pale of the Latin church; that it never would submit to the tyranny of the inquisition; which is a kind of Ecclesiastical Divan, or High Court of Judicature, where crimes against the Church and State are tried. It was first erected at the instance of one Dominick, who for this meritorious project, was afterwards canonized a Saint. The original design of it was, to extirpate the Moors and Jews out of Spain and Portugal. But now it is made a trap for all strangers, and especially those they call Hereticks. Whosoever falls into it, is commonly fleeced of his estate, and not seldom choused out of his life. For the first thing the Holy Fathers Inquisitors do, is to make a zealous and devout inspection into the possessions of the prisoner. If they find him rich, that is sufficient to make him criminal; and the good fathers will take a pious care to dispose of his wealth. They have their spies in all companies, who inform them of mens words and actions. These hounds are always upon the scent, and will smell a Heretick out, if he breathes within the purlieu of their hunt. A man dares not say his soul is his own in these countries, nor claim the privilege to exercise his reason. The inhabitants live in a most abject slavery to the priesthood, and travellers must drag the chain, bridle their tongues, and curb their actions for their own security. But in France the inquisition is abhorred,
and

and an immortal aversion conceived against the tyranny and cruel practices of the Spaniards. The people are of more generous tempers, the laws are not so rigorous, and yet they come far short of the justice of the Ottoman Empire. Though my confinement was tedious, yet it was tolerable; and if I could not be happy in a prison, so neither was I properly miserable.

When evil surprizes us, we commonly affright ourselves, by beholding it in its gross bulk; our scattered spirits are astonished at an infinite bugbear. Whereas, if we take a more particular survey of the dreadful object, anatomize and view it piece by piece, we find that the greatest part of what so dismayed us, had no other existence than in our own imaginations. Thus when I was first seized by Cardinal Mazarini's order, I presaged to myself no less than insufferable tortures, an ignominious death, and (which affected me with the most sensible grief) the discovery of my commission, and the affairs of the Sublime Porte. When I first entered the prison, I bid adieu to all joy and comfort in this life, and thought of nothing but preparing myself for the other world, where I hoped to be renewed again to immense pleasures, the delights of paradise, as a reward of my sufferings for that law, which was brought down from Heaven by the Angel Gabriel.

These were my first thoughts in prison, but when sleep had composed my spirits, and time had rendered me more familiar with the place of my restraint, I began to think it was not impossible to live, and even to regain my liberty. However I resolved to alleviate the cause of my restraint, by contracting my desires within a narrower compass, and circumscribing my wishes within those walls which confined my body. I framed to myself felicities out of the contemplation of my misery, and by considering what I enjoyed, I pacified my discontent.

content for what I wanted. I was not so close shut, but that I could at pleasure let in fresh air, and take a prospect of the city and adjacent fields at my window. This made me relish my prison with some degree of content. The want which most afflicted me, was, that of fountain water, which I durst not so much as ask for, in such quantities as are requisite to the cleanness of a Mussulman, lest I should have confirmed them in the suspicion which was the occasion of my imprisonment. For I was sure my actions would be narrowly observed.

The same caution made me not refuse to eat on swine's flesh, and drink freely of wine, when once invited to the Governor's table. It is true, I had great scruples and fears upon me. But I comforted myself with those passages in the Alcoran, which seem to indulge us this liberty in case of necessity, by assuring us, That God is the Merciful of the Merciful, and that he requires not unreasonable performances of his creatures. Otherwise I should have thought every morsel I swallowed of that execrable meat would have choked me, and every draught of wine have been my poison. Tell me, Great Oracle of Truth, whether in this I have not sinned? I think myself not innocent, till thou hast pronounced me so. However, this frankness in eating and drinking with the Christians without the least reserve or niceness, contributed something to their better opinion of me. Men are generally so wedded to their own customs, that he looks like a monster who thwarts them, and does not comply with the present mode. And the French have a proverb, 'That when a man is at Rome, he must live like the Romans.'

I believe I was invited to this collation in order to a discovery; and had I refused to eat and drink what was before me, it had, no doubt, been a convincing argument to these Infidels, that I was a Mussulman.

If

If I have sinned in this point, I humbly crave thy absolution and prayers; but if I have done well, inform me, that so I may have peace of conscience.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mehemet, an Eunuch Page in the
Seraglio.

THOU hast long ago heard of my imprisonment at Paris, let not the news of my release be unwelcome to thee. If thou didst then sympathize with my sufferings, now take a share in my joy. I believe thou hast friendship enough to do both, and I am willing thou shouldst divide the one with me as well as the other.

I will not therefore make thee melancholy with a rehearsal of my fears and apprehensions, my wants and discontents, with other doleful circumstances of a prison. I am now at liberty, let sadness vanish. Yet I have not so forgot my late grief, as to be now excessive in my joy, since I am liable to the same, or a worse disaster again. It is never good to be secure, while we are ignorant what is the next potion that fate is tempering for us. Moderation keeps a man upon his guard; and if any stroke of misfortune be aimed at him, he is aware of the blow, and so can either dextrously ward it off, or at least take honourable quarter: Whereas he that suffers himself to be dissolved, and his mind unbent with prosperity, is taken captive by evil, without being able to make any easy conditions for himself. I love to have my eyes open, and to look round the whole horizon of contingencies: I watch for the very possibilities

bilities of misfortune, that so I may not be caught napping by a calamity, but be always in a state to fence, or make composition.

I will now tell thee with more freedom than I did the Musti, what happened to me during my imprisonment. The Governor of the citadel where I was confined invited me one day to a banquet. I need not give thee an inventory of the various dishes with which his table was furnished: Our entertainment was generous, he regaled me beyond the expectation of a prisoner, and had there not been a design in it, I should have admired the bounty of this Infidel. But this treat was a snare, and contrived for a test of my religion, whether I was a disciple of Mahomet or Jesus? Thou knowest the Christians eat swine's flesh, and drink wine, which the Mussulmans have in abomination: We had plenty of both at this feast, and I durst not be squeamish at either. I tell thee, though I eat of the one with little pleasure, yet I drank of the other without any disgust. These Nazarenes imitate the ancient Grecians at their banquets, in drinking of healths to such as they most esteem. The Governor plied me with glasses, and I quaffed liberally. Policy and self-preservation taught me to begin the debauch; and the charms of that tempting liquor would not suffer me to shrink to the end. The wines of France are very delicate, and we had choice of the best. The pleasure I enjoyed at this banquet, had almost reconciled me to the disciples of Hali, and I could have wished our prophet had been in a better humour, when he forbid us the juice of the grape. He promises us rivers of wine in paradise, and while I was in my cups, I thought he might connive at us, for taking a glass or two sometimes on earth. If thou hast not yet tasted this enchanting liquor, I wish thee to abstain as long as thou livest; for otherwise thou wilt find it very difficult to overcome the desires of it, or to live without

out it. For my part, I greedily longed for it before ever I tasted it, because it was forbid: And now I have often had my fill of it, my appetite is increased. The more I drink, the greater is my thirst after it, which is never like to be quenched, till I shall drink at the original fountains of wine in paradise.

I do not think it so great a sin as our Doctors would make us believe, since the Divine Lawgiver prescribes abstinence from wine, rather as a counsel, than a command. If thou art of another opinion, I censure thee not. The late Sultan Amurath was of my mind, and many Grandees at the Porte count it no heresy. All the danger lies in the excess. I am no advocate for drunkards.

Let these things be spoken like words in a dream, which cannot be remembered again. Thou hast prudence enough to take care, that this letter fall not into the hands of such as shall dispose of it in the wall of the Hazoda. It is evident that I love thee, in that I thus frankly disclose such passages as I would not have others be privy to.

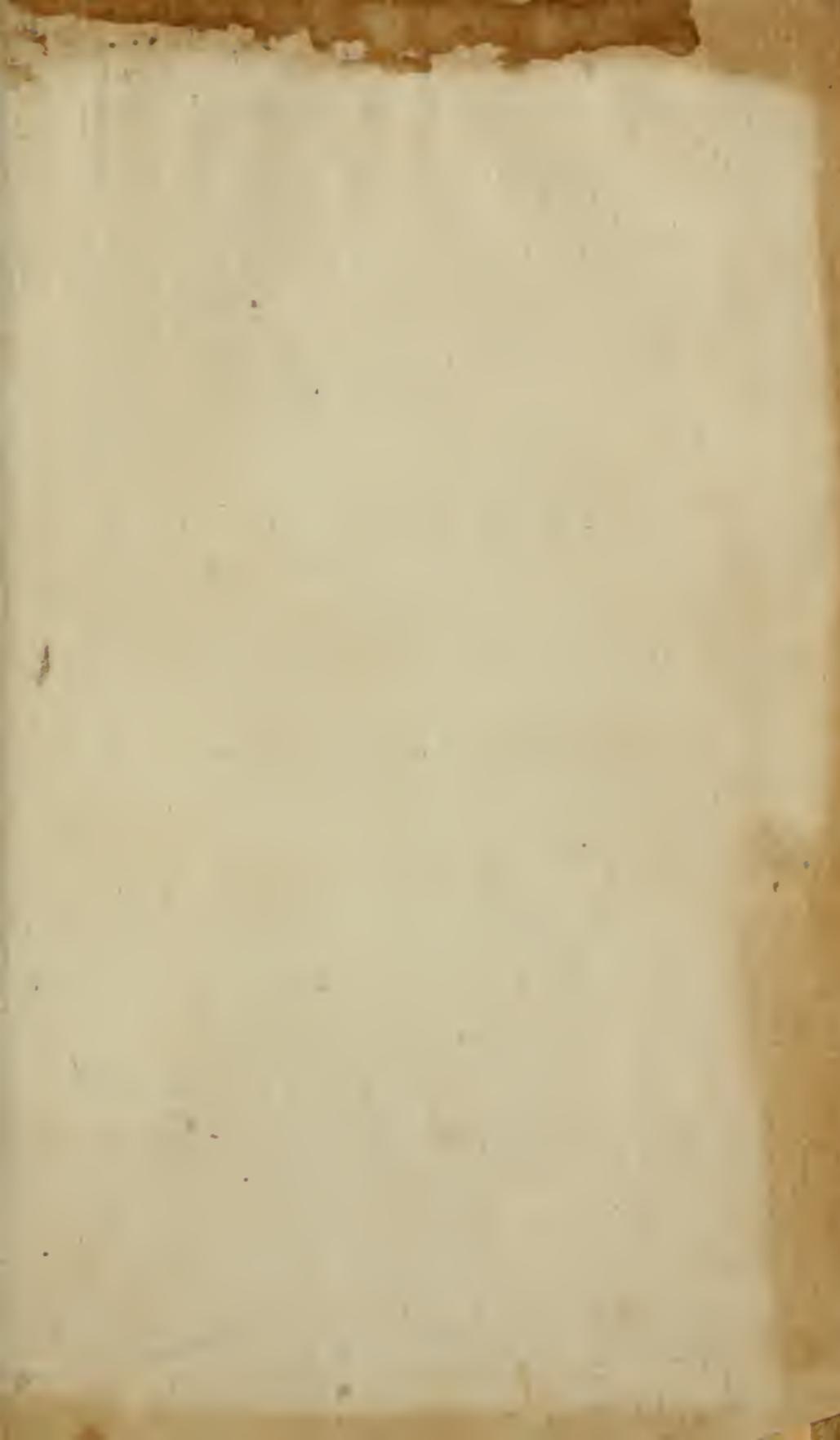
After all, I declare I should esteem myself much more happy, might I exchange Paris for Constantinople, and the most delicious wines of Europe, for the wholesome Sherbets of Asia.

May Heaven fulfil my desire to see thee once again, with the rest of my friends at the Seraglio. Continue thy affection to Mahmut, who loves his friends without hypocrisy. Adieu.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1645.

According to the Christian Style.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



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Letters

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